THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

5c. THE COPY — OCTOBER 6, 1917

In This Number

LITTLE POISON IVY

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ONLY a tailor can fit you? Don't be so sure! Go to your Kuppenheimer store and see the Fractional Sizes and special models—the Foreward Model for the man who carries the head and shoulders forward—the In-Between sizes, the Stout and Hafstout. Conservative styles for business and professional men. $22.50 to $45. Write for our book *"Styles for Men."*

By
The House *of*
Kuppenheimer
Chicago

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Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

Society Brand models lead in exclusiveness. They do not feature fads or extremes which cannot be worn by the man of seventy or the young man of twenty.

STYLE and shape are not *pressed* into Society Brand Clothes. They are *tailored* into them. It is this workmanship that marks a Society Brand Suit or Overcoat, and holds the original shapeliness and style for the life of the garment.

No garment is a genuine Society Brand model unless the inside pocket bears the label.
Go to Style Headquarters—the store that sells Society Brand Clothes.

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, Makers, Chicago
For Canada: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, LIMITED: Montreal

Hotpoint Hedlite Heater

Warms as the Sun Warms

Put in the plug **(Hotpoint interchangeable)** and the coil of wire **(the heating element)** begins to glow.

But more—the heater is suspended before a concave reflector of highly polished copper and in an instant this copper glows and flashes—it appears a veritable bowl of fire.

Soon the composition core shows cherry red and adds to the scintillating brilliancy.

Can you picture a more attractive way of enjoying localized heat?

No ashes or soot—no smell or smoke—just clean, pure, dry electric heat.

The copper bowl projects the heat in distinct rays which can be directed at pleasure by adjusting the reflector.

Yes, the Hotpoint Hedlite Heater attaches to any lamp socket. Just pick it up *(weighs less than 4 lbs.)* and carry it by the handy handle from room to room as wanted—

—baby's bath time? Get your Hedlite.

—furnace not started? Then eat breakfast in comfort with your Hedlite under the table.

—perhaps there is a "cold corner" or maybe Grandma wants her room kept above 70 degrees. Hedlite is the answer.

—what about the office or the store without a regular heating installation? A few Hedlites.

The uses of the Hedlite are limitless, because this Heater—

—is handsome and easily portable.

—attaches to any lamp socket.

—glows brightly and throws out a lot of heat.

Reflector 9½ in. in diameter, finished black outside. Hinged guard makes cleaning easy. Base and standard finished in polished nickel and weighted so that if Hedlite is tipped over the heater will face up. Ebonized handle. Guaranteed one year. Price $7.50. Can., $9.

Localized heat for the cold spots

Domestic Irons

Last year 439,823 women bought Hotpoint Irons because they combine high efficiency and economy in operation.

Hotpoint advantages

—point always hot
—cool handle
—attached stand
—thumb rest, rests the wrist
—hinged plug overcomes cord breakage

3 lb. Iron $4.00. Canada, $5.00. 5 or 6 lb. Iron $5.00. Canada, $6.00.

Hotpoint Hot Pads

Heat instantly available at any lamp socket. Under complete control of user.

Desired heat can be maintained continuously.

No more waiting. Nothing to leak, no danger—just clean, dry electric heat.

Metal Flexible—shown above. Conforms to most body curves. Price $6.50. Canada, $9.00.

Aluminum— ⅝ in. thick. Removable cover. $5.00. Canada, $6.50.

Radiant Grills

Cook above and below the glowing coils, wherever there is a lamp socket.

Boils, broils, fries, toasts.

Endless combinations—say a steak or chops broiling below while hashed potatoes fry above.

3-heat (shown above) $7.50. Canada, $9.50.

Single heat and one dish, $7.00. Canada, $8.00.

Rectangular, single heat with two dishes, $6.00. Canada, $7.50

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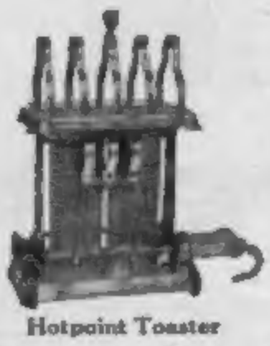
All Hotpoint Percolators are valveless and begin percolation one-half minute after current is turned on.

Coffee ready in six or eight minutes.

Always amber-clear.

6-cup Nickel as shown, $9.50. Canada, $11.25.

Other styles $8.00; $8.50; $10.50. Machine, $13.00; $15.00 and $18.00.



Hotpoint Toaster

Toasts two slices at once, a crunchy brown, as wanted. Use on the table, or at bedside; uses little current.

Toast rack on top is detachable for serving.

$5.00. Canada, $6.00.

Mission Screen of Redwood

This is the sign of an up-to-the-minute store

There are more than 8,000 Hotpoint Distributers in America. The majority of them will display this Mission Screen in their window this fall, with weekly changes. Look for this screen.

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SUNSET—By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

ONE of the best times to be alive in Sunset is in June, at half past seven on a pleasant morning—especially on Maple Avenue. House after house has shaken itself out in awnings of green and white; sidewalks are glistening wet and cool from the fresh hose bath; here and there a sun-splashed lawn sends forth new fragrance in the wake of a cheerfully clattering mower; robins and cedar waxwings are breakfasting publicly and unabashed, and always and always a consoling breeze from the westward comes blowing round the tree trunks to put humidity to rout and double the benefit of the scented shade.

It was twenty-five minutes of eight when Chérie Lockwood, incredibly cool and refreshing to look at, stepped out on the veranda of the largest house on the avenue and took the day inclusively to her heart. She was nineteen—dark-eyed, dark-haired, vivid in coloring and palpitant with youth—and, because hers was the kingdom of the summer morning, she was healthily in love with all the world and the majority of all its individuals. And as she stood for a moment in eager contemplation of things both seen and unseen, and drew in her breath with a quick inhalation of ecstasy, a man of many years, who had been trimming with a rusty sickle the edges of the lawn beneath her, glanced up at her and stopped his work and grinned in appreciation of the adorable picture.

"Oh, Chérie!" He Said, Distracted. "Chérie Dear, Can't You Believe It Isn't Just Selfishness on My Part?"

"Nice day, Cherry, ain't it?" he remarked presently.

"Oh!" said Chérie, starting. "Why—I didn't know you were there, Major!" Indeed, she had hardly known that she herself was there.

"Well, that ain't surprisin'," he observed with dry sympathy. He eased himself on his knees; and Chérie, after a final apostrophe to her existence, came down the steps to watch him chop away a thin line of tufted weeds. "You wa'n't no nearer to me—'n nothin' 't all. You was up in the clouds—'s where you was!" He panted from the brief exertion and sat back on his heels. "One thing, Cherry—you ain't got a guilty conscience, anyhow."

Her laugh was modified by a trifle of constraint, and some of her vivacity departed. She looked at the old man suspiciously and introduced the neutral topic of the weather.

"It's going to be hot, Major, isn't it?"

"Hotter'n the hinges o' by an' by," he opined emphatically.

"I should think," said Chérie, sweetly concerned, "you'd find this sort of work getting pretty hard for you, Major."

He straightened himself and stared at her belligerently.

"Say!" said the major, deeply incensed. "You ain't agoin' to learn that tune, too, be ye?" He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "They been hollerin' 'Soldiers' Home! Soldiers' Home!' at me for a good ten year now. Me! No, sir! Oh, they's some good fellers in there all right; but to go to bed by the Gover'ment, git up by the Gover'ment, eat by the Gover'ment, sleep by the Gover'ment, an'—by cracky!—think by the Gover'ment —— No, sir!" He resumed the slicing of weeds and sliced viciously. "I'd ruther be in jail if I c'd manage to git in there; 'cause when you're in the Home you're as good's in jail, an' a poor'ous' to boot. No, sir!"

"Oh!" said Chérie softly. She had long known of the major's boasted independence; she had never quite realized the passion that lay behind it. "And—and Mr. Clement says he couldn't make you apply for your pension either. He says you could have had it forty years ago. Now, Major ——"

"Hard winter or easy winter," he shot at her obliquely, "I don't ask no odds of gover'ments or nobody else. Jest 'cause I got my feet all bunged up hikin' round down South, I ain't goin' on the gover'ment till I have to; an' don't you forgit it! Put that in your pipe 'n' smoke it!"

Chérie's mouth twitched, but she didn't really want to laugh. The major was ancient and forlorn; his title was a crown several sizes too large for him; he was a former journeyman carpenter whose eye had grown as dull as his jack plane; he was a tender of furnaces and a guardian of grass for half the exclusive length of Maple Avenue; and his was the dignity of indomitable self-reliance.

"Well," said Chérie, on the defensive, "I don't see why the country shouldn't—I mean you can't feel so awfully loyal to the Government, Major, if you won't ——"

"You quit that!" ordered the major, aiming the sickle at her. "They been a-dingin' at me an' dingin' at me; I tell ye 'tain't no use! Not s'long's I c'n earn an honest dollar. No, sir!"

Puzzled, she went on questioning him:

"You must be sorry you fought, then, if you won't take your pension, Major?"

"How?"

"Why, I don't know; but it seems to me ——"

"I'll say when I'm sorry," he reprimanded her. "I ain't sorry a bit—not as up to yet. It's t'other way round. What's that got to do with pensions? I ain't no cripple, am I? I c'n do day's work, can't I? Sorry! By cracky, if I was forty year younger —— Oh, hum! It ain't none o' my business."

"Go ahead, Major. What was it?"

He squinted at the sun and gazed unblinkingly at Chérie.

"I ain't sorry—I'm jest sort o' disgusted. I'm wonderin' what good they was in it. I'm wonderin' who 'twas for. Take it when I 'nlisted; I wa'n't a mite older'n sixteen. Was a war; an' men jest nat'rally went. An' women folks sent their men off. I'd sorter like to ——" He dropped the sickle and faced her, gesturing with a gnarled forefinger. "This here town's turned white-livered, Cherry—it's gone got skunky! In '61 they was a slew of us. Know how many's 'nlisted to go to France? Twelve of 'em! Twelve! An' the women sits back and knits for them champagne-drinkin' frog eaters; an' they's tag days an' socials for Red Cross, an' tea parties to make bandages at; an' we're havin' a war! War! An' twelve lonesome volunteers out o' Sunset! If I was a woman I'd turn every able-bodied man out o' my house if I had to take a skillet to him! I'd pull him along by the ear! An' if I was a young girl like you an' any young fellers came hangin' round my house in flannen pants—by cracky! I'd go pick me a lot o' white feathers offen the Wyandotte rooster an' I'd ——"

Chérie's cheeks were blazing and her eyes snapped.

"Major!" she said. "Wait a minute ——"

"You think o' Decoration Day!" he thundered, leveling his forefinger point-blank. "Remember all them cute little girls with red-white-an'-blue sashes on 'em? An' the buntin' on all the buildin's an' houses? An' the I. O. O. F. band playin'? An' Congressman Lockwood standin' under a flag an' makin' his speech? Oh, your pa done fine; but that ain't all of it. Remember how they yelled when us vet'rans went past? Well—that's for what's gone, Cherry! When your gran'daughter wants to yell for somebody on Decoration Day, who's she goin' to yell for? You answer me that!"

"That's silly! They don't actually need our young men, Major ——"

"Heard Queen Victoria's dead, Cherry?" His tone was diplomatic.

"But you're so unreasonable, Major. You ——"

"Heard we're in a war, Cherry?"

"But there's plenty of men who want to fight," she said patiently. "And we're giving money and time and ——"

"'Tain't enough," he maintained stoutly. "It takes men."

"But it isn't our war, Major; it isn't our quarrel. We didn't start it ——"

"An' we didn't start rum an' fires an' typhoid an' burglary an' rebellion, neither," he said shortly; "but we fights 'em, don't we?"

"That's different. If we ——"

"Oh, ever'thin's diff'rent," said the major impatiently. "When we come home in '65 they called us the nation's heroes." His accent was heavy with scorn. "Every May they called it to us ag'in.

"Last month your pa called it to us. An', Cherry, if it's so—I ain't sayin' 'tis and I ain't sayin' 'tain't—but if it is, and us boys in an' out o' the Home on South Street is nation's heroes, I'm dummed if I ain't 'bout half ready to believe we're all they is of us!"

Chérie sighed deeply and the corners of her mouth drooped.

"But, Major ——"

"You take them fellers hangin' round here," he went on, inexorable in his privilege. "Take John Clement. I've knowed John ever since he was scairt of a duck. His pa was a fighter, an' so was his grampa. Look at him! Ain't even drillin' in the Defense League. Take that ——"

"Major!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Mr. Clement —— I don't think we'll discuss Mr. Clement, please."

The major wilted under authority and his privilege was merged in deference.

"Yes, ma'am."

"His time is entirely too valuable ——"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And the Defense League's only play, anyway."

"That's so."

"And he isn't needed—there's hundreds and thousands of others ——"

"But nobody starts, Cherry! You take ——"

"That'll do, Major!"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"And besides," said Chérie, rising rather hastily, "I haven't the slightest interest in what Mr. Clement does, or when, or why—or anything else! . . . It'll be hotter before noon, won't it, Major?"

"Hotter'n that now!" said the major gloomily, picking up his sickle.

At the rattle of the door knob Mr. John Clement, Attorney and Counselor at Law, turned listlessly from the window, where for several minutes he had been gazing moodily across to the railroad station. Outside there was little to hold his attention—nothing but a group of high-school boys who loitered on the platform to see whether any pretty travelers were interested in sunburned biceps; but Clement had been abstracted and in need of diversion. He turned, and at sight of the major he brightened and goaded himself to enthusiasm.

"Oh, hello, Major! Warm, isn't it? Changed your mind about that pension yet?"

The major snorted violently and grew apoplectic.

"Not a mite! An' if you're goin' to bother me 'bout that gol-darned Soldiers' Home ag'in ——"

"I won't!" promised Clement hastily. "Sit down. Come over by the window; it's cooler there. What's your trouble?"

"Nary a trouble!" The major, sinking painfully to a chair, breathed in relief and fanned himself with a well-ventilated straw hat. "I come in on business." He regarded the lawyer and mutely approved him; he liked every attribute of the younger man—his build, his clean complexion, his vigor, his transcendent boyishness. "John, I've knowed you ever since you was a baby, ain't I?"

"You certainly have."

The major secretly thought that Clement, when he smiled, was the handsomest man in Sunset.

"I never asked no favors, did I?"

"Hardly!" said Clement with affectionate contumely. "Of all the stiff-necked, straight-backed, independent old autocrats I ever met ——"

"I'm agoin' to ask one," said the major placidly.

"Not really!"

"I'd swear to it on a stack o' Bibles as high's the Washin'ton Monument. I want some credit."

"That's simple," said Clement. "How much?"

"I don't jest rightly know. It'll depend." He mopped his face repeatedly. "John, I ain't so spry's I used to be. I can't work's hard's I did. I got to make a mint o' money, somehow, or mebbe I'll have to —— Oh, well! This here's the idee: The Fourth o' July's comin' along soon, ain't it? Well, I kind o' got it figgered out I c'n make risin' a hundred dollars. It'll take fifty for cap'tal. I got twenty saved up. It's a kind of stand right where the parade'll break up. Lemingade, sangwiches, peanuts ——"

"That's not so bad," said Clement heartily. "You'll do well with it. Certainly, Major; I'll loan you all you want."

The visitor's reaction was negative.

"That ain't quite it, John. I c'n git plenty o' credit from folks's knows me; some o' them new places wants a ref'rence. They's the lumber yard an' the new hotel, an' one place an' another. Would you be a ref'rence up to thutty dollars?"

"You'd better let me lend you thirty, hadn't you?" said Clement, amused. "It's probably a guaranty you're talking about, Major—not a reference. You let me ——"

"An' have folks think I'd kind o' fell over my bounden princ'ples? No, sir!"

"Nobody'd ever know it, Major. Besides, it amounts to practically the same thing."

"I'd know it," said the major sternly. "All I want's your ref'rence. I'm much obliged, John. I'll bid you good day now."

He pulled himself up from the chair, and hesitated.

"John, 's I remember you when you was a boy, you was always goin' round in a soldier cap; an' you had a sword an' a gun; an' you pertended you was Gen'ral Grant or Bill Cody, or somebody or other —— Why ain't you 'nlisted yet?"

"Too busy," said Clement, and ceased smiling.

"John," said the veteran, moving toward him, "don't you git mad now—don't you git mad—but they's one plain downright liar in this room, an' he ain't me. Don't git mad! I got somethin' to say, an' I'm agoin' to say it! I —— Look-a-here, John. I knowed you when you was so high." The illustration was adequate. "I watched you grow. I watched you git to be a lawyer. I watched you git to be a good lawyer. An' I know jest's well's you know that what you're cravin' to do right now 's what you know you ought to be doin'. You come of a fightin' family, John. Your grampa was a lieutenant in my reg'ment. Your pa fit in Cuby. You got the call. An' you ain't gone! . . . John, I'm older'n you be. I give my health to the army—that's all I had; I wish 'twas more. But if I'd known 'twas to keep the Union together for fellers like you, I'm dummed if I'd done it! Don't you git mad!

"John, they's a war on—an' war needs men. Your grampa got himself shot in the leg with a Minié ball at Antietam; an' your pa went up a hill through barb' wire in Cuby. Who for—them? No, sir! For you, an' your children's children, an' them an' theirs! An' now if you hulkin' young men we fit for holds back when your time's come, waitin' an' waitin' an' waitin' so long ——"

Clement tried gently to dissuade him.

"I'm not waiting, Major, I ——"

"Lemme finish. John, I cut Lockwood's lawn t'-day."

"Major, I'd suggest that you ——"

"Hold be! John, I'm consid'able older'n you be. Mark my words now! Women's jest children, John—women's jest children; an' you c'n do most anything in the world with 'em if you'll jest play with 'em a mite. She's jest as brave's anybody else—only she's young; she's young. You put your name down, John—do what your pa an' your grampa'd have you do—an' shame on you if you didn't—an' then put on your uniform an' go see her! That's how we done it! Put on your uniform! And say, John—say! Lemme go with ye!"

His tone was wheedling now and excited.

(Continued on Page 76)

"And Then He Spoke to Me. It Was Just as Though He'd Memorized It"

LITTLE POISON IVY

Inside of a Minute He Heard More Pleasant Things About Himself Than Had Come to His Ears in a Lifetime

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE leopard cannot change his spots—possibly he wouldn't if he could; and, this being the case, the next best thing is to overlook as many of his freckles as possible.

Yesterday I sat on the porch at the Country Club and listened while the Dingbats said kind and complimentary things about young Ambrose Phipps, alias Little Poison Ivy, alias The Pest, alias Rough and Reddy. One short week ago the Dingbats would have voted him a nuisance and a menace to society in general. Yesterday they praised him to the skies. It just goes to show that good can be found in anybody—if that is what you are looking for.

Understand me: there has been no change in Ambrose. He is still as fresh as a mountain breeze. Unquestionably he will continue to treat his elders with a shocking lack of respect and an entire absence of consideration. He was born with a deep depression where his bump of reverence should have been located, and neither realizes nor regrets his deficiency.

He will never change. It is the Dingbats who have changed. The whole club has changed, so far as Ambrose is concerned.

We are all trying to overlook the dark spots in his character and see good in him, whether it is there or not.

Now as to the Dingbats: if you do not know them you have missed something rich and rare in the golfing line. There are four of them, all retired capitalists on the shady side of sixty. They freely admit that they are the worst golfers in the world, and in a pinch they could prove it. They play together six days a week—a riotous, garrulous, hilarious foursome, ripping the course wide open from the first tee to the home green; and they get more real fun out of golf than any men I know. They never worry about being off their game, because they have never been on it; they know they can be no worse than they are and they have no hope of ever being better; they expect to play badly, and it is seldom that they are disappointed. Whenever a Dingbat forgets to count his shots in the bunkers, and comes home in the nineties, a public celebration takes place on the clubhouse porch.

Yesterday it was Doc Pinkinson who brought in the ninety-eight—and signed all the tags; and between libations they talked about Ambrose Phipps, who was practicing brassy shots off the grass beside the eighteenth green.

Little Poison Ivy was unusually cocky, even for him, and every move was a picture. At the end of his follow-through he would freeze, nicely balanced on the tip of his right toe, elbows artistically elevated, clubhead up round his neck; and not a muscle would he move until the ball stopped rolling. He might have been posing for a statue of the Perfect Golfer. When he walked it was with a conscious little swagger and a flirting of the short tails of his belted sport coat. He was hitting them clean, he was hitting them far, he had an audience—and well he knew it. Ambrose was in his glory yesterday afternoon!

"By Golly!" exclaimed Doc Pinkinson. "Ain't that a pretty sight? Ain't it a treat to see that kid lambaste the ball?"

"Certainly is," agreed Old Treanor with a sigh. "Perfect form—that's what he's got."

"And confidence in himself," put in Old Myles. "That's the big secret. You can see it in every move he makes. Confidence is a wonderful thing!"

"And youth," said Daddy Bradshaw. "That's the most wonderful thing of all. It's his youth that makes him so—so flip. Got a lot to say, for a kid; but—somehow I always liked him for it."

"Me too!" chimed in Doc Pinkinson. "Dog-gone his skin! He used to make me awful mad, that boy. . . . Oh, well, I reckon I'm kind of cranky, anyway. . . . Yes; I always liked Ambrose."

Now that was all rot, and I knew it. What's more, the Dingbats knew it too. They hadn't always liked Ambrose. A week ago they would have marked his swaggering gait, the tilt of his chin, the conscious manner in which he posed after every shot; and they would have said Ambrose was showing off for the benefit of the female tea party at the other end of the porch—and they wouldn't have made any mistake, at that.

No; they hadn't always liked young Mr. Phipps. Nobody had liked him. To be perfectly frank about it, we had disliked him openly and cordially, and had been at no pains to keep him from finding it out. We had snubbed him, insulted him and ignored him on every possible occasion. Worst of all, we had made a singleton of him. We had forced him to play alone, because there wasn't a man in all the club who wanted him as a partner or as an opponent. There is no meaner treatment than this; nor is there anything more pathetically lonely than a singleton on a crowded golf course. It is nothing more or less than a grown-up trip to Coventry. I thought of all these things as I listened to the prattling of the Dingbats.

"Guess he won't have any trouble getting games now, hey?" chuckled Old Treanor.

"Huh!" grunted Doc Pinkinson. "He's dated up a week ahead—with Moreman and that bunch! A week ahead!"

"And he'll make 'em step!" chirped Daddy Bradshaw. "Here's to him, boys—a redhead and a fighter! Drink her down!"

"A redhead and a fighter!" chorused the Dingbats, lifting their glasses.

Yes; they drank to Ambrose Phipps, and one short week ago they wouldn't have tolerated him on the same side of the course with them. Our pet leopard still has his spots, but we are now viewing him in the friendly shade cast by a battered old silver cup: namely and to wit, the Edward B. Wimpus Team Trophy, permanently at home on the mantelpiece in the lounging room.

II

GOING back to the beginning, we never had a chance to blame Ambrose on the Membership Committee; he slipped in on us via the junior-member clause. Old Man Phipps does not play golf; but he is a charter member of the club and, according to the by-laws, the sons of members between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one enjoy all the privileges of the institution.

Ambrose was nineteen when he returned rather hurriedly from college. He did this at the earnest and unanimous request of the Faculty and, it was whispered, the police department of the university town. He hadn't done much of anything, but he had tried very hard to drive a touring car and seven chorus girls through a plate-glass window into a restaurant. The press agent of the show saw his chance to get some publicity for the broilers, and after an interview with the Faculty Ambrose caught the first train for home.

Having nothing to do and plenty of time in which to do it, Ambrose decided to become a golfer. Old Dunn'l MacQuarrie, our professional, sold him a large leather bag full of tools and gave him two lessons. Thus equipped and fortified, young Mr. Phipps essayed to brighten our drab lives by allowing us to play golf with him. Now this sort of thing may be done in some clubs, but not in ours. We do not permit our sacred institutions to be "rushed" by the golfing novice. We are not snobbish, but we plead guilty to being the least bit set in our ways. They are good ways, and they suit us. The club is an old one, as golf clubs go in this country, and most of the playing members are men past forty years of age. Nearly all of the foursomes are permanent affairs, the same men playing together week after week, season in and season out. The other matches are made in advance, by telephone or word of mouth, and the member who turns up minus a game on Saturday afternoon is out of luck.

We do not leap at the stranger with open arms. We do not leap at him at all. We stand off and look him over. We put him on probation; and if he shapes up well, and walks lightly, and talks softly, and does not try to dynamite his way into matches where he is not wanted, some day he will be invited to fill up a foursome. Invited—make a note of that. Now see what Ambrose did.

With his customary lack of tact, he selected the very worst day in the week to thrust himself upon our notice.

It was a Saturday, and the lounging room was crowded with members, most of whom were shaking dice for the luncheons. With a single exception, all the foursomes were made up for the afternoon.

A short, sturdily built youngster came through the doorway from the locker room and paused close to the table where I was sitting. His hair was red—the sort of red that will not be ignored—and he wore it combed straight back over the top of his head. His slightly irregular features were covered with large brown freckles, and on his upper lip was a volunteer crop of lightish fuzz, which might, in time, become a mustache. His green sport coat was new, his flannel trousers were new, his shoes were new—from neck to sole he fairly shrieked with newness. Considering that he was a stranger in a strange club, a certain amount of reticence would not have hurt the young man's entrance; but he burst through the swinging door with a skip and a swagger, and there was a broad grin on his homely countenance. It was quite evident that he expected to find himself among friends.

"Who wants a game?" he cried. "Don't all speak at once, men!"

A few of the members nearest the door glanced up, eyed the youth curiously, and returned to their dice boxes. The others had not heard him at all. Harson and Billford looked at me.

"Who's the fresh kid?" asked Billford.

"That," said I, "is Ambrose Phipps, only son of Old Man Phipps."

"Humph!" grunted Harson. "The living, breathing proof that marriage is a failure. What's he want?"

Ambrose himself answered the question. He had advanced to our table.

"You gentlemen got a game?" he asked, laying his hand on Billford's shoulder.

Now if there is anything that Billford loathes and detests, it is familiarity on short acquaintance. He hadn't even met this fresh youth; so he shrugged his shoulder in a very pointed manner and glared at Ambrose. The boy did not remove his hand.

"'S all right, old top," said he reassuringly. "It's clean—just washed it. Clean as your shirt." He bent down and looked at Billford's collar. "No," said he; "cleaner. . . . Well, how about it? Got your game fixed up?"

"We are waiting for a fourth man." I answered because Billford didn't seem able to say anything; he looked on the point of exploding.

"Oh, a fourth man, eh? Well, if he doesn't turn up you know me." And Ambrose passed on to the next table.

"Insufferable young rotter!" snarled Billford.

"Quite so," said Harson; "but he'll never miss anything by being too bashful to ask for it. Look! He's asking everybody!"

Ambrose made the entire circuit of the room. We could not hear what he said, but we felt the chill he left in his wake. Men glanced up when he addressed them, stared for an instant, and went back to their dice. Some of them were polite in their refusals, some were curt, some were merely disgusted. When he reached the table where Bishop, Gilmore, Moreman and Elder were sitting, they laughed at him. They are our star golfers and members of the team. The Dingbats were too much astonished to show resentment; but when Ambrose left them he patted Doc Pinkinson on the head, and the old gentleman sputtered for the best part of an hour.

Not Even Old Purdue McCormick Would Have Anything to Do With Him

It was a discouraging tour, and anyone else would have hunted a quiet corner and crawled into it; but not Ambrose. He returned to our end of the room, and the pleased and expectant light in his eyes had given way to a steely glare. He beckoned to one of the servants.

"Hey, George! Who's the boss here? Who's the Big Finger?"

"Misteh Harson, he's one of 'em, suh. He's a membeh of the Greens Committee."

"Show him to me!"

"Right there, suh, settin' by the window."

Ambrose strode across to us and addressed himself to Harson.

"My name is Phipps," said he. "I'm a junior member here, registered and all that, and I want to get a game this afternoon. So far, I haven't had any luck."

Harson is really a mild and kindly soul. He hates to hurt anyone's feelings.

"Perhaps all the games are made up," he suggested. "Saturday is a bad day, unless your match is arranged beforehand."

"Zat so? Humph! Nice clubby spirit you have here. You make a fellow feel so much at home!"

"So we notice," grunted Billford.

Ambrose looked at him and smiled. It wasn't exactly a pleasant smile. Then he turned back to Harson.

"How about that fourth man of yours?" he demanded. "Has he shown up yet?"

Billford caught my eye.

"Someone must have left the outside door open," said he. "Seems to me I feel a strong draft."

"Put on another shirt!" Ambrose shot the retort without an instant's hesitation. "Now say, if your fourth man isn't here, what's the matter with me?"

"Possibly there is nothing the matter with you," said Harson pleasantly; "but if you are a beginner ——"

"Aw, you don't need to be afraid of my game!" grinned Ambrose. "I'll be easy picking."

"That isn't the point," explained Harson. "Our game would be too fast for you."

"Well, what of it? How am I ever going to learn if I never play with anybody better than I am? Don't you take any interest in young blood, or is this a close corporation, run for the benefit of a lot of old fossils, playing hooky from the boneyard?"

"Oh, run away, little boy, and sell your papers!" Billford couldn't stand it any longer.

"I will if you'll lend me that shirt for a make-up!" snapped Ambrose.

"Now don't get mad, Cutie. Remember, you picked on me first. A man with a neck as thick as yours ought not to let his angry passions rise. First thing you know, you'll bust something in that bonemeal mill of yours, and then you won't know anything." Ambrose put his hands on his hips and surveyed the entire gathering. "A nice, cheerful, clubby bunch!" he exclaimed. "Gee! What a picnic a hermit crab could have in this place, meeting so many congenial souls!"

"If you don't like it," said Billford, "you don't have to stay here a minute."

"That's mighty sweet of you," said Ambrose; "but, you see, I've made up my mind to learn this fool game if it takes all summer. I'd hate to quit now, even to oblige people who have been so courteous to me. . . . Well, good-by, you frozen stiffs! Maybe I can hire that sour old Scotchman to go round with me. He's not what you might call a cheerful companion, but, at that, he's got something on you. He's human, anyway!"

Ambrose went outside and banged the door behind him. Billford made a few brief observations; but his remarks, though vivid and striking, were not quite original. Harson shook his head, and in the silence following Ambrose's exit we heard Doc Pinkinson's voice:

"If that pup was mine I'd drown him; dog-gone me if I wouldn't!"

Young Mr. Phipps, you will observe, got in wrong at the very start.

III

BAD news travels fast when a few press agents get behind it, and not all the personal publicity is handed out by a man's loving friends. Those who had met Ambrose warned those who had not, and whenever his fiery red head appeared in the lounging room there was a startling drop in the temperature.

Our Golfing Ishmael, a Wild Ass Loose Upon the Links

For a few weeks he persisted in trying to secure matches with members of the club, but nobody would have anything to do with him—not even old Purdue McCormick, who toddles about the course with a niblick in one hand and a midiron in the other, *sans* bag, *sans* caddie, *sans* protection of the game laws. When such a renegade as Purdue refused to go turf-tearing with him Ambrose gave up in disgust and devoted himself to the serious business of learning the royal and ancient game. He infested the course from dawn till dark, a solitary figure against the sky line; our golfing Ishmael, a wild ass loose upon the links, his hand against every man and every man's hand against him.

He wore a chip on his shoulder for all of us; and it was during this period that Anderson, our club champion and Number One on the team, christened Ambrose "Little Poison Ivy," because of the irritating effect of personal contact with him.

Ambrose couldn't have had a great deal of fun out of the situation; but MacQuarrie made money out of it. The redhead hired the professional to play with him and criticize his shots. The dour old Scotch mercenary did not like Ambrose any better than we did, but toward the end of the first month he admitted to me that the boy had the makings of a star golfer, though not, he was careful to explain, "the pr-roper temperament for the game."

"But it's just amazin', the way he picks up the shots," said Dunn'l. "Aye, he'll have everything but the temperament."

As the summer drew to a close the annual team matches began, and we forgot Ambrose and all else in our anxiety over the fate of the Edward B. Wimpus Trophy.

Every golf club, you must know, has its pet trophy. Ours is the worn old silver cup that represents the team championship of the Association. A pawnbroker wouldn't look at it twice; but to us, who are familiar with its history and the trips it has made to different clubhouses, the Edward B. Wimpus Trophy is priceless, and more to be desired than diamonds or pearls.

When the late Mr. Wimpus donated the cup he stipulated that it should be held in trust by the club winning the annual team championship, and that it should become the property of the club winning it three times in succession. For twenty years we had been fighting for permanent possession of the trophy, and engraved on its shining surface was the record of our bitter disappointment—not to mention the disappointment of the Bellevue Golf Club. Twice we had been in a position to add the third and final victory, and twice the Bellevue quintet had dashed our hopes. Twice we had retaliated by preventing them from retiring the Wimpus Trophy from competition; and now, with two winning years behind us and a third opportunity in sight, we talked and thought of nothing else.

According to the rules governing team play in our Association, each club is represented by five men, contesting from scratch and without handicaps of any sort. In the past, two teams have outclassed the field, and once more

history repeated itself, for the Bellevue bunch fought us neck and neck through the entire period of competition. With one match remaining to be played, they were tied with us for first place, and that match brought the Bellevue team to our course last Friday afternoon.

I was on hand when the visitors filed into the locker room at noon—MacNeath, Smathers, Crane, Lounsberry and Jordan—five seasoned and dependable golfers, veterans of many a hard match; fighters who never know when they are beaten. They looked extremely fit, and not in the least worried at the prospect of meeting our men on their own course.

They brought their own gallery, too, Bellevue members who talked even money and flashed yellow-backed bills. The Dingbats formed a syndicate and covered all bets; but this was due to club pride rather than any feeling of confidence. We knew our boys were in for a tough battle, in which neither side would have a marked advantage.

Four of our team players were on hand to welcome the enemy—Moreman, Bishop, Elder and Gilmore—and they offered their opponents such hospitality as is customary on like occasions.

"Thanks," said MacNeath with a grin; "but just now we're drinking water. After the match you can fill the cup with anything you like, and we'll allow you one drink out of it before we take it home with us. Once we get it over there, it'll never come back. It's not in the cards for you to win three times running. . . . Where's Anderson?"

"He hasn't shown up yet," said Bishop.

"He's on the way out in his car," added Moreman. "I rang up his house five minutes ago. He'd just left."

"Oh, very well," said MacNeath, who is Number One man for Bellevue, as well as captain of the team. "Suppose we have lunch now, Bishop; and while we're eating you can give me the list of your players and I'll match them up."

In team play it is customary for the home captain to submit the names of his players, ranked from one to five, in the order of their ability. The visiting captain then has the privilege of making the individual matches; and this is supposed to offset whatever advantage the home team has by reason of playing on its own course.

Bishop, our captain, handed over a list reading as follows: 1—Anderson; 2—Moreman; 3—Bishop; 4—Elder; 5—Gilmore. MacNeath bracketed his own name with Anderson's, and paired Crane with Moreman, Lounsberry with Bishop, Smathers with Elder, and Jordan with Gilmore.

After luncheon the men changed to their golfing togs; but still there was no sign of Anderson. Another telephone call confirmed the first message; his wife reported that he had left his home nearly an hour before, bound for the club.

"Queer!" said MacNeath. "Engine trouble or a puncture—possibly both. It's not like the Swede to be late. Might as well get started, eh? Anderson and I will go last, anyhow."

A big gallery watched the first pair drive off, Gilmore getting a better ball than Jordan, and cheering those who believe in omens. Then, at five-minute intervals, came Lounsberry and Bishop, Smathers and Elder, and Crane and Moreman. Each match attracted a small individual gallery, but most of the spectators waited to follow the Number One men. MacNeath, refusing to allow himself to be made nervous by the delay, went into the clubhouse; and many and wild were the speculations as to the cause of Anderson's tardiness. The wildest one of them fell short of the bitter truth, which came to us at the end of a telephone wire located in the professional's shop. It had been relayed on from the switchboard in the club office:

"Anderson blew a front tire at the city limits. Car turned over with him and broke his leg."

A bombshell exploding under our noses could not have created more consternation. There we were, with four of the matches under way, our best man crippled, and up against the proposition of providing an opponent for MacNeath, admittedly the most dangerous player on the Bellevue team. Harson, as a member of the Greens Committee and an officer of the club, assumed charge of the situation as soon as he heard the news.

"No good sending word to poor old Bishop," said he. "He's the team captain, of course; but he can't do anything about it. Besides, he's already playing his match, and this would upset him terribly. Is there anyone here who can give MacNeath a run for his money?"

"Not unless you want to try it," said I.

"He'd eat me alive!" groaned Harson. "We might as well forfeit one match, and put it up to the boys to win three out of four. Oh, if we only had one more good man!"

"Ye have," said MacQuarrie, who had been listening. "Ye've overlooked young Mister Phipps."

"That kid?" demanded Harson. "Nonsense!"

"Aye," said Dunn'l; "that kid! Call it nonsense if ye like, sir, but he was under eighty twice yesterday. This mor-rnin' he shot a seventy-seven, with two missed putts the length o' your ar-rm. He's on top of his game now, an' goin' strong. If he'll shoot back to his mor-rnin' round he'll give Mister MacNeath a battle; but the lad has never been in a competition, so ye'll have to chance his ner-rves."

"Ambrose!" I exclaimed. "I never should have thought of him!"

"Of course ye wouldn't," said MacQuarrie. "Ye've never played with him—never even seen him play."

"But he's such a little rotter!" mumbled Harson.

"Aye," said Dunn'l; "an', grantin' ye that, he's still the best ye have. He's in the clubhouse now, dressed an' ready to start, once the crowd is out of the way."

"And he really did a seventy-seven this morning?" asked Harson.

"With two missed putts—wee ones."

I looked at Harson and Harson looked at me.

"You go in and put it up to him," said he at last. "I can't talk to him without losing my temper."

I found our little red hope banging the balls about on the billiard table, carefree as a scarlet tanager.

"Young man," said I, "your country calls you."

"I'm under age," said Ambrose, calmly squinting along his cue. "Don't bother me. This is a tough shot."

"Well, then," said I, "your club calls you."

"My club, eh?" remarked the redhead with nasty emphasis. "Any time this club calls me I'm stone-deaf."

"Listen to me a minute, Phipps. This is the day of the big team match and we're up against it hard. Anderson turned his car over on the way out and broke his leg. We want you to take his place."

As Ambrose Often Tells Us, the Baffy Is a Sweet Little Club to Have in the Bag

"Anderson," repeated Ambrose. "Ain't that the squarehead who calls me Little Poison Ivy? Only his leg, eh? Tough luck!"

"You bet it is!" I exclaimed, ignoring his meaning. "Tough luck for all of us, because if we can't dig up a man to take Anderson's place we'll have to forfeit that particular match to MacNeath. We'd set our hearts on winning this time, because it would give us the permanent possession of the team trophy that we've been shooting at for twenty years ——"

"Let your voice fall right there!" commanded Ambrose. "Trophies are nothing in my young life. This club is nothing in my life.

"Everybody here has treated me worse than a yellow dog. Go ahead and take your medicine; and I hope they lick you and make you like it!"

I saw it was time to try another tack. Ambrose had used one word that had put an idea into my head.

"All right," said I. "Have it your own way. Perhaps it was a mistake to mention MacNeath's name."

"What do you mean—a mistake?" He fired up instantly.

"Well," said I, "you must know Mac by reputation. He's one of the best golfers in the state and a tough proposition to beat. He's their Number One man—their star player. He shoots pretty close to par all the time."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Ambrose.

"Why, nothing; only ——"

"Only what?"

"Well, they all said you wouldn't want to go up against such a strong player."

"Who said that?"

"Oh, everybody. Yes; it was a mistake to mention his name. I'm frank enough to say that I wouldn't tackle him without a handicap. MacNeath is hard game."

"Look here!" snapped the redhead. "You're off on the wrong foot entirely. You're barking up the wrong tree. It's not because I'm afraid of this MacNeath, or anybody else. I licked that sour old Scotchman this morning, and I guess you'll agree he's not soft picking. It's just that I don't feel that this club ought to ask a favor of me."

"A favor! Why, man alive, it's a compliment to stick you in at Number One—the biggest compliment we can pay you!"

"Well," said Ambrose slowly, "if you look at it in that light ——"

"I most certainly do. . . . But if you'd rather not meet MacNeath ——"

Ambrose dropped his cue with a crash.

"You don't really think I'm yellow, do you?" he cried.

"If you are," said I, "you're the first redhead that ever got his color scheme mixed."

The little rascal grinned like a gargoyle.

"Listen!" said he confidentially. "You've used me pretty well—to my face, anyhow—and I'll tell you this much: I don't care the snap of my fingers for your ratty old cup. I care even less for the members of this club—present company excepted, you understand; but I can't stand it to have anybody think I'm not game. Ever since I was a runt of a kid I've had to fight, and they can say anything about me except that I'm a quitter. . . . Why, I've stuck round here for nearly five months just because I wouldn't let a lot of old fossils drive me out and make me quit—five months without a friend in the place, and only MacQuarrie to talk to.

"If I'd been yellow it would have shown that first Saturday when everybody turned me down so cold. I wanted to walk out and never come back. I wanted to; but I stuck. Honest, if I'm anything at all I'm game—game enough to stand the gaff and take the worst of it; and I'll prove it to you by playing this bird, no matter how good he is. I'll fight him every jump of the way, and if he licks me he'll have to step out some to do it. What's a licking, anyway? I've had a thousand of 'em! Plenty of people can lick me; but you bet your life nobody ever scared me!"

"Good kid!" said I, and held out my hand.

After an instant's hesitation Ambrose seized it. "Now lead me to this MacNeath person," said he. "I suppose we ought to be introduced, eh? Or has he been told that I'm the Country Club leper?"

It was a sorely disappointed gallery that welcomed the substitute—disappointed and amazed; but the few Bellevue members were openly jubilant. They had reason to be, for word had been brought back to them that Lounsberry and Crane were running away with their matches. Between them and the cup they saw only a golfing novice, a junior member without a war record. They immediately began offering odds of two to one on the MacNeath-Phipps match; but there were no takers. The Dingbats held a lodge of sorrow in the shade of the caddie house and mournfully estimated their losses, while our feminine contingent showed signs of retreating to the porch and spending the afternoon at bridge.

MacNeath was first on the tee—a tall, flat-muscled, athletic man of forty; and, as the veteran was preparing to drive, Ambrose and MacQuarrie held a whispered conversation.

"I'd like to grab some of that two to one," said the boy.

"Don't be foolish," counseled the canny Scot. "Ye'll have enough on your mind wi'out makin' bets; an', for pity's sake, remember what I've told ye—slow back, don't press, keep your head down, an' count three before ye look up. Hit them like ye did this mor-rnin' an' ye've a grand chance to win."

(Continued on Page 94)

IN THE HINDENBURG LINE

By F. Britten Austin

A Once Massive Strongpoint in the Hindenburg Line Captured by Men of an English Regiment

Shrapnel Bursting Over Allied Troops at the Battle of Vimy Ridge

THE bombardment had already lasted nearly a week. In the deep dugout that harbored the headquarters of a regiment* defending a sector of the Front its continuing fury arrived merely as a succession of jarring thuds that jangled the after-lunch liqueur glasses on the rough table and imparted a quiver to the chairs occupied by the members of the mess. To touch the boarded walls was to receive an unpleasant, almost painful, vibration. The glowing electric-light bulb pendent from the steel-girdered roof shone steadily, despite those heavier shocks that punctuated irregularly the steady series of muffled blows.

The atmosphere was hot with the radiation from a closed stove in a corner, and thick with tobacco smoke. Through the wreathing, slowly drifting fumes could be seen the large maps, crisscrossed with an infinity of lines—red here, blue there—and divided into prominently numbered squares, which covered the walls.

The regiment commander, whose sallow, deeply lined face revealed the ravage of present anxieties upon a man as old as the whiteness of his mustache and eyebrows indicated him to be, broke off from a brooding contemplation of those maps and leaned forward to pour himself out some more coffee. The Iron Cross dangling from the middle buttonhole of his tunic tinkled against his empty liqueur glass. He refilled both coffee cup and glass with a hand that shook.

The two other occupants of the dugout, a staff captain and a young lieutenant, were absorbed in the latest batch of illustrated papers.

There was the noise of footsteps stumblingly descending the steep stairway of the dugout, and the door opened. A tall officer in a long coat yellow with mud stood stiffly erect at the entrance and saluted with a swift, precise gesture and a click of heels.

"Hauptmann Hofmeister!" he barked out.

Awaiting the Attack

THE regiment commander, who had been peering toward him through the filmy tobacco smoke, drew himself erect also, and with an exactly similar intonation replied:

"Oberst von Förster!"

The staff captain had jumped up so hastily from his chair that it fell about his legs.

"*Lieber* Hofmeister!" he cried, shaking the newcomer by the hand. "We were expecting you. Are you quite recovered from your wound?" He turned to the colonel. "Hofmeister and I were in the same regiment on the Somme, Herr Oberst."

The Oberst nodded and extended his hand to the new arrival.

"You come at a difficult moment, Hauptmann Hofmeister. Sit down! Have you eaten? Waldow ——!"

The young lieutenant was already halfway to the door. Hofmeister stopped him. "I had *Mittagessen* with the division," he said. "They told me something of the situation, Herr Oberst."

"They didn't say the brigade was being relieved?" asked the colonel, clutching at a phantasm of hope that flitted across his anxieties.

Hofmeister shook his head. "No, Herr Oberst. The brigade will not be relieved until after the Englanders have made their attack."

Oberst von Förster performed a little gesture in which both his hands and his head were expressive of his relapse to pessimism.

"I hope they will find something to relieve in that case," he said bitterly. "*Ach!* Those people who sit back there in safety! Well, you come to us and Grenzmann goes back to the division. And I hope, Grenzmann, that you'll give them an idea of the sort of existence we lead here."

Grenzmann nodded.

"*Natürlich*, Herr Oberst," he said cheerfully, fixing already in his mind the picture of the grumbling, doddering old colonel with which he meant to regale the divisional mess.

"Now, Hofmeister," said the Oberst, "since you have already eaten let us get to work. They told you at divisional headquarters that we are expecting an attack—a big attack?"

He emphasized the largeness of the menace. His face looked startlingly haggard, close under the electric light. "This new Siegfried Line"—the new line from the Aisne to the north of Arras, taken up by the Germans last spring, was called by them the Siegfried Line, by the English the Hindenburg Line—"will be tested to the utmost—and we shall see if it is as strong as they make out. I am confident in it myself"—he stopped—"if only we have enough troops to hold it. If it breaks ——"

He stopped again, sketched an expressive little gesture. "We have a battalion in front line, the others in support. Show him the positions on the map, Grenzmann."

He waited while the two officers obeyed, poring over the trench map, murmuring together. As they straightened their backs there was a knock at the door of the dugout.

"*Herein!*" said the Oberst, putting down his liqueur glass.

A signal orderly entered. He held out a telegram. Grenzmann took it, opened it with a quick movement, glanced at the message.

"From the forward battalion, Herr Oberst—by telephone, priority—they're asking again to be relieved ——"

He passed the message across to the regiment commander. "They're having a bad time," he added confidentially to Hofmeister. "That's the third time in twenty-four hours they have asked for relief."

Oberst von Förster wrinkled his brows over the message. "*Schrecklich, schrecklich*," he muttered; "but what can I do? We must not be caught moving! We must not be caught!"

To the Front Lines

HE FROWNED at the words, which despite their official formality were eloquent of the agonized despair that had spoken at the other end of the telephone.

"'Disclaim responsibility if disaster occurs to the sector'—yes, they throw it on me—they throw it on me."

He stood for some moments bending over the paper, then he suddenly drew himself erect. "I must see for myself." There was a new tone of decision in his voice. "Hofmeister—I am going up to the front line. Come with me! You will be able to familiarize yourself with the situation."

Hauptmann Hofmeister saluted with stiff precision and stood rigid.

"*Zu Befehl*, Herr Oberst."

"You, Waldow—you come too; and Grenzmann, you remain here—deal with anything that comes in."

The old man, long oppressed by the imagined possibilities over which he brooded in the pent seclusion of the dugout, was unfeignedly glad at the prospect of escape into the open air. Swiftly he donned his long coat, looked to his automatic pistol and emergency ration, slung over his shoulder the strap of the slate-gray cylindrical tin box that held his gas mask.

"Hurry, Waldow!" he said to the lieutenant, who was busily engaged in similar preparations. "Where's my steel helmet?" He hummed a bar or two of a song in a cheerful key. "We'll teach these damned Englanders, Hofmeister!" he said with a little laugh. "They'll never get a yard of the Siegfried Line! Not they!" He was reassuring himself more than his hearers. "You know the idea of it, Hofmeister? Not like the Somme days. No! *Das war schrecklich! schrecklich!* Trying to hold those front trenches—we played their game! But now these deep defensive zones—full of cunning bits of trenches and hidden machine guns—if they get into them they will be killed to the last man, or what is left of them will be driven back to their own lines. *Ein grosser Geist—Hindenburg! Ein grosser Geist für die grosse Zeit! 'S wird ein famoser Sieg sein! Ja—gewiss—gewiss.*"

He hummed a bar or two of the song the German soldiers had sung when they marched to war in the brave days of 1914: "'*Puppchen! du bist mein' Augen Schatz* ——' Come, Hofmeister! Waldow! *Fertig? Vorwärts!*" He laughed, excited as a schoolboy, his haggard, sallow face purpling with blood, his eyes alight under the bushy white eyebrows. "*Dank' sei Gott* we get out of this damned hole!" He led the way out of the dugout.

"We shall probably be glad enough to get back to it," murmured the young lieutenant as he followed him.

Outside the dugout an electric light illumined the passage that communicated with the signal and office apartments of the subterranean headquarters. Two or three orderlies on duty sprang to erect rigidity as the regiment commander passed.

He commenced the ascent of the steep narrow stairway, slippery with yellow mud. Hofmeister and Waldow followed at his heels. The deep steel helmets curving down to the neck lent their heads a quaint touch of the antique. Von Förster had but half emerged into the chilly atmosphere of an overcast afternoon when he stopped, with the

*The German infantry brigade is composed of two regiments of three battalions each; two brigades to a division.

instinctive paralysis of imminent danger. A long-drawn whine broadened rapidly to a threatening rush in the air; approached, passed and culminated in a heavy, metallic crash in the instant in which he ducked his head.

"*Verfluchte Engländer!*" muttered Von Waldow below him.

The three men paused until the rain of earth clods and débris had ceased. Then they emerged from the stairway. The black smoke from the just-burst shell drifted over a near prospect of hoof-holed mud, tumbled bricks and protruding rafters. The headquarters dugouts were excavated on the site of a ruined farm. Farther away, beyond the puddled morass which was a road, a battery of field guns—each weapon hidden in an emplacement of mud merging with the desolate expanse of mud across which they were spaced—banged away rapidly, the spurt of flame vivid against the low gray sky. Their muzzles pointed westward to where a long featureless ridge, not far distant, rose darkly, to contrast with a band of light that just hinted at the afternoon sun behind the clouds.

Against that illumination, founts of black smoke sprang up from the summit of the ridge in a wide-stretched simultaneity of appearance, incessantly renewed, that baffled the attempt to count, climbed yet a little, and hung poised before they broke and drifted, formlessly and thinning. Shrapnel, white and heavy black, dotted the ridge horizon in magically reënforced handfuls. Over the hinterland between the battery and the high ground the brown and black smoke of other shell bursts shot up from a score of places at once. Far and near over that cloud-hung wilderness a scintillation of quick, short gun flashes betrayed the positions of German batteries otherwise invisible.

English Soldiers at Work Breaking Down a German Strongpoint

A World Full of Noise

THE world was full of noise. Close at hand the violent rapid reports of the field battery, furiously at work, blotted, as it were, momentarily the chaos of heavy sound that rolled, reverberating, between unexpected and confused climaxes of coincident salvos. From behind came the gruff double thud of the German howitzers, overpowered from instant to instant by the loud, sharp detonation of a heavy gun. In the air above was a continual rushing of shells, those of large caliber rumbling onward like a laden tramcar, the smaller projectiles fiercely sibilant, varied by a banshee howl where a driving band had torn loose. Far away to the west the continuous discharges of the English guns were an undertone of muttered thunder. The detonations of shell bursts and trench-mortar bombs upon the ridge were indistinguishable in the welter of slam and crash and rumbling broken roars that rolled under the low sky.

The colonel stood for a moment contemplating the scene, with the narrowed eyes and bent brow of a seaman who endeavors to estimate the fury of a coming storm. The new staff captain gazed also, fixing the lie of the land by glanced references to his map. The lieutenant stood nervously biting his lower lip, the muscles of his face quivering, his knees shaking despite an effort of his will. This was no good place to loiter in the open.

His apprehensive brain, agonizedly alert for the definite sound, identified in a spasm of hyperacute faculty a scarce distinguishable distant pop! among the uproar.

"Here it comes!" he cried.

There was a pause, and then, distinct among all the other sounds, the whine of a rapidly approaching shell detached itself, coming straight toward them. Like one man they flung themselves flat upon the mud in the instant that it rushed to the deafening crash of its explosion. Face downward, they heard the continued fall of the upcast débris, the whine of its splintered fragments. Mud rained upon them.

The colonel sprang to his feet.

"Hurry!" he said. "There will be another."

The others followed him as he hastened toward the puddled road and turned along it. The deep mud sucked at their boots and splashed, liquid, to their knees. They plunged onward, desperately at strain to get away from the danger spot. A little farther on, where the road sank below the level of the land, a communication trench opened into it on the right. A signboard all askew named it—*Steges-Allee*. They dived into it just as the whine and rush and crash of the expected shell emphasized the necessity for their haste.

The trench was deep and wide, excavated on a trace not of sharp angles but of serpentine curves. The rails of a miniature tramway followed its shelter. The three officers stepped from one to another of the metal sleepers that squelched beneath them in the liquid mud. A few hundred yards along the trench they overtook a stationary train of four trucks, a midget petrol engine at the head. The Unteroffizier in charge stood up quickly from his conversation with the driver perched upon the quaintly small tractor. He saluted at the approach of the regiment commander.

"What are you doing with this ammunition?" asked Von Förster angrily. "Why are you stopped?"

The man shrank and stammered.

"*Die—die Granaten*—Herr Oberst!"

The colonel's rage leaped to fury.

"Shells! *Dummes Zeug!*" He slashed the man across the head with his trench stick. "This ammunition is urgently required. *Auf! Vorwärts!* And don't stop till I tell you!" He clambered onto the truck, behind the tractor, Hofmeister and Von Waldow imitating him, and sat on the stack of ammunition boxes. The frightened driver started his engine, and as the train commenced to move squealingly and slowly onward the Unteroffizier sprang onto the rear truck.

"Report yourself under arrest!" Von Förster shouted at him. "The men in the trenches might be dying for lack of this ammunition to-night," he added to Hofmeister. "We have had terrible difficulty in getting up supplies this last week."

Bringing Up Ammunition

THE little train rattled and squealed and jolted along the trench, moving at a fair pace. The high earth walls permitted no vision of the countryside; but the constant overhead scream of shells, the ever-recurring crashes, were a stimulus to the imagination. Every few minutes a ball of white smoke jumped into the near air with a sharp detonation, and occasionally shrapnel bullets hammered on the trucks. Still they went on.

Once, looking up, they perceived an aëroplane low down in the sky.

"Brave fellow, that!" shouted Von Förster above the deafening noise of the tractor. He followed it with his eyes. It swerved and swooped toward them. With a

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English Troops Digging Themselves In While German Shells Burst Behind Them

THE FIRM

By CAMERON MACKENZIE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

BEING THE TALE OF AN AUDITING ACCOUNTANT

There Had Passed Back and Forth Between Them Certain Documents Which Would Pierce the Stout Little Heart of Elsie Hall

And then presently I had decreed this tale; for, musing there in my aisle seat, I had asked myself why a firm, as much as any other notable that had rocked the earth, should not have, if not its biography, at least its memoir.

I

SHE was sitting to the fore on the audience side of the stage box. The footlights, rising in an upward glare, showed, as against a bright curtain, the drooping of her young shoulders, the slender column of her neck, the very quietness of a white hand along the box rail, and the gentleness, the whole exquisite overcast, of her countenance. I knew the girl—she was little more than that—had known her for years. She was Silas Burnham's only grandchild and had been sole inheritrix of his estate.

You may never have heard of Silas Burnham. Decades ago, long before Treadwell had grown to a smutty-nosed bumptious youngster of a city, there had come prospecting pennilessly into the town a young man with an honest eye, a set mouth and a tight fist. His worldly capital had been an idea pertaining to pumps and how a particularly useful kind of pump could be made. This idea he succeeded, in due course, in impressing upon a certain Mr. Wadley; and there had then presently entered upon its existence one of those fashioners of destiny in modern form—a business firm. It had been called Burnham & Wadley; and I served it for many years, delving in its books, rummaging its contracts, and inveigling, in those quiet unguarded hours after five o'clock, the confidence of its employees.

Sight of Elsie did not at first summon remembrances, for she had at all times projected herself to me as fine and infinitely wrought. Nor did the glimpse I could get of her husband, in the shadows beyond, his clever, once nobly chiseled features, now hardened and contemptuous, serve to recall a small fraction of all that had happened. It was not until the girl smiled that the particular chunk of life to which she gave flesh-and-blood expression came tumbling from the crowded warehouse of my memory, and she herself suddenly seemed, as never before, a rare flower, blooming preciously from muck.

It had all occurred most briefly. There had been some fresh twist in the action of the play. The house had been roaring, rocking, almost weeping its mirth. I had chanced to glance toward the stage box. No abandon of laughter there! Vague and thin as the passage of a cloud shadow upon spring fields, there had been upon the girl's sensitive lips only the small wan shimmer of a smile. Scarcely lingering and gone within the moment, it had none the less minded me of many things.

It had minded me of old Silas Burnham and the Titan that his business had made of him; of his daughter Clara, and her husband, Elsie's father, Stephen Prescott—both long since dead; of Wadley, early killed by the worry of Burnham's enterprise; of Judge Methuen, executor of old Silas' estate, and of his terror of the firm; of Ezekiel Hall and Anthony Carver—a sinister old pair—and of their sons and their sons' disgrace; of Elsie herself, and the girl at twenty she had been. In short, it—that disillusioned smile—had minded me of the firm and of the wilderness of life through which Silas Burnham's creation had so monstrously raged, altering, with its bright hopes and black fears and ever-present uncertainties, the characters and destinies of many men. Like all others of its kind, it was a devouring thing—the firm!

When Elsie Prescott, the last dab of an Eastern finishing school upon her, returned to Treadwell, she was not quite twenty. Fifteen months remained before she would come into the Burnham estate, carrying with it—legally at least—a control of the firm. Judge Methuen, her guardian, was then nominally the president of Burnham & Wadley. The single private room of the otherwise unpartitioned executive floor—the room that had been Silas Burnham's—was set aside for his use; but the judge, having a law practice to watch, rarely went there. The actual management of running affairs was left to Ezekiel Hall, the vice president and secretary of the concern, and to Anthony Carver, its treasurer, both of whom were indispensable.

They were a singular couple. Life servants of the company, they had begun as young men, facing each other from high stools on opposite sides of the firm's battered ledger desk; and were still facing each other, but now as old men, from grim secretive roller-tops, placed on each side of a main passageway, and most precisely at equal distances from the door of the room that had been Silas Burnham's, and was now vaguely and occasionally occupied by Judge Methuen. Molded and formed by Silas Burnham's venture, they were its veriest children.

Hall was a high, gaunt, lean man, who walked on his heels with his toes twisted far out; as he scuttled about the office he resembled a nervous, rapidly moving question mark. There was about Hall that boiled-shirt-and-broadcloth respectability that often goes with church eldership and close deals; you would have known him for an exacting man, but not for worse. Even his mouth and chin, which he had learned to conceal by habit for much of the time behind a bony and prehensile hand, did not fully betray him.

Likewise with Carver. The treasurer was a short, bull-necked, stanchionlike person, glisteningly bald, and with a round face that seemed almost benevolent, unless you managed to catch his eyes, which were small, bright and ratlike. One might have judged him shrewd, but not cunning. However, Carver was cunning even as Hall was cruel. Utter realities are an accountant's first quest, and you may figure these two mainstays and props as a toughened and conscience-strangled pair.

Only death or dynamite could have induced either Hall or Carver, at this time, to quit the business. It had made neither of them rich; it had made neither of them all-powerful. As such matters go, neither of them had what you or I would regard as a pleasant berth; Hall hated Carver and Carver hated Hall, each with that hatred and suspicion which only the rubbings and rivalries of years within an office can produce. But they continued dwelling hourly within hand-reaching distance of each other, elaborately and unctuously hiding their loathings as they could, neither even considering the idea of change or release from the cankerous passions of their jobs. It was that the firm had become for each his graven image.

One fully as much as the other saw the firm as the only conceivable prize of a career. I do not believe that either was primarily fired by visions of great wealth. Money played a part in their desires, and so did power; but over and above all was the fascination of a mastery in that to which they had given their lives, a triumphant conclusion to an age-old contest. To control was the thing: that was the positive urge with both the old men. But there was another urge for each—an urge that had long since taught Ezekiel Hall never to be easy except when his furtive glance could detect exactly what Carver might be about; and similarly had instructed Carver that he should never draw a peaceful breath if he had lost an instant's stealthy tab upon Hall.

The two had, years earlier, taken mutual measures, and each lived in black terror lest some circumstance should carry the other into the private room at the open door of which they both daily stared. Each knew precisely what such an event would mean for the poor unfortunate left without. It would mean months of relentless grueling, the use of all the most pitiless instruments of business torture, the whole process to be terminated as speedily as possible by extermination and the utter collapse of all that had been builded for, hoped for, schemed for.

None of this appeared upon the surface, for it was inexpedient to have it appear; but the grapple between the old men was a life-and-death grapple. And each knew it for such upon the day when Elsie returned and again took up her abode with Mrs. Pinter, Stephen Prescott's sister, who had reared her and had been the only mother the girl had ever known.

Never more than then was Elsie Prescott a delight. Gloriously heart-free, her life still unscarred, untarnished, unmade, one thought of a clean new book, its pages uncut.

"They've Got the Respectability of a Big Solid Concern to Wrap Themselves and Their Rottenness In"

The freshness and warmth of her cheeks; the clear-eyed innocence that was in her glance; the proud carriage of her head—all proclaimed that she had not yet been rough-handed by the game of being alive, and that everything was undetermined, unsmudged before her.

Also, she was the most absurdly refreshing young person to look upon in the town. I used to see her occasionally making briskly through Brunswick Place; and with her trim waist and the jaunty set of her shoulders, and her pervading air of youth and zest, she would immensely set up a misanthropic and somewhat dispirited old codger like me. She seemed a wonderful, exuberant thing, to be preciously guarded and saved.

I do not know how she viewed the future, but doubtless she thought and hoped for herself about as most carefully reared, thoroughly wholesome girls of twenty think and hope for themselves; as doubtlessly she, of course, believed that all was safely and happily within her own keeping, to be shaped in accord with those tender ideals which showed in the light of her blue eyes. At any rate, it seems certain that she quite ignored the firm in considering her life and its terms.

"What does she think of it, anyway?" I once asked Judge Methuen, to whom it was my duty to report all that, under the guise of a dry-as-dust figure fanatic, I had gleaned round the offices.

"Of what? The pump business? I don't think she thinks of it at all," he told me.

"Oh, but she must!" I insisted. "At least she must regard it in some way—a great inheritance like that!"

The judge raised a frail hand and began to stroke the sparse lines of his white hair thoughtfully with his finger tips. It was like him to have the same degree of mild concentration for the questions prompted by my curiosity as for really consequential matters.

"Well," he finally said, "I dare say that, so far as she thinks of the business at all, she thinks of it as a kind of private mint—don't you know? But, as I said, she doesn't think about it—barely knows the concern's there. Ah, yes; but a delightful girl—a delightful girl!"

That evidently was about it; a delightful girl, to whom the firm, so far as it was anything at all, was a mint something which had always obligingly, unobtrusively, jarlessly provided for her needs, and would of itself as obligingly, as unobtrusively, as jarlessly continue to do so. If in the future anything should get out of whack and require seeing to, Judge Methuen, who had always seen to everything, would see to it! The firm, to her conception, was anything but the storm center of the fiercest desires of a great horde of people—anything but a giant infused with the essence of the powers of all those who served it as master. It might precisely as well have been a collection of clean, quiet, innocuous, polite three and a half per cents in a bank vault, seeing daylight only when the judge took them out at coupon time. I am not aware that Elsie, until she was very much older, changed this view.

Before the matter got really under way, I protested to her guardian, the judge. I wanted mightily to catch hold of the girl herself and make her understand. She seemed so soft, dainty, infinitely too fine a being for any such brutal manhandling. But that, of course, was impossible; the firm was a good customer of mine and I had my living to make.

Even had I been willing to brave a warning to Mrs. Pinter, it would have been useless. She was a kindly enough old lady, but much frayed by the years, much bound up in Treadwell's social fabric, variously involved with the Carvers, and with nothing save a conventional attitude toward business, as something that men went to, and which, during certain hours, was going on downtown. But I did speak to the judge. He, however, as I had known he would, only smiled his gentle, tolerant smile and said:

"I can't think, Morton, that you can be right. Mr. Hall and Mr. Carver are most respectable citizens in every way."

"Not really," I retorted as hotly as I dared. "They just seem respectable. They've got the respectability of a big solid concern to wrap themselves and their rottenness in. Both of them are blind-mad to get control there. They'd slaughter their wives—do anything—ruin Steve Prescott's little girl's life, to win. Can't you see that?"

"But no one else has spoken of the matter," he urged mildly.

"And no one will! Burnham & Wadley is a fine fat business, with a lot of fine fat jobs and valuable reputations and profitable bank balances to be doled out every year. Mr. Hall and Mr. Carver are practically immune. If that child were butchered before the eyes of half this business community it would be hard to find a person willing to acknowledge having observed anything. But you may accept it, judge, as a fact—either of those two would jubilantly butcher your ward if he thought there was a chance by so doing of getting the firm."

He Barely Heard Her Sobbing as He Went Out

"Ah, Morton, you have a great capacity for evil believing," protested Methuen.

"It's not that, judge. It's only that I know what these upper realms of going businesses actually are like." And the talk dropped in futility there.

The nub of the case was, as you have guessed, that Ezekiel Hall and Anthony Carver each had a son of marriageable age. I do not know how fathers venture upon such affairs; probably such fathers as Ezekiel Hall and Anthony Carver have devices of their own. Also, in this instance, both discovered fertile soil. Teddy Hall and Paul Carver were freshly returned from an Eastern college, and had the ethical and moral calibers likely to be found in young men whose parents have been only moderately well-to-do but who have dispatched their progeny for the cultural advantages of four years in a rich man's university.

Neither of the boys had been poor enough to make work essential for his education's cost; neither had been affluent enough to regale himself as his friends did. The result had been that both were ease-loving, and yet neither had the means to support the luxury to which they equally desired to become accustomed. All this conspired, with Elsie's own immense attractiveness, to make the respective tasks of Ezekiel Hall and Anthony Carver easy.

At any rate, soon after Elsie's return to Treadwell the race was on. For the parents it then became a matter of patiently doling out extravagant sums for pocket money; of silently footing lavish tailor bills; of a grim uncomplaining acquiescence in anything, everything—even to the office hours the sons, both of whom were inevitably and securely upon the pay roll of the firm, soon began to keep. It was not a lovely spectacle that the office of Burnham & Wadley had daily begun to afford!

As between Ezekiel Hall's son and Anthony Carver's son, there was not much to choose. Both youths belonged to a standardized type, which was the type that Elsie knew; and both had the conventional markings of the class good clothes, glib manners, and general airs of cleanliness, gayety and leisure. However, Teddy Hall had a mouth and chin that were as forbidding as his father's, but lacking the cruel strength and indomitable purpose of the elder Hall's mouth and chin. Paul Carver had an eye, if not so cunning, at least as gainful as his father's, but missing the piercing shrewdness and unquenchable fire of the elder Carver's eye. Mere carbon impressions—the sons—undeveloped worldlings at the best! But it was not to an ever-sheltered girl of twenty that these things were probable to appear.

As I had predicted, there was no scandal. While Judge Methuen smiled deprecatingly, and Mrs. Pinter indulgently, the game went on; and all that others permitted themselves to see were two irreproachable gentlemen of known abilities and success diligently and—yes, companionably administering a substantial business, while their sons, clean-cut, presentable youths, just from college, were paying their well-bred, well-ordered attentions to an altogether charming girl whom both had known from childhood.

Such is the power of a going business, a dispenser of livelihoods and of prestige—a firm—that there were few to decry the sordidness of it all. But, within the frock-coated hearts of the parents and beneath the lively checked suits of the sons, there was a sordidness that was not hidden from me by the amazing *camouflage* of the firm.

I knew. And so take, then, as truth, a vision of two embittered, formidable, world-battered old men, huddled with their greeds and horrid fears, at cavernous roller-tops in a vast, badly lighted room, ceaselessly scheming, ceaselessly lashing—under the immunities of the firm, and with their never-ending hates—their two luxury-thirsty sons, like two ponies, to win the heart of a girl.

Polite fiction stripped away, that was the ungarnished fact. Add now the circumstance that, after Anthony Carver had maneuvered Mrs. Pinter away for a trip to the Pacific Coast, capturing Elsie as a member of his household for the two months of her aunt's absence, Ezekiel Hall had retaliated by presenting his son with an automobile—an investment as far beyond his means as the new living scale within the Carver home for the period of Elsie's visit was beyond Carver's means—add that comic extreme, and you may be able to perceive something of that which was rapaciously at work upon the destinies of Silas Burnham's grandchild.

II

THERE was at this time in Treadwell no more admirable or engaging young man than Norman Dane. He had not yet begun to work for the firm, but was in the employ of the big Faraday Carpet Works and doing excellently. How excellently he was doing I learned from no less a person than the great Roger Faraday himself, an astute appraiser of youthful talent.

"Why, Morton," laughed Faraday, whom as an accountant I also served, "if I don't hurry up and get through, that chap'll be owning my business!"

"Tricky, eh?" I inquired, for thus my mind instinctively operated, and I had never seen Norman Dane.

"Tricky? There's not a tricky spot in him from his toes up," Faraday declared. "He'll back me out of my own shop, because he's a worker—a real worker—and works with his head; and works for just one person, and that person is not Norman Dane. It's Roger Faraday! Yes, sir; and I'm proud to have him on my pay roll."

Such, then, was where the young man, at twenty-five or twenty-six, stood with as rich and powerful a man as there was in Treadwell. I made a point, after Faraday's enthusiasm, of getting an early squint at Dane. He was not a disappointment; he looked his worth and his promise. He had a fine straight eye, estimating but not hard; a constrained quizzical smile that turned his thin lips agreeably sidewise; lean tanned features; and the general suggestion of cold baths, wisdom as to tailors, and an everpresent consciousness of precisely where he was and whither he was bound.

It was Anthony Carver who, in behalf of Hall and of himself, and of the firm, approached Norman Dane. The burden of the matter was that the firm—Burnham & Wadley—had immediate and imperative need of a new manager for their New York office, and were prepared to pay as generously as necessary for the right man, already selected, and of course none other than Norman Dane.

The young fellow did not realize the dent he had made upon Roger Faraday. The policy of the carpet company involved minimum salaries and, in proper course, stock awards; the house of Faraday was big, but so, too, was the pump company. The case doubtless presented itself to Norman Dane that at one move he could advance his career several large pegs. Anyhow, he accepted and, assuredly with an honorable wrench or two within the privacy of his own room, departed, at the instance of the firm, for the East, there, prospectively for long years, to serve it.

Elsie Prescott did not go into a decline; but it is now fairly certain that there were, at Norman's leaving, tears wept in Mrs. Pinter's home in Brunswick Place, and that a real honest hurt had been left on her young heart.

What had happened is, of course, clear. Norman had loomed up as a formidable possible factor in the life scheme of Burnham's grandchild; Teddy Hall and Paul Carver, assiduously paying their courts, had found themselves equally banished from any preeminently preferred positions. Each of the fathers had then found himself confronted with a stern issue: Was it better to permit Norman Dane's menacing attentions to proceed, with danger that neither of the parents should ever actually triumph, or was it better to risk all to gain all?

Fear balanced against greed; and it attested the remorseless and heroic qualities which had been put into the fibers of Hall and Carver that both unflinchingly had elected that the game between them should go on. The old men had joined hands over their barriers of hate and suspicion long enough to decide that some faithful, middle-aged plodder in New York should hunt a new job; and, also, long enough to invoke the firm's aid in removing Norman Dane and his intrusions with hot haste from Treadwell. You see, it was by no means with Elsie's destinies only that they played.

Events now dragged for a time. At least, it remotely appeared that Elsie had less spirit for her tennis matches with Paul Carver and less eagerness for her motor rides with Teddy Hall. However, both continued alert and anxious; and Elsie did not cease to bestow her society upon the two young men who, naturally enough, seemed to her, of course, not emissaries of avarice, dread, and of base and passionate intrigue, but only boys of about her age who golfed well, danced well, had flows of light, amusing talk, and evidently adored her. Her joyous ignorance of the firm, it was obvious enough, remained complete

But down in the offices of Burnham & Wadley the strain had been telling. The elder Hall and the elder Carver had endured months during which each had lived in constant dread that the next day might, with its news, bring a virtual death sentence. They had had the fright of Norman Dane, and since had been in hourly apprehension that some other unaccredited charmer might appear. Besides which, both desired to learn as promptly as possible the best or the worst. And so that audacious couple drove ferociously for an issue in their gamble upon the turn of Elsie's heart.

Finally it came; for what are soft gray eyes, no matter how lively and honest, into which one never looks, or a thin-lipped, lopsided smile, no matter how spontaneous and winning, that one never sees, to the other appeals of healthy youth when those other appeals are presented urgently on the spot and in the flesh? The cold practical law of proximity had done its work, and Elsie chose.

Had I told you more of young Hall and young Carver, you would be able to determine with mathematical precision the choice that Elsie made. Being a girl unerringly nice in all her instincts and truly womanly in all her feelings, she, of course, as between Teddy and Paul, took the one who at the moment had seemed to have a shade the best of it in his prospects for turning out worthless. She gave her hand to Teddy Hall, with his thick nose and lips, short receding chin and long receding forehead, but with superior endowments of lightness, wit, grace.

Young Hall did have a facile charm then—the charm often so winning in youth, but the charm of the undeveloped and basic rogue. In short, the firm, through one of its high priests, Ezekiel Hall, had presented Burnham's grandchild, for a husband, with a man superficially fetching enough, but unstable and, it may as well be out now, with a discreetly controlled but actually well-rooted proclivity for nearly all forms of white-shirtfront dissipation.

The girl had scarcely breathed the consenting words before Ezekiel Hall's flapping toes were carrying him, with breathless and vulgar haste, to the newspapers, as fast as possible, to seal the contract. I was in the executive offices of Burnham & Wadley upon the morning when word of the engagement was printed.

One would never have guessed, either before or after Hall and Carver arrived, that the end of a life's drama of consuming hate and treacherous scheming had been signaled. The place was no different than upon other days. The white heads and bald heads dotting the floor—for the firm was principally inhabited by old men now—bent to their tasks. There was, as always, no stir, though of course all were silently preparing, each his particular form of obeisance, for the successful gladiator, and doubtless, too, his particular form of well-considered humiliation for the vanquished one.

It was about nine-thirty when Teddy Hall entered. He came swinging in jauntily and, banging a newspaper against his leg, reached his desk, where he clapped his hard-blocked modish derby down with a bang and commenced briskly ripping through his mail; and then, it seems likely, starting upon several tasks it was incumbent upon him to perform preparatory to devoting himself to that life of moral rectitude which was to carry him safely and without stub of his toe to the altar.

These tasks doubtless consisted of dispatching a few notes of fond, half-regretful farewell to certain young women who, at the moment, were delighting New York's junior gilded-youth set from various musical-comedy choruses. At least, such was the manner of man Elsie was to marry. But whatever his tasks upon that especial morning, he was still at them when Anthony Carver's girthy form appeared in the doorway and he began, with his wonted portly leisure, his progress down the main-office passageway. His countenance wore its usual sanctimonious expression of a large loving-kindness toward the world, and likewise for all poor sinners, like himself, who were dwellers therein.

Halfway to his destination he espied his ancient antagonist's son and, with sudden eagerness, turned aside. He was all urbanity and grasped Teddy Hall's hand in both of his cushionlike ones as he delivered himself heartily and jovially.

"Ah," he said, "we have happy news—happy news, indeed! You're a lucky fellow, Teddy, my boy—very lucky; but I'm sure you're the man to give our Elsie the life she wants and so richly deserves. All my blessings, Ted; all my blessings!"

It was a performance to have been achieved only by a man tissue-toughened to his last shred. Ezekiel Hall, with no visible emotion except perhaps a trifle more animation than usual in his sallow loose-fleshed features, was already at his roller-top, and beside him Anthony Carver also paused.

"Ah, my dear Hall!" the treasurer exclaimed with only a touch more fervor than there had been in his greetings of thirty years. "Splendid news—splendid news! You must be a pleased father to-day. Early marriages! How desirable they are! I encourage them. Keep young fellows out of trouble, you know. I do wish my Paul would take it into his head to marry and settle down. Ah, but then, perhaps under your admirable son's example he will! I trust so—I trust so!"

The faintest hint of a grim smile crept forth from behind the clawlike hand that stroked Ezekiel Hall's mouth and chin; but that was all. Carver sought his own desk and sat down. I imagine it was only my fancy which made it seem that he poked his huge bald head a little farther than upon other days into the cavern of his roller-top, as if seeking shelter there. He was not a man, even when direst ruin had all but encompassed him, to skulk or play the ostrich. The firm had long since infused a sustaining vitriol into his veins.

I can only guess what may have been in Elsie's mind at this time. It is incredible that she ever actually loved Teddy Hall; but it is probable she was persuaded—had been persuaded—that she did. Not improbably she was living in a state of bewilderment with herself and existence generally. Apparently she did not dream of the true character of young Hall, any more than she dreamed of the strange game that was being played with her young life. And yet she must have had moments of doubt and speculation, for Anthony Carver was a desperate man, with the darkest despair in his soul, and would have scrupled at no recourse, which would not have defeated itself, to open the girl's eyes. Indeed, I heard rumors of a certain disgraceful bargain with one of the young women in New York, to whom Teddy Hall had addressed his farewell epistles, for a whole packet of the prospective bridegroom's letters. But nothing, it seemed, ever came of the matter.

The elder Hall was, for the most part, in a condition of lustful delight. There was nothing very definite, however, that he was able to do at the moment, because Elsie's twenty-first birthday was still many months distant; and then, even after that event, considerable time would have to elapse before the first annual corporation meeting at which Ezekiel Hall could vote the Burnham stock. However, he was able to ponder gloatingly upon the lacerations to Carver's dignity, pride and prestige that, as soon as the wedding had actually taken place, he could commence to inflict. But when his mind was not busy with plans for increased income, increased power and revenge, there were certain other matters for his attention.

Two lively fears undoubtedly then disturbed Ezekiel Hall. One was that his son would be guilty of some lapse that might cause a breaking of the engagement, and the other that some meddlesome individual might venture a word of enlightenment to Elsie. In consequence

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As Between Ezekiel Hall's Son and Anthony Carver's Son There Was Not Much to Choose

MARRYING MONEY

By Lloyd Osbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

WHEN Howard Stowe left college at twenty-two and obtained a modest position in the great Russian importing and exporting house of Eldridge, Gurney, Stack & Co., he was as attractive a young fellow as it was possible to meet. Gay, well-mannered, good-looking and overflowing with natural kindliness—capable, too, and ambitious—he shared the general opinion that he had the world at his feet. Indeed, the trouble with Howard Stowe was that he was too attractive; and he became in consequence a fertile host—as the doctors term it so oddly about microbes—for the subtle poisons that lurk in the Greatest City in the World.

The Greatest City liked Howard at sight and held out its vampire arms to destroy him. No, not by drink or dissipation—Howard was proof against such obvious dangers. The Greatest City has other and more insidious ways of destroying a man, of dry-rotting his heart, of withering in him all that is good and noble and generous, of substituting its Baals and Golden Calves for those nameless instincts we call so inadequately—for the lack of a better word—Ideals. Not that the Greatest City does not love idealists if they have a million or more dollars—such, in fact, are its pride and joy—but it tells the ardent young newcomer to get his million first.

Howard made two very undesirable friends at college; though, if they could have heard themselves thus described, each would have burned with an excusable resentment.

Victor Cushing was a brisk, likable little fellow, very round and sleek and well-groomed, whose father was in Olympic Oil. He drew an allowance of twenty thousand a year from this fortunate individual and had a seat on the Stock Exchange, where he played at making a living. Twice he had really tried to do something; had gambled heavily and would have been left hanging on the financial barbed wire had he not been extricated by his father. These two impulses had checked the slight impulse he had ever felt to stand on his own feet. Essentially he was a society man, who dined out nearly every night, danced an uncountable number of miles a year, and prided himself on flirting outrageously without getting compromised.

Victor and Howard shared a luxurious apartment together, the latter paying but a trifling fraction of its rent and upkeep. This was a bad arrangement in every way, for it is not advisable for a poor young man, with his way to make in the world, to be too greatly beholden to a rich young man, no matter what good chums they may be. The contrast of their respective means, besides, was unwholesome, to say the least. At thirty-one Howard was earning a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, which his mother's easy circumstances allowed him to spend entirely on himself; and yet in Victor's eyes, and soon in his own, he was nothing more than a miserable pauper.

Going into the same society with Victor and infinitely more popular, save with a few matchmaking mothers, it was all, or rather less, than he could do "to keep his end up," as he called it. The end was too often supported by Victor, who in his simple-minded and unbounded admiration for his chum counted it a privilege to "help out." Indeed, Howard was always in the position of refusing favors—from which the transition to accepting them is very slight. It was a thoroughly harmful friendship for the poorer man.

Howard's other intimate friendship, which also dated back to college days, was with Montgomery J. D. Widgeon, usually called Monty, who in character and type had not a single point of contact with Victor Cushing. In fact he regarded the broker as a brainless, underbred creature, and deplored Howard's close association with him. Monty Widgeon came of an old and aristocratic Knickerbocker stock and in an unobtrusive way was inordinately vain of his family, whose ancestors he worshiped as frankly as a Chinese. Tall, thin and bald, and with an austere sort of distinction, he was the physical embodiment of a worn-out and declining race. Mentally, however, he was a man of considerable attainments—well-read, highly cultivated, and able to talk agreeably and illuminatingly on almost any subject.

"When the King Stoops to a Beggar-Maid There is Bound to be a Lot of Complications," She Said

Like Victor, he was unmarried; and like Victor, also, he was rich, though in a much less ostentatious manner. He drew a large income from the family estate, which comprised a great deal of valuable property in lower Manhattan and which was subject to a number of complicated annuities, jointures and dowers. He had an excessively high-up office in an excessively expensive skyscraper, where behind a glazed door, bearing the inscription "Widgeon Estate," he could be found daily, between ten and three, reading all the current weeklies and magazines.

Probably the Widgeon estate could have gone along comfortably without him; but, like Victor, though more steadfastly, he went through the motions of being a business man and thus satisfied some sort of hereditary instinct—like a setter fetching a ball—for sitting at a desk with an inkwell in front of him. More than anything, perhaps, he was obeying a social requirement. America looks askance at idlers.

Theoretically Monty lived with his parents in a stately old house on Fourth Avenue, but in reality it was far more his establishment than theirs. These indefatigable old people, who looked so silvery and fragile that a breath might have blown them away, were ever on the move, and would have shamed the Wandering Jew himself with their endless peregrinations. They had an apartment in Paris, a villa in Beaulieu, a palace in Venice, and flitted about the world like little gray ghosts. There were two married sisters, both with aristocratic houses in New York, and a ne'er-do-well brother, the most vigorous and assertive of the family, who lived, in vague discredit, in South America.

It spoke well for Howard's charm and likability that he should have won the affection of two such dissimilar friends, whose only bond was their desire to see him marry money. This, in their eyes, was his obvious future, the only way, indeed, by which he could cut the Gordian knot at a stroke and take his rightful place in the world. Snobs to the backbone, cowards through the sheltered life they had always led, both fearful and scornful of the workaday life about them, they insensibly won Howard over to their point of view. At first this idea of marrying a fortune seemed merely pleasant; soon it took on the aspect of an absolute necessity. The intervening gradations, curving like a barometric disturbance, represented his progressive deterioration.

He had a remarkable gift for making people like him—a spontaneous, bubbling gayety that was irresistible. Originally he used these sparkling faculties to attract those who had attracted him—used them unaffectedly, without a thought of advantage or self-seeking; but soon they became the conscious means of advancing himself, of gaining the entrée to coveted houses, of winning over tiresome women or dull, important men. A penniless young man who lives in the fashionable world must of necessity flatter, fawn, and pocket his pride; only too often he becomes a timeserver and a parasite; his charming manners change into subserviency; and when he runs at his hostess' call it is less like a cavalier than a lackey. Of such was Howard Stowe.

One might have thought, with his admission into two such different circles—one exceedingly rich and showy, if somewhat common, and the other rich and extremely correct and aristocratic—that Howard, here or there, might have contrived to pick up some débutante or widow with the necessary millions; but after nine years of incessant effort it must be admitted that he had failed. Possibly he had been too exacting, for he was still young and not altogether base. Though he might have had that dumpy little flaxen doll, Jessie Reamer, for the asking, or the bad-complexioned, bad-tempered, very passée Henrietta Jay, he wanted a certain measure of good looks with his bargain, not realizing the sad compensation of Nature that so often makes the greatest heiress the plainest.

Of course Virgie Bolt was an exception. Virgie Bolt was one of the prettiest creatures imaginable, with a dazzling smile and a beauty that made men turn back on the street and gaze at her; but, alas, she had a wise little Bolt head on her slender shoulders, and, though she flirted with Howard to the hilt, she finally chose a young man of her own world and endowed him with her millions at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. Howard was one of the ushers on that occasion and received a costly pearl pin; but his heart was not so shriveled that it did not ache, pearl pin and all, at seeing the lovely Virgie pass down the aisle on the arm of his rival. Yes, it ached quite terribly, and as much from chagrin as unrequitement and despair. He did not wholly recover his equanimity for a month.

There were some exquisite divorcees, too, and some entrancing young widows who would have suited him eminently well; but they played with him a while and then flitted to other arms. The heiress-hunting young man is a very transparent person to such practiced eyes. For one thing, as time passes it becomes harder and harder for him to disguise his intentions; his failures are noted

and chattered about with relish; nobody really likes a fortune hunter, however desirable he may be to hostesses in chronic need of attractive and presentable bachelors. It showed Howard was not nearly so brilliant or clever as his two chums considered him that he should allow himself to become thus labeled. Indeed, he was quite stupid in showing his hand; and was stupider still in his innocent assumption that he was the only guileful and insincere individual in a guileless and sincere world.

The truth was that he was steadily deteriorating. In Nature the parasite gradually loses sight, hearing and means of locomotion, becoming a mere stomach, sucking at the life impulses of the higher types. Some such process was going on in Howard. Even Victor and Monty had grown just a shade contemptuous toward him. He was "Poor old Howard!" Disillusionment was faintly beginning. As a matter of fact, the only people who believed in Howard and really liked him were his newer acquaintances; with the others it was more a smiling and slightly disdainful toleration. In earlier days he would have had the perception to be keenly wounded, but that was before he had impaired his finer faculties. Like all such young men, he had a tremendous self-esteem, which buoyed him up like a patent life belt. Society has many of these unsinkables. They may be laughed at, derided, scorned—still they float.

One Might Easily Have Passed Her by at a Party

But no one, not even the most calculating and self-centered young fortune hunter, can ever be wholly consistent. So many diverse elements enter into the composition of a man; so many human, natural qualities that persist in spite of any effort to eradicate them, that he is seldom able to be as heartless as the evil side of him would choose. Howard was thoroughly ashamed of the attraction Jeanie Marshall had for him; he deplored his acquaintance with her and wished they had never met; he knew there was no more dangerous road for him in New York than along Lexington Avenue to Fifty-seventh Street, and then up four flights of dark stairs to the apartment where Jeanie lived with her elder sister Elizabeth. Though Howard called himself every kind of fool, though he made resolution after resolution to keep away, as soon as the mood came over him—the mood to see Jeanie—off he had to march like the silliest young calf lover, telephoning beforehand of course and carrying a box of candy or some flowers with an eagerness that it shocked him afterward to look back on.

Elizabeth Marshall was a clever, emphatic woman of thirty who wrote for the magazines and earned a passable living by her pen. She was better informed on current affairs than most men and had a frank, free, boyish manner that people either liked or detested with equal cordiality. From girlhood she had been in a motherly relation toward her younger sister, who, even at twenty-two and earning a meager income of her own, was still very much under her thumb.

Jeanie was a gentle, engaging brunette, with a sweet voice, a slender body, and a very evident sensitiveness and refinement. She was so self-effacing that one might easily have passed her by at a party as a shy little nonentity, though a greater knowledge would have revealed a lovable, whimsical, delightful creature with an unexpected understanding and humor. She worked as an assistant to Mrs. Milton Mills, the fashionable interior decorator, and ran about all day in the thin slippers that are supposed to court immediate destruction—she was vain of her small feet—urging on backward shopkeepers, speeding up speedless workmen, pacifying the perennially irritated and faultfinding clientèle, and getting importations passed out of the great gloomy Appraisers' Building.

But, though she was very sweet and winsome, Howard was forced to admit in his moments of critical introspection that he knew a dozen or more young women in society who would have easily outvied Jeanie in popular estimation—young women who, though not actually heiresses in their own right, were yet the daughters of extremely influential people. Had he cared to stoop to one of these lesser prizes he knew how easily he could have succeeded. Then what was it about Jeanie that he set before them all and was on the road to make an utter fool of himself over? Was he not just falling in love with her without sense or reason—setting his heart on her in the imbecile way men do? And it was not even as though he could marry her if he wished. A pauper with a hundred and seventy-five a month couldn't marry anybody except a girl with well-to-do connections. The irreducible minimum—to a pauper—was a bride who could support herself or who could bring her husband a better position. Yet here he was, buzzing, mothlike, into the flame, courting disaster and destruction with his eyes wide open.

In fairness to Howard it must be said he buzzed with extreme caution. He had not compromised himself in the least particular; had not even held her hand. Yes, come to think of it, once he had held her hand, long ago in the beginning—had kissed it, too, and the soft round arm above it, at the artists' masquerade ball where they had first met. But such exuberance at two in the morning and amid such surroundings was pardonable. It was in the spirit of the occasion and showed one's freedom from deadening conventions. But in all their tête-à-têtes afterward Howard had never passed the bounds of rigid propriety.

It was one of the dangerous things about Jeanie that she had never an air of expecting anything, but merely seemed grateful for his calls and innocently pleased and flattered by them. Howard might stay away two months, and yet on his return he would find her as sweet and welcoming as ever and without the faintest hint of reproach. As she almost never went anywhere at night, and as Elizabeth usually wrote after supper and discouraged evening callers of her own, it was perilously easy to count on finding Jeanie at home and alone. That charmingly furnished sitting room, with its shaded lamp, its inviting fireside and its all-pervading sense of peace—the whole a gracious blending of human and material harmony—seemed a veritable haven to a world-weary man momentarily out of conceit with his ordinary life. It remained perfumed in his recollection, glowing with an indescribable light, and not without the pathos of the transient and unattainable. Oh, why had not Jeanie a little money of her own—a paltry five or six thousand—anything that might have made it possible!

These were disturbing thoughts for a hard-working young fortune hunter; they tended to discourage him and impair his self-esteem. It was dreadful to have to confess himself so weak, so commonplace, so woefully lacking in poise. His guardian angel, who had quite caught the Fifth Avenue spirit, cried "Give her up!" in affrighted tones; but its voice fell on almost heedless ears. Sometimes, however, they were less heedless; sometimes, indeed, they were very repentant and miserable, if by that is meant the man who wore them on the outside of his tormented head.

Thus, with varying indecisions and occasional prolonged absences, Howard kept calling on Jeanie with the persistence of a tippler who cannot exist without his dram. Like the tippler, he knew there was a catastrophe looming ahead of him; yet he went and went, none the less, impelled by something stronger than himself. But marriage never entered seriously into his thoughts—that was not the catastrophe he had in mind—but the other, the inevitable, of another man taking her away from him. This was bound to come; he knew it as surely as that night followed day. Jeanie was too tempting a flower of young womanhood to fade by the wayside ungathered. When he thought of Virgie Bolt, whose loss had once occasioned him such acute anguish, it was to realize, with a sickening apprehension mingled with something very like surprise, that losing Jeanie was going to be infinitely worse.

One evening, as he was saying good night to her somewhat lingeringly—they always seemed to have so much to say to each other at the last moment; as he inhaled, as it were, a last breath of her to carry with him into the winter streets, their eyes meeting in the unashamed communion of two young people who are good in each other's sight; as he controlled with his selfish, cool brain the impulse of his senses to smother her in his arms while getting an unholy pleasure out of the imminence of his danger—suddenly she said to him, with a curious breathlessness and apropos of nothing:

"Howard, I am afraid you mustn't come any more."

He was so overcome that he could only repeat her words; repeat them blankly, staring down at her in consternation.

"Why not?" he asked.

She hesitated for a second, and then, still a little breathless, answered him:

"Harper Pennington has asked me to marry him; and it would not be quite fair to him if I—if we ——" Then, after a pause, she added: "He wouldn't understand that you and I were only friends."

Howard's head was whirling. Harper Pennington? Yes, the cartoonist, of course—one of the most familiar names in New York. The fellow seemed to leap out of a damp newspaper page and take on a vague, monstrous shape—the shape of an interloper, an abductor, one of his own repellent personifications of greed and force, reaching out of the void to snatch at Jeanie.

"And you have accepted him?" he demanded in a voice he tried to make matter of fact, but which deepened to a note of emotion.

Jeanie's answer was in her troubled, brilliant eyes. Her upturned gaze said plainly as words: "That is for you to decide."

The guardian angel screamed, beating its wings in a frenzy. Here was the crisis it had been warning him against for months. But it did not stop at "I told you so!" and tumult. On the contrary, as soon as it had pulled itself together and extricated Howard by the hair of his head just as it was on his lips to say something irremediable, it dictated a very neat little speech of congratulation.

"This is a surprise!" exclaimed Howard with great cordiality. "Let me congratulate you with all my heart, even if it is to cost me the society of one of the most charming girls of my acquaintance. In my opinion Mr. Pennington is the luckiest man in the world, and more to be envied than anyone I know."

By this time the practiced actress in all women had reasserted herself in Jeanie. She received these good wishes with most becoming grace, and so sweetly and unaffectedly that a stab of misgiving passed through Howard. Did she care for Pennington after all? No; her eyes betrayed her—they were so poignant, so forlorn. He exulted, in spite of himself, that she shared the pain which was rending him.

"And you won't misunderstand what I said?" she asked. "It is only that it would not be quite fair to him—would it? Your calling and all that, I mean."

The pleading in her voice was pathetic.

"Oh, of course; I understand," he returned; adding a moment afterward: "Not that I will regard it as a lifelong exile, though. By and by, when you are married and settled, I shall certainly claim the privilege of an old friend."

"Your patience shall be rewarded!" she exclaimed with a gay little laugh that deceived him not at all. "Of course we shall be delighted to have you come all you like—after we are married and settled. If you don't I shall pine away and die."

Then these two, who had given their hearts to each other, though never a word of it had been spoken; who, in the mystery of sex, had found in each other the complement Nature craved; who had been brought together to mate, to rear children, to be a rock of strength and comfort to each other through all the vicissitudes of existence—then these two shook hands like a pair of wellwired marionettes and parted, perhaps forever.

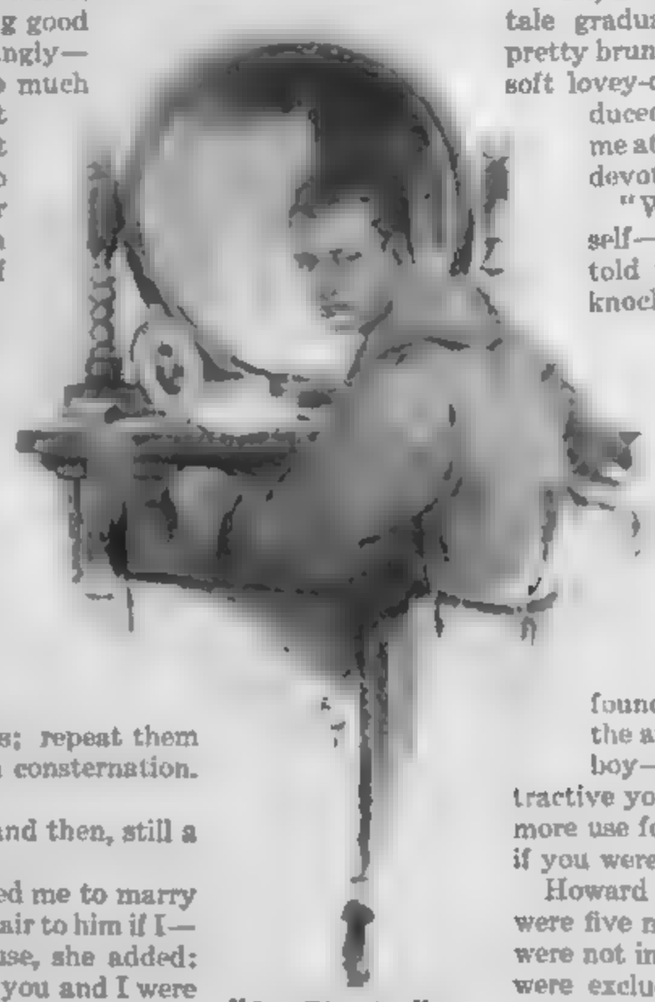
Howard returned home in a mood of black despair, to find Victor tubbing himself preparatory to dressing and going out to a ball. It was an incongruous moment to seek consolation from a friend, especially when Victor, very pink and puffing, began to towel himself vigorously. But he was a sympathetic person, even at his toilet, and listened with a kindly ear to the recital of Howard's miseries.

"Oh, I remember *her!*" he exclaimed as the tale gradually unfolded itself. "Yes, quite a pretty brunette, with very glossy brown hair and soft lovey-dovey eyes like a seal's—you introduced us once at the Empire, and it struck me at the time that you were uncommonly devoted.

"Well, she is certainly doing well by herself—a girl in her position. Somebody told me the other day that Pennington knocks down forty thousand a year."

"Yet she would throw him over for me in a minute," said Howard gloomily, more depressed than ever at learning of his rival's affluence.

"Throw him over for *you!*" cried Victor in a horror-stricken tone. "Marrying you and all that! You lunatic, what are you talking about! How could you marry anybody on the money you make?" Grunting and growling, as he opened various drawers and finally found what he wanted, he came back to the attack: "Get this in your noddle, old boy—society will do anything for an attractive young bachelor, but it would have no more use for you married to a girl like that than if you were a spotted what's his name."



"Get This in Your Noodle, Old Boy—Society Will Do Anything for an Attractive Young Bachelor"

Howard was goaded into replying that there were five million or so people in New York who were not in society and did not even know they were excluded, and among them probably a million or more decent, respectable families who lived on less than he earned.

"You don't understand," said Victor. "You are you, and they are they; and I tell you that when a man of our class sinks socially he is

done for. He commits suicide, and you can see his body rotting afterward on the mud flats. For heaven's sake, don't even think of making such a fool of yourself!"

"I wasn't," returned Howard. "But it's horrible to give her up—to hand her over to that Pennington fellow—to turn one's back on a l-l-lifetime of happiness and a-all that sort of thing; you know what I mean."

"Buck up, old kid!" said Victor affectionately. "These things are awful at the time, yet it is extraordinary how one gets over them. It is just as when a fellow is seasick—he can't believe that in three days he will be smoking big black cigars and holding hands in the moonlight. And, after all, yours is only child's play to what I have been through—and recovered from." The convalescent swelled a little and blushed. "Tangled up with married women and all that," he murmured. "That's hell, all right—take it from me!"

Victor enlarged on some of these past episodes in the same spirit of I-was-sicker-than-you-and-now-look-at-me, departing at last with the pleasant conviction that he had helped Howard immensely and had started him on the road to recovery. But Howard was not to be cured so easily; and though he tried to accept Victor's point of view and the time-honored philosophy that there were more good fish in the sea than ever came out of it, he failed to derive the comfort he had been promised and grew steadily more downcast and miserable.

For the first time in his life this butterfly, who had fled from every care, who had avoided every responsibility, who was accustomed to turn from everything serious with a laugh, now manfully set himself to face a problem and tried, in bitter perplexity and pain, to solve it as best he could. Walking up and down in the throes of a thousand conflicting emotions—weighing this, weighing that—analyzing himself with a pitiless, scornful self-knowledge that yet revealed within him some modicum of courage and resolution, he asked himself again and again, with maddening insistence: Was he strong enough to bear poverty and virtual ostracism for Jeanie Marshall's sake?

It was three in the morning when he sat down at the desk and, after several ineffectual beginnings, wrote this note to her:

Jeanie, dearest: What must you have thought of me that I said nothing, except horrible lying commonplaces and congratulations, when you told me that H. P. had asked you to marry him? My silence was due to the fact that I cared for you too deeply; that my beggarly position and income are so inadequate that it seemed too utterly selfish to ask you to join your life to mine. Always, always this has held me back. But if you are to marry someone else let it be with no misapprehension about my love for you. Let there be no tragic discovery afterward, when it will be too late, that misunderstanding, and even worse than that—cowardice—has ruined our lives. To-night, when I am trying so hard to think it all out, it appears to me, almost as a sort of revelation, that the living world to-day is due to the optimists of the race—to those in the past who dared and risked—to those brave bygone men and women who married on nothing, or next to nothing, while all the wise folk about them shook their heads. I feel within me the surge of our forefathers' spirit; and, with you by my side, I am ready to face the future with the same courage and confidence. It is for you to decide. I shall come to-morrow for my answer. Till then, au revoir and good night. HOWARD.

He placed a special-delivery stamp on the letter and, going out, dropped it down the chute; then he tiptoed quickly back as the ascending elevator warned him of Victor's return. He was in no humor to meet his chum; the thought of being lectured by Victor in a wilted collar and smelling of stale champagne was too repugnant to be considered. He preferred his bed and to dream of Jeanie.

The next morning he found a telegram awaiting him at the office, and it was with an uncomfortable sense of the earliness of his own missive that he read:

Meet me if you can at twelve-thirty in front of the Appraisers' Building. JEANIE.

After what seemed to him the longest morning of his life he got away at noon and hastened to the appointment. He was in a quiver of trepidation; very fateful issues were to be decided on that jostling, slushy sidewalk, within the raucous sounds of teams and trucks and swearing, lashing drivers. But the sudden sight of Jeanie dispelled all his misgivings and the shame he was feeling at this bourgeois rendezvous. She looked so radiant and pretty that his heart fairly leaped as he saw her. They drew back within the recess of the dark portal; and of course his first question was to ask whether she had received his note.

"It's here!" she exclaimed with a happy little laugh, touching her bosom with the tip of her gloved hand.

"Howard, I am Afraid You Mustn't Come Any More," She Said With a Curious Breathlessness

"I wanted to feel it all the time and to know that it was all true. Each sharp little corner kept saying: 'He loves me! He loves me!'"

"Then it is all settled, isn't it?" he said, smiling into her eyes. "Now you are a Miss Engaged Lady and I am the Happiest Man in the World!"

The faintest of faint shadows crossed her face.

"No," she answered. "It wouldn't be true love if it ran so smoothly as that."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, suddenly serious.

"When the king stoops to a beggar-maid there is bound to be a lot of complications," she said. "The king is so used to his smart and splendid life that he may not be able to give it up so easily as he thinks. The beggar-maid has her pride to be considered, too; for she comes of generations of Southerners who accumulated pride as devotedly as Northerners accumulated money. What would happen to her if the king should ever look back longingly at all he had given up?"

The king made use of a very coarse word. He said "Rot!" with asperity. In spite of his suppliant letter, in which the man-and-girl conventions were so scrupulously respected, he had not the least doubt that Jeanie would rush into his arms without further ado. He was cross and disturbed.

"I don't see that this is leading us anywhere," he said. "We shall both have to give up things, I suppose—lots of things. Well, I am ready if you are."

"Habits are sometimes stronger than people," remarked Jeanie. "I should rather be miserable now than break my heart to pieces afterward. That's why I thought—I thought ——"

"Thought what?" asked Howard in a tone more tender than he had used before.

Jeanie's distress had melted the stupid resentment he felt. After all, he was pleased that she was proud.

"I am going to beg you to do two things," she went on. "And the first is, I want you to give up living with Victor Cushing."

Howard protested. "But, dearest, you can't realize how economical it is for me, living with Victor," he cried out. "He is my best chum and awfully good and kind to me. Though why the dickens should we be talking of my living with him or not when so soon I am going to be living with you?"

"That's where my second request comes in," Jeanie explained: "The beautiful king is to be put on trial for six months to see whether he can stand being poor and losing all his dazzling friends. There will be no engagement on either side; each of us shall be as free as air, and if the experiment isn't a success we'll just admit it frankly and say good-by."

Howard pondered and then agreed to this stipulation. He said he thought it was perhaps a good idea for both of them. Shirking a responsibility was always welcome to this inveterate palterer.

"But Victor——" he began. "I hardly see why I should give up ——"

"He smothers you in luxury," she interrupted. "He is too horribly rich and gorgeous and limousiny. When you come to me—if you do come—I should like it to be from a barer and more comfortless life—from landladies and bad coffee, and ugly rooms with beadwork cushions and trading-stamp ornaments. I should like our little nest to seem a little paradise to you—not a change for the worse. That's where my pride comes in—the woman of it, Howard."

Howard felt a new respect for the earnest, pleading girl beside him. He had always thought of her as too gentle, too submissive for much will or initiative of her own. A young man's ideal is always a doll—the immemorial tradition of a lovely caressing slave. Though just a shade disturbed, he was impelled to an admiration in which there was a slight quality of surprise. She certainly had a clever head on her shoulders, all right. It came over him, too, and not disagreeably, that the leaning would not all be on him.

"Every word you say is right," he burst out heartily. "We need six months, anyway, for me to save a little money; and certainly the best way to begin is to get into cheaper quarters."

Jeanie's expression again grew helpful.

"I have picked out a place that might do very well," she said. "It is a front room in an apartment a block above us, with a nice clean family named Rinkelstein. It is three-fifty a week, with breakfast and what such people call the privilege of the bath."

Jeanie rippled into laughter as she said these last words. It did not seem much of a privilege to a king, did it?

"But how extraordinarily cheap!" cried the potentate. "Three-fifty a week and breakfast! What a wonderful piece of luck!"

"Money can be made to go a long way in New York," said Jeanie, hastening to dispel any illusions the king might have of a boarder's life on Lexington Avenue. "The bacon

(Continued on Page 93)

The Gunbearer

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

SIMBA, son of M'Kuni, spurred by ambition, came out of the jungle at the tail of Kingozi the white man's *safari*. Because he had laid aside his gorgeous panoply of savagery, because he had acquired some sketchy, ragged and disreputable white man's garments, and because he had carried a load for ten days over a beaten track he considered himself a full-fledged porter. In this he found he had deceived himself.

For some reason or other he had imagined himself tied to Kingozi for life. Instead, he joined a queue of those awaiting. When his turn came he received five rupees in silver, was told briefly to keep Cazi Moto, the headman, informed of his whereabouts, and that he would receive employment at the next opportunity; and was turned loose to shift for himself. It was rather bewildering. By natural gravitation he finally landed at the native village, just outside the town. There he made friends and found a sleeping place. But in some mysterious manner his five rupees had vanished without adequate return.

This annoyed Simba, but did not greatly disturb him. But, after three days of bibthesome eating from the nearest pot, he received the astonishing information that such things were not gratis. If he would eat, he must pay. As Simba's total assets consisted of a partial outfit of decrepit khaki, a disreputable greatcoat, a cunningly contrived oryx-horn trumpet, and a few tribal knickknacks, he for the first time understood the meaning of economic pressure. And rupees took on desirability.

How to get more rupees? He had no idea. Therefore he hied himself away; and, as many before him had done, he sought the low, single-storied hotel and the white man's wisdom.

This hotel stood a little back from the street which was marked by a white picket fence. Inside that fence no native must venture save on business. Outside stood innumerable rickshaws ready to swoop in clouds should one of the loungers on the cool dark veranda show the slightest inclination to fare forth. The bullet-headed Kavirondo rickshaw boys chattered and yelled. An unending procession streamed past—savages, women bearing burdens of firewood, local dandies in snow-white *kanzuas*, Europeans.

Simba immediately learned by vehement apprisal the rule as to the white picket fence. For the rest of the day he stood wistfully outside, like a dog, hoping that the white man might feel inclined for a stroll. He could see Kingozi plainly, lounging in a teakwood lazy-chair. But Kingozi, fresh to civilization after a long sojourn in the wilderness, did not seem inclined to stir. Simba begged a meal; and early the following morning he was back at his post.

Again no luck. At last, toward noon, he took his courage in his hands and, waiting until the Swahili major-domo had turned his back, ventured into the sacred precincts. He was almost immediately detected and pounced upon. In despair he called loudly on Kingozi. The latter looked at him attentively, then motioned the zealous and scandalized official aside.

"Well?" he asked Simba.

"I wish to eat, *bwana*."

"Why don't you?"

"I have no food. And to get food I must have white man's money. And to get white man's money I must carry a load on *safari!*"

"That is very true," said Kingozi, a grim amusement twinkling in his eyes. "'With five rupees one can buy much food—food to last three or four moons. Where are the five rupees I gave you?'"

"*Bwana*," offered Simba, "I did not know one must have rupees to give for food. So I played the game with holes, called *bau;* and my rupees are gone."

"I see," remarked Kingozi. "What would you have me do?"

"Do you not go on *safari?*"

"No." Simba looked perplexed and a little disheartened. "From here to the villages of your people is only an eight-day walk. The people on the road will feed you. Why do you not return to your villages?"

"That I do not wish to do, *bwana*."

"Why not?"

"In that way I can never become a gunbearer."

"So that bee is still buzzing in your bonnet, is it?" muttered Kingozi in English. "Well, I do admire pluck! Go to Ali, the Somali," he instructed Simba, "and say to him that I am sending you and that he is to give you *potio;* and that on the first *safari* where porters are needed he is to send you out. He will give you *potio;* and from the first rupees of your *safari* he will take his pay. *Bassi!*"

Simba reported to Ali, the Somali—a tall, slender, aristocratic, efficient man, who recruited for whatever expeditions might be setting forth. Each afternoon thereafter Simba received a miserable pound and a half of *potio*, which Ali entered against him in a little blank book full of Arabic characters. Most of the sunny hours he loafed against Ali's godown, awaiting, in company with other and merry spendthrifts, the godsend of employment. The rest of the time he wandered up and down the fascinating bazaars, or made acquaintance with the varied life of the place.

He learned, in company with older, well-known porters, the meaning of credit, and, from his own efforts in the direction of getting some, the value of reputation in obtaining it. He learned how quickly the smiles faded from the faces of the bazaar girls once his financial status became clear. He gazed upon lordly gunbearers—Cazi Moto among them—sitting on real chairs beneath the veranda roof of Suleimani the Blind, drinking real tea; and the suffering of acute envy entered his soul. He bumped his head hard against arbitrary authority when engaged in the most innocent of enterprises—as when he curled himself comfortably for the night in the hotel bathtub, an admirable retreat, discovered quite by accident. In short, though he did not know it, Simba was becoming civilized.

Then one day Ali emerged from the godown, looked appraisingly at the men waiting in the sun, and beckoned to a number of them. Simba was one of those called.

He found himself furnished with a canteen, a light jersey, a cotton blanket of satisfactory red, a stout thin cord, and a bag for *potio*. He was assigned to a mess of five, and the mess further acquired a tiny cotton tent, only a trifle larger than a dog kennel, and a metal cooking pot called a *sufuria*. When the loads were laid out in a row and assigned, Simba drew a sack of *potio*. One of the older porters showed him how to bind on sticks in such a manner as to stiffen this exceedingly floppy sort of load.

This *safari* was gone four months. It was in charge of two white men, who might have been in Australia for all Simba had to do with them. Between himself and these august personages intervened an autocracy of gunbearers, personal boys and headmen. Simba was but one of a multitude. He carried his load; and, as he was by nature strong, he carried it well to the front of each day's march. This being remarked by the vigilant headman, he was promoted to a tent load.

It was important that the *bwanas'* tent should arrive among the first, while there was no hurry about a stray load of *potio*. This tent load was rather awkward to carry, but it was a great honor. It raised Simba at once to the aristocracy of the porters. He looked with contempt on the miserable Kikuyus, who invariably brought up the rear. He had acquired a cheap pipe and a swagger. At one bound he had reached the top rank of that particular profession. As yet he did not realize that the qualifications for the top rank were merely a strong neck and a reasonable determination to keep up with the procession.

When camp was reached Simba had to assist in pitching the tent; he helped unfold the cots and chairs. Occasionally, but not very often, he was required to bring in wood or to go with the white men after meat. The latter occupation was entertaining and profitable. It furnished both amusement and the chance of tucking away under one's jersey some titbit from the slain animal.

After these duties were finished Simba was free. He joined his friends about the fire, where steamed the *sufuria*. There he luxuriated in warmth, food and nakedness. Like all the other porters, during the heat of the day and beneath a sixty-pound load Simba wore every garment he possessed, including the heavy winter overcoat; but when night's coolness fell he stripped to the skin. By the fire he swapped tremendous tales, sang to himself in a weird minor falsetto, dipped into the *sufuria*, and generally gloried in himself. About as he was getting rested and interested one of the white men yelled "*Kaiele!*" from his tent. Then everybody had to keep quiet. Simba would not have traded his life for the old savage days. Already he looked upon the *shenzis* as immeasurably beneath him.

This trip was not a hard one. They moved camp ten or twelve miles every few days, and then the two white men performed mysterious magic with various instruments on three legs. Sometimes Simba had to carry one of these instruments. It was not heavy—not much heavier than a gun. As Simba was, like all natives, much of a small boy at heart, he pretended it was a gun. For this reason he took especial care of the thing. After a time the white men, noting the care, though ignorant of the reason for it, instructed the headman that Simba must hereafter always be included in the surveying parties. Occasionally, after the tripod was set up, Simba was handed a bona fide gun to hold. Those were great moments!

The consequence of all this was that Simba returned to Nairobi considerably advanced. He had become accustomed to carrying a full load and had learned the porters' tricks of easing himself under his burden; he had absorbed camp routine; and he had attracted sufficient attention to himself, so that when the men were paid off he received a few words of commendation and two extra rupees by way of *baksheeshi*.

After ascertaining that Kingozi was away in the land of the *Inglishi*, Simba proceeded to acquire

Late That Evening the Deep Silence Was Broken by a High Wavering Falsetto of Joyous Song

knowledge of the purchasing power of a *pesi*, the market value of bazaar goods, the exhilarating properties of *tembo*, the remarkable friendliness of bazaar girls, and the evanescence of great riches; for the twenty-two rupees, which Simba had vaguely looked upon as provision to late middle age at least, miraculously vanished in about two weeks. And Simba was still a young man!

No help for it! Back to Ali, the Somali, and the bread line!

For his next employment, fortunately, he had to wait only about a week. It is doubtful whether, lacking Kingozi's renewed indorsement, Ali, the Somali, would long have advanced *posho* to a comparatively unknown man. Then Simba would have been thrown on the cold world in good truth!

This *safari* was a one-man affair. It lasted three terrible months, on every day of which a march was made. The route was through a desert country, where often water was scarce. Some days' journeys had to be ten, twelve, even fourteen miles long. Men straggled, gave out under the sun. Other men had to be sent back from camp, often late at night, to succor them with water and to help carry in their loads. The fever was bad. Rhinoceroses were numerous, and Simba learned to jump for the thorn trees at the first snort of the outrageous beasts. Great stretches of country were unpopulated; and often the *posho* supply fell so low that the men were on half rations. There was plenty of grumbling, plenty of sickness, considerable flogging.

The white man was grim, implacable and unapproachable. Nobody entertained for him the slightest affection; yet he was just, efficient, and possessed great driving force. Many times Simba wished himself safely back in the old idle life. He wondered why he had ever left it. The ease of the previous *safari* faded from his memory; the delights of rupees and the bazaar grew dim. He made up his mind that if he ever got out of this he would stay out.

Most of the other porters were making the same resolve. In that they did not differ from Simba. But there was this difference: whereas they became slack and neglectful, as a result of the resolves, Simba continued to do his work well. And when volunteers were called upon to go back in the darkness for the weaklings who had fallen behind, Simba always stepped forward. Why, it would be impossible to say. Certainly from no excess of moral virtue. Perhaps the ascendancy of the white man had got into his blood, so that even here the childlike desire to show off had its force; or perhaps it was the difference in moral fiber that everywhere in the world separates the individual from the herd.

In any case, when at last the battered, gaunt, wearied caravan dropped its loads before Ali's godown, and the men lined up before the table to receive their wages, the white man, hard, but as just as ever, detained Simba.

"Ali," said he crisply to the Somali, "this is a good man. Remember him. He is the best of my porters." And then, to Simba:

"I have been pleased with you. Here is *baksheeshi, m'kubwa;* and, in addition, you may have my canvas coat. Come to the hotel for it."

Simba found himself possessed of twenty-five rupees—for three months, mind you! A moment before he had hated this white man and had entertained a profound determination to eschew all white man's works. Now he walked away with his head in the air. He felt quite the grandest of created things for about five minutes—or until he came within eye range of the stone veranda of Suleimani the Blind. Then when he saw the headmen and gunbearers sitting in genuine chairs and drinking bona fide tea, his pride fell. For an envious minute he stared at this remote and haughty gathering. As he turned away he registered in his heart the native equivalent for Pike's Peak or Bust!

II

OWING to the fact that Simba had been especially recommended to Ali by his last employer he did not wait long for his next job; in fact, but two days had passed when the Somali summoned him. As Simba had most of his rupees remaining, he objected strongly. But Ali would not listen.

"This is the son of a king," he said; "and it is a mighty *safari*. You must go."

Simba Was So Hurt and Angry That He Was Not Very Far From Caring Whether He Got Caught or Not

So Simba went, and found himself an insignificant unit in the multitude.

For once Ali had not exaggerated. It was in reality the son of a king—indeed, a crown prince, whose habitat must be concealed under the general term "of foreign extraction." He had come to Africa for a big-game shoot, in furtherance of which he brought with him a valet, a physician, two assorted equerries-in-waiting—or some such creature—a whole battery of firearms, three full cases of ammunition, over fifty chop boxes containing food and drink, an even dozen of tin uniform cases, and two lap dogs in baskets.

The crown prince was not a bad sort of chap, but he did not know any better; and he failed to realize that here was his one God-given chance for simplicity in a stifled life. He was met at the steamship by a delegation. He came up the Uganda Railroad by private train. He was made much of at Government House and elsewhere. And finally he took the field on the best horse yet imported into a horseless land. He was followed by three hundred porters, twenty *askaris*—or native troops—the staff, and six ox wagons carrying three thousand pounds apiece.

Each evening he ate and drank through a regular course dinner, with appropriate wines. People called him Your Highness and backed away from him. The two capable Englishmen who had the show in charge toiled and sweated to keep the caravan running smoothly. They were old Afrikanders, and did not like it; but they were very well paid, and they did their job. The camp was an imposing sight, what with the big tent, and the medium-sized tents, and all the little tents, and the innumerable fires, and the royal standard flapping lazily in the evening breeze. And on the march it extended in a long line for miles across the country.

The white men rode in advance; the personal staff trudged immediately behind; the porters howled and sang and blew horns and beat their loads with their *safari* sticks; the ox wagons creaked lumberingly and bumpily; the *askaris* marched very straight; the various headmen ran back and forth waving their *kibokos;* and the people of the country stared their eyes out. I tell you it was something to belong to such a regal and splendiferous show, even if you were only an unremarked one of three hundred!

The only elements of the universe unimpressed were the wild animals. Apparently they did not care a picayune whether the individual rather awkwardly attempting an approach was a royalty or an ordinary citizen. As the crown prince had been accustomed all his life to instant deference, this annoyed him. He seemed to think that common respect should cause these beasts to hold still to be killed. And, as the success of the expedition was in the responsibility of the two hard-worked Afrikanders, they, too, were anxious and annoyed.

But the drawbacks to perfect happiness did not affect Simba in the least. For the first time he enjoyed to the full all the advantages of a porter's life. The marches were short; the country was easy—never do to take any chances with royalty—the camping places were known in advance; the camp work was practically nil, with so many to share it; the food and the equipment were magnificent and unusual; and the prestige of belonging to such an aggregation gave him, among the tribes through which the route lay, a standing thoroughly satisfying to the heart. Simba wallowed in ease, luxury and vaingloriousness.

The unwieldy procession made its way to the south, passing the thirst indifferently because of huge special water tanks, and arriving at last in a country of game so unsophisticated that not only did it know nothing about royalty, but its ideas as to firearms were negligible. As soon as the two Englishmen persuaded their charge to quit fussing with patent adjustable telescopic sights and similar complicated sportsman inventions, made especially for crown princes and other wealthy greenhorns, His Royal Highness began to have some success. And every time he killed anything he especially wanted, he distributed *baksheeshi* or gave a feast.

One evening the runners, who regularly brought in the royal mail, happened to drift to the camp fire by which Simba lay. They had all the latest news from Nairobi, and were, therefore, always welcome to hospitality. Among other things one of them said:

"Kingozi, the man who fights the elephant, has come back from the land of the *Inglishi;* and he collects a *safari*."

That night Simba made a little bundle of his effects and some food and stole out of camp. This was a dangerous thing to do, as Simba well knew. Lions and other beasts, attracted by the frequent kills necessary to feed so large a multitude, had gathered in numbers. Simba proceeded as rapidly as he could for a mile or so; then, with a sigh of relief, climbed a tree. At first streak of dawn he was down and away.

It took Simba nine days to get to Nairobi. The country through which he had to pass was barren and the water holes infrequent. In addition, the Masai, who inhabited it, would have been delighted to have speared Simba on sight. Even for one so recently emerged from savagery, it was a notable feat. Nevertheless, Simba arrived somewhat gaunt, scratched and sleepless. To his relief he found that Kingozi's *safari* had not yet departed.

At the godown of Ali, the Somali, he found the white man superintending the packing of his outfit. Simba offered himself.

But at that moment Ali came up, recognized him, and proffered the natural question of what he was doing there. Simba, being as yet a guileless soul, told the truth. He had

(Continued on Page 101)

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

By WILL IRWIN

BERN, August third.

LUCK has been with me at borders this trip. This barrier between France and Switzerland—the only line of communication for through trains—is so dreaded of travelers in these wartimes that reports of its doings make wonder tales for the café gossips of Paris. No matter how good your papers, how strong your recommendations, the story goes, you are liable to a detention of one to three days and to a most thorough search.

However, we were no sooner settled in our compartment of the through night train than F——, of the Red Cross, looked in. Engaged from the beginning of the war in Polish relief, with headquarters in Switzerland, he has crossed this border again and again, knows all the officials, and has established himself as a thoroughly reliable person. Learning that I was crossing this particular border for the first time since the war, he offered his services to help me through.

Early in the morning we were rapped out by the porter, and deposited with our bags and belongings on the scant platform of a little hill station which in that direction marks the end of France. It was a full train; all trains on this line run full in August, when the weary and ailing are scheming to escape from the somewhat anæmic summer airs of Paris to the ozone of the Swiss mountains. I had engaged my sleeper passage a fortnight ahead, and I had applied none too soon. By the time the station porter had transported us across the platform into the station building I found myself at the end of an amorphous crowd about two hundred feet long. At the head of the line was a door in a temporary wooden partition, guarded by two armed French soldiers. Craning my neck to look over the heads of the crowd I could see the leaders pass through the door; a long and weary time would intervene before the soldiers motioned the next passenger from the line.

The Third Degree on the Border

ON MY left was a wide space, railed in with low tables, on which stood arranged our baggage. As passenger number two, with an anxious expression of the back, passed through the little door I would see passenger number one cross the open space and disappear, properly escorted, through another door in another partition. So we crept on, a ragged line composed of all nationalities—save, I trust, those of the Central Powers—all social conditions, all ages. A step forward became an event. Marking my progress by a signboard in three languages, that warned us against carrying gold out of France, I calculated that it would be a matter of hours.

In the meantime I could see my friend of the Red Cross talking to an officer and two men in civilian clothes over by the mysterious second door. A keen-faced, dapper little Frenchman detached himself from the group, made his way to me through the queue and led my wife and me to the first door ahead of the crowd. There, without any examination, our passports with their visés were inspected and given a preliminary stamp. I was led then to the second door, which I entered alone. I was in a little room of plain, undecorated pine board, furnished with a table and two chairs—nothing more. In the chair by the table sat a Frenchman with a keen countenance that showed not the slightest trace of expression.

Politely, but a little coldly, he asked me to sit down; then he questioned me on my business in Switzerland. I stumbled on a French word, whereupon he switched to good idiomatic English, which he learned, I think from his accent, in the United States. I was visiting the country, I told him, to write for my publication. Ah, yes, and on what topics? The general condition of the country because of the war, the Swiss side of the importation question, and whatever I could learn there of the meaning in the German cabinet upheaval, I replied.

Interned British Soldiers Playing Football at Murren. The Guide Complained of the Poor Season on Account of There Being no Tourists in the Jungfrau Region

We conversed in general terms on the knotty question of German politics before, toying with my passport, he remarked that I had been in Spain. A neutral visé on a passport is rightly a matter of suspicion in these days. I had, I replied—and for the same purpose that brought me to Switzerland. Had I been to the French Front? Oh, yes, many times, as these papers showed. And how did I find things in Spain? I discoursed for a few minutes on the position of the King and Romanones, on Lerroux's attitude toward the Revolution, on the German propaganda. Suddenly he seemed satisfied; for he folded up my passport and bowed me out with best wishes for the success of my mission to Switzerland.

All this time I had a curious feeling of being in the death house at Sing Sing or in some other place pregnant with tragic fate. For here, I take it, the suspects are sifted from the unsuspected; and through that door, I have not the slightest doubt, men have gone since this war to the drumhead court-martial and firing squad, and women to solitary cells. Sure as I was of my own case, I found myself drawing a deep breath of relief as I crossed the threshold. A soldier put the final stamp on my passport, the dapper little man saw that my luggage was passed, upon my word of honor that it contained no written communications save letters of introduction and credentials, and we were free to rush to the station restaurant for breakfast.

Treasonably I will now set down one fact to the credit of the enemy of the world: The Germans know how to make coffee as the Americans know coffee; the Latins don't. The Swiss have caught the trick from their dangerous neighbors. It seemed to me that I was tasting coffee for the first time in four months.

As I sent the waitress for a second cup I asked my Red Cross friend how he did it.

"Told the truth, that's all," he said. "I said that you represented the most widely circulated periodical in the English language, that you'd been the friend of the Entente long before we got into the war, and that it would be an act of courtesy. I'd like to see anyone put over any bunk with those fellows!"

After two hours a somewhat reduced company of travelers were ranged on the station platform, we got our baggage aboard, and were off. Without the aid of signboards and frontier posts I should have known, in the next ten miles of running, that we had passed from a war country to a peace country. The fields looked better tended. Men—young, lusty men—were tilling them, not exclusively women, old men and boys. Soldiers there were on every platform, for sturdy little Switzerland is mobilized against all contingencies; but they were neat, peacetime soldiers. Their neutral-gray Norfolk jackets, their long trousers curiously buttoned about their boot tops, their double-peaked caps looked bright and new. Against them I found myself setting the streaked faded uniforms, the dented helmets, the worn brown kits of the poilus going home on leave, whom I had seen at the station in Paris only the night before.

German Spies on the Train

THERE was a contrast, too, in the faces. These were just young men, ordinary, though somewhat exceptionally sturdy, young men. Those others, there in Paris, had in their sun-baked, wind-streaked faces that look of gravity, of experience, of resolution, which war brings and which they will carry to their graves.

We changed cars at Geneva, and there was an hour's wait, during which we walked down to look at the lake. Here was contrast again—a contrast so subtle that I cannot convey it on paper. The attitudes of the people as they walked, their expressions as they talked, the rhythm of their voices when they laughed were all different—more natural, it seemed to me at the moment. The appearance of the city brought another shock. I do not know whether Geneva is considered neater and cleaner than any other European city. I realized how dingy Paris has become externally—that city which has been too busy these three years in saving civilization, for the pretty graces of external cleanliness. What Paris needs, I realize now, are paint, whitewash, gilding and new glass. Scarcely a brushful of paint, I take it, has been applied to any Parisian exterior for three years. When this war is over not only Paris but all France must have an unprecedented spree of painting.

We had been duly warned in Paris that we would not enter Switzerland without being watched by the enemy, and that efforts of the most subtle kind would be made to extract information. And on the run from Geneva to Bern the signs began to appear. Two men entered our compartment. One of them, it was noted, had a sword slash across one cheek. Never speaking to each other, and paying no attention to us, they settled down to read newspapers. We talked away—on general topics, such as the scenery and French literature. In the corridor that runs the length of the compartments a sharp-faced person, whose clothes and bearing gave no hint as to his nationality, loafed, ostentatiously viewing the scenery—of which there was a plenty—all during the run to Bern. We caught him watching us with a surreptitious eye when he thought we were not looking.

Searching luggage in hotels is, we are informed, a favorite trick of the German agent in these parts. The hotel at which I find myself registered to-night is headquarters for several of the Entente legations. It is doubtless safe from that process. However, I am going deeper into Switzerland later and shall stay at other hotels; so, plagiarizing Mark Twain, I have written and placed in the portfolio where I keep my papers the following sample of cheap American wit:

TO THE GERMAN AGENT

I have arranged my papers for your convenience. Everything I have that could be of any possible interest to you, except my passport and my credentials from my journal, is in this portfolio. The passport is the usual American passport; that kind has been forged so many times that it would be of no use to you as a model.

My wife keeps on the table in her room three notebooks filled with literary notes of no international importance. She, too, carries her passport on her person. In her hand bag she keeps her credentials and a few other personal papers, like her marriage certificate. Usually she carries it, but sometimes she leaves it in the room. If you do not find it when you call kindly call again.

If there is anything in these papers that you do not understand call upon me personally some day. I am sure that I should be interested in your conversation. All forms of life, high and low, interest me.

BERN, August fifth.

Resisting a temptation that will probably be constant for the next fortnight, to write about scenery, let me mention that this is the neatest, spick-and-spannest little city that ever decorated the earth. The guidebooks tell us that it is old and that it has more relics of medieval times than any other large city in Switzerland. One finds those statements hard to believe. The medieval guild houses starred in the guidebooks look as though they had been built last year on some rather affected design, so well have they been repaired and kept up for three or four centuries. The city stands on both sides of a gorge bottomed by a rushing, beryl-colored river. On the lowlands along the river bank stand most of the older portions of the city. Crossing the high bridges one looks down on a fascinating tangle of overhanging, red-tiled, snubbed-off roofs.

The Educated Bears of Bern

OF COURSE I have visited the bears of Bern. Every child knows about them. Concerning which I record only one curious fact in natural history, imparted to me to-day by a member of the Federal Council, wherefore I take it to be authentic. These bears—at present three old ones and two cubs—are kept in a pit by the gorge-bank at the expense of the municipality and the public, as a symbol of the town—Bern meaning bear.

The city furnishes the quarters, and the public most of the food. The keeper, at the edge of the pit, sells you a bunch of carrots for seven cents or a bag of cakes for ten cents. You proceed to the edge of the pit and make the bears do tricks for their provender.

The female bear, mother of the cubs in the other part of the pit, sits on her hind legs when she sees you hold up a carrot and puts her paws together in an attitude of prayer. Being further teased she rolls over onto her back and spreads all her four paws apart, the great flat soles toward you. The big male bear begins his performances by sitting up with his paws crossed primly. If you do not throw him a carrot he rises erect on his hind legs and jiggles up and down like a man about to leap from a springboard. That failing, he whirls himself round with a dance step once or twice, and then puts his forepaws against the edge of the pit and looks up with an expression which says: "That's all. Come through with the carrot!" The specialty of the third bear is sticking out his tongue as he rolls on his back.

Now it appears that no one taught them these tricks. Generations and generations ago the bears of Bern learned that such little ways brought home the money. Succeeding generations of eleemosynary Bern bears learned them from their elders. The two half-grown cubs—usually kept apart from the others because their mother, a low, despicable character, has moods when she wants to eat them—have progressed with their education as far as sitting up on their hind legs.

Bern is flowing chockful these days. I hear that it is the only city in Switzerland where the hotels are not closed or failing. Its population, in fact, has increased by nearly ten thousand since the war; for it is the capital of the one neutral country that furnishes the direct link between the belligerents; and the new diplomatic activities, legitimate and illegitimate, open and secret, are without number. The German embassy, for example, has seven hundred attachés, besides others who may or may not be attached; these, together with their families, transported by Imperial favor into a land where one can get something to eat, make up a good part of the new population.

With such an increase in population houses are hard to get. One of our attachés, for instance, has been trying in vain for six months. The overflow has taken to the hotels and most conspicuously to this excellent Swiss hotel at which I am staying. Here also lives the general in command of the Swiss Army—Switzerland appoints a general only in times of national peril such as this—so before the main entrance stands always a sentry. At three this morning I was wakened by tramping and sharp words of command outside—the sentinels were being changed.

British Soldiers at Murren, Where England Keeps Her Largest Camp of Exchanged and Interned Prisoners

Here dwell citizens and diplomats of all the Powers on both sides of the war, in peace if not in harmony. At the height of the season, which is now past for Bern, one of the hotel employees, who keeps track of such things, counted twenty-three nationalities in the dining room and the lobbies.

We dined last night with a tableful of our attachés and their wives. We sat at the "Allied end" of the big dining room. Next to us were the British; far away at the other end were the German table—frequented by gentlemen with mustaches modeled on the Kaiser's—and the Austrian table. It has been remarked here that the German table and the Austrian table have little commerce with each other, and also that the Austrians seem to have the better time.

Try as you will, you cannot help rubbing elbows with the enemy. We have a reading room, carrying the Berlin newspapers and periodicals, as well as those of London. Last night I beheld, in chairs almost adjacent, a lean, well-tubbed Englishman reading the Times with the aid of a monocle, and a portly German, with a mustache that aspired to a place in the sun, reading the Tageblatt through another monocle. If you enter into a conversation in the lobbies with a friend some person of doubtful nationality is almost sure to take a seat behind you and absorb himself ostentatiously in a newspaper.

To the English contingent here the Germans are as things that have no existence. The Germans are not quite so well controlled. I noticed on the first evening an elderly gentleman with a handsome, artistic hawk face, accompanied wherever he went by two ladies of ample proportions. I was told next day that he was a well-known Viennese comedian, who has obtained from his government the favor of taking his vacation in a land where there is something to eat.

Last night my wife found herself in the elevator with this trio. They stared at her hard. As she approached her floor she said "*Deuxième*"—second.

Specimens of Teutonic Wit

"HO!" said the comedian in French. "French!" I am told that all the scorn an actor knows was in his tone. "Ho-ho-ho!" roared the ladies. "French!" and their laughter followed her down the hall.

I got mine this evening after dinner. From the first I had marked floating in and out from the German table a rather handsome woman, but amply proportioned. She wore a wasp-waist corset of the 1885 period and a pair of enormous diamond earrings—and, of course other clothes. Whenever I passed her she looked me over from feet to head, even turning all the way round to continue the inspection. This evening I passed her on the way to the reading room. She was talking with a German man. "Ho! American!" she said very distinctly in French. "Ho-ho-ho! American!" said he. They have a nimble wit.

The top floor of this hotel, I believe, has rather thin partitions. One of the English contingent tells me that he found himself for a time in the next room to a German. Every morning, and nearly every evening, he heard something that excited his curiosity. There would be a splashing and a sound of running water. Then a booming German voice would say distinctly several times "*Gott strafe England!*" The Briton, rather suspecting that this might be done for his benefit, finally consulted the valet on his floor. "What's it all about?" he asked.

"Well, you see, sir," replied the valet, "he has promised to say those words twice a day, and he is afraid he may forget, so he has engaged himself to do it while he is brushing his teeth. That helps him remember, sir!"

(Continued on Page 41)

Mons Survivors at the Murren Camp

The Austrian Kaiser at Bern, Switzerland

FLAVIUS BEST, PINXIT

THE STORY OF A FASHIONABLE PORTRAIT PAINTER

II

By Corinne Lowe

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THAT night as Flavius, Ethel and Postetter were driving back to their quarters Ethel turned furiously to her husband. "Will you please tell me what made you run away like that! It was the rudest thing I ever saw."

"Yes, and Madame Poldanzky asked about you," put in Postetter. "She wanted to know what had become of the *beau gentilhomme*. I told her you had social colic. 'Colleek?' asks she. 'What is that?' That's the trouble with all these foreigners—your good American jokes are always wasted on them."

"Oh, she asked about him, did she?" mused Ethel. "Well, perhaps, after all, you did the wisest thing in running away. It may rouse her interest."

"I hope something will take her away from Darnley," chimed in little Postetter with his wryest smile. "I know the Skibbens is going to persuade madame to allow that fellow to paint her portrait. Isn't it perfectly dreadful to think of the power that woman has? You see, her husband is one of the directors of the Parnassus Symphony, and it's a dead-sure thing Poldanzky is in New York next winter to conduct. That being the case, the Poldanzkys are rather beholden to her."

One Test of Adequate Performance Imposed by His Sitters Was That a Painter Should Behave Like a Man Stung by Six Bees and Fighting Off the Remainder of the Hive

"Is it true that women are so perfectly mad about Poldanzky?" queried Ethel carelessly.

"Plumb crazy! I wish you could have seen the Skibbens on that house party of the duchess'. She turned every one of her intellectual tricks on him, and as each one failed she would go off in a corner with her head on one side just exactly like a puzzled little terrier that is trying to make out a bee. At the last she took to reading him her poetry."

"Poetry?" asked Ethel. "I didn't know she wrote it."

"Sure she does! This new soft-boiled verse—somebody's just bringing out a volume now."

"Who's bringing it out?" inquired Ethel.

"Drawlick, I think."

"Oh," commented Ethel; and her husband knew from the way she said it that she had an idea.

Two weeks later the idea materialized. "Flavius," said Ethel, coming in upon him one day, "Hi's coming over on the next boat. I just had a cable from him."

"H'm—I wonder what he's doing that for."

"Because I asked him to. You see, he's bringing out Mrs. Skibbens' book of verse. Ergo, she will be nice to him. In that way we shall get to know the Poldanzkys."

Flavius shrugged his shoulders. How this wife of his did save up people for emergencies—exactly like a Frenchwoman with her soup bone! Anyone else, he reflected, would have let go of Drawlick after he had served his purpose as a buyer of illustrations. Not so Ethel! Never had she relented in her friendship with the big publisher.

"Ethel," he began suddenly, "I gathered from a remark of yours some time ago that it was Poldanzky you wanted me to paint. What's the big idea? Why not Madame Poldanzky?"

"My dear Flavius, do ladies sit down in the front row of the parquet to admire other ladies' profiles? Not at all. That's the principle. That's why it pays better to paint a man that the ladies adore than a ton of society women and actresses. After all, women, you've got to remember, are the chief customers in the portrait-painting market. And—'That man who painted the adorable portrait of Poldanzky! Let's have him do us!' Can't you just hear them! Why, Poldanzky is the chance I've had in mind for you ever since I met you."

Hiram Drawlick's visit to Paris proved to be as productive as Ethel had foretold. Mrs. Theodore Cutler Skibbens entertained him lavishly—and wouldn't he please advertise her book widely and bring it out on that lovely vellum paper—and in return Mr. Hiram Drawlick gave a party including Mrs. Skibbens, the Poldanzkys and the Bests.

The party rounded up at the Bal Bullier and arrived just in time to hear the last romping measures of a quadrille. "*Bis! Bis!*" "*Bis! Encore!*"

The cry from each dancer for more music gathered into a hoarse, throaty roar, and in response the conductor again raised his baton.

From the place gained by a flight of wooden stairs guarded by two soldiers and dammed by the funereal-looking gentleman who takes each green ticket, Flavius looked down on the swinging, pivoting, youth-mad figures—art students and saucy little types. There was Smith, the young American from Indianapolis—he had come from a home where iron fawns guarded the old-fashioned lawn—crushing in his arms Denise, the famous model of the Quarter. Smith's polka-dotted tie was flopping up and down with the music and Denise's blond hair was coming down over the pert little nose. How unsettled they all were, how gloriously unsettled! That was the charm of the whole thing, this air of being ready for adventure. They weren't bothered about Poldanzkys and fifty thousand a year. No tidy road to success kept them from the joyous, headlong little bypaths.

"You look sad, Monsieur Best," spoke a voice close to his ear. It was that of Madame Poldanzky, and Flavius found to his terror that he was standing there alone with her.

"Ah, you are frightened. Why are you frightened, Monsieur Best? I am not an ogress."

"I am not; indeed I am not," he stammered, but all the time he kept up his search for Ethel and the rest of the party.

She gave a little laugh—soft and long and purring like her eyes. "But indeed they are not there, Monsieur Best. They have all gone away and left you—and what are you going to do about it?"

He looked down at her and suddenly his mouth turned upward.

"I am going to take you to the garden for a *citron glacé*," said he grimly.

Without a word she took his arm and they descended to the little garden adjoining the ballroom. It was a lovely little garden, that of the old Bal Bullier: The white gravel walks glinted under the electric lights; the fine old trees arched over the iron tables, and down there at the other end a marble Venus stood under the misty spray of a fountain. All round the place were grotto-like alcoves, each with a table for two. To one of these Flavius now led Madame Poldanzky.

It was now the latter part of October and the air had a lingering summer warmth. Yellow leaves gave a scratching little swish in the light breeze and you heard them now even above the Viennese waltz in the ballroom adjacent. To this scene the creamy-skinned woman in her evening wrap of chiffon and ermine gave the last constructive touch.

She was sitting there with her arms on the table, and as Flavius gave the order to the waiter she never took her eyes from his face.

What she saw was recorded ably by Roger Tennant the previous year. In a fine portrait of his brother-in-law Tennant has set down the square chin with its deep cleft, the thick-lashed hazel eyes, the mouth that turned down only to turn up again in crisp, clean corners; and he has suggested ably the touch of boyish wistfulness in the eyes—the seeing of something much better to do than mouth and chin accepted—which was at that time the real message of Flavius' face.

Suddenly Madame Poldanzky gave a little smile. "You are very beautiful, Monsieur Best," said she.

The words had a strange effect upon him. In an instant he was back in Kittstown. The rusty screens of the hardware store; his father seated of an evening with his feet on the baker door; his mother lifting his own belated supper from the greasy skillet—all these distant details came to amaze him that he should be here.

"Why do you smile?" asked she.

"I was thinking how strange it is—you and this place—exactly as if I had gone to the theater and found that I was the hero of the play."

And then—he never understood how it was—he was telling her all about his early life, about the winter scene he had painted for the display of sleigh bells and skates, of Mr. Bruce McIntyre, and his art school in New York.

She listened intently and at last she murmured softly: "How sweet, how childlike, how wonderful! And the lady in red—when did you marry her?"

The lady in red! He smiled to think how Ethel's system of identification had taken.

"Five years ago."

"Ah, you were very young, were you not?" Her voice was like a quick, compassionate gesture. "And she is very ambitious for you, is she not?"

"Very," he replied. And then, as she leaned toward him, as the perfume of her garments—it was the faintest intimation of gardenia—came to him, he had a sudden dizzy inspiration. "She is so ambitious, Madame Poldanzky"—and in spite of the music near by his words seemed to ring through dead silence—"that she wants me to paint a portrait of your husband."

"So?" Her eyebrows arched a little, and then very softly she clapped her hands. "Bravo!" cried she. "Anyone but you would have said how much he wanted to paint me. But I knew you could never be stupid. And to reward you I will try to make him—this very night I will try! Tell me—can you take me some place for tea to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?" he stammered. "I'm sorry, but I cannot. Ethel has an engagement."

"So? But the next day—you will come and bring her, will you not?" And rising rather abruptly she led him back to the gallery.

That night when they got home Ethel turned to him anxiously. "Well," inquired she, "how did you get on?"

"Famously. I like her lots. She's so honest and kind and unaffected. You just can't help telling that woman the truth. And she's going to try to persuade her husband to sit for me."

Ethel stamped her foot. "You don't mean to tell me, Flavius, that you were stupid enough to ask that—to-night? Why, I never dreamed of your doing such a thing! I thought you'd know enough to do it gradually—get acquainted with her and then work up to it. Now you'll never see her again."

"On the contrary, she asked me for tea to-morrow. I told her you couldn't come and so she put it off till the next day."

"Told her you couldn't come without me! Why, you poor little suburbanite! Well, just you get yourself into your best clothes and call for her to-morrow."

"What's the use in that? She won't be expecting me now."

Suddenly Madame Poldanzky Gave a Little Smile. "You are Very Beautiful, Monsieur Best," Said She

But when he called the next day Madame Poldanzky met him in coat, hat and gloves.

"And now," said she, "where shall we go for tea?"

"But how did you know I was coming?" asked Flavius wonderingly.

She gave a marvelous little long laugh—it seemed to him that she was spinning each strand—and looked him straight in the eye. "I knew you would see your wife in the meantime, did I not?" said she.

They went to a pastry shop on the Rue de Rivoli and there over two marvelous little turrets of green—she had been excited as a child over picking out the right cake—she told him that Poldanzky had consented to sit for him. He was to commence next week and—if he would be so good—he should work in the Poldanzky house.

Tingling with excitement Flavius arrived at the Poldanzkys' the following Monday morning. He found madame alone, standing there by a table completely enveloped in black velvet. The following moment's survey informed him that many other pieces in the room had suffered the same treatment.

"Ah, the covers!" cried madame. "You look at them, I see. But they are so necessary. We never travel without fifty such. What would my poor sensitive Poldanzky do if he were necessitated to look at much of rented furniture?"

Flavius looked at her with his sweet, crisp smile. "You must have a great deal of responsibility," he remarked.

"Ah, but why not? Of course the Persian cat and the goldfish—they are the worst! You would really not believe, monsieur, how much time it takes to keep a Persian cat in health. And then, of course, the cat, she will always eat the goldfish."

"And your husband must have both?"

"Oh, absolutely, my friend. He could not work without them. They are such wonderful rhythm! But it is hard. Not, however," she added with a *moue*, "so difficult as keeping people away. Oh, the terrible people who would have him spend himself for money! Why, Monsieur Best, would you believe it—a few days ago we received an offer from an American lady who wished him to dedicate a song to her. She wanted to give fifty thousand dollars for that. Was ever anything so droll?"

"And you refused?" asked Flavius in bewilderment.

She made a haughty little gesture. "My husband's mind, Monsieur Best, must be kept for the great things."

At that moment Poldanzky himself entered. He had a stack of gloves in his hand and with merely a curt nod to Flavius he threw these into his wife's lap.

"Fool!" he raged. "He hasn't done it!"

Without a word she commenced turning each of the pairs wrong side out. "He cannot bear the seams next to his skin," she explained to Flavius. "It is so difficult to get a valet who will understand. But I have promised that if he sits to you he will never again have to wear a pair on the right side."

That day Flavius worked frantically for two hours—thank heavens, his nervousness was the stimulating and not the paralyzing kind—and somehow through every moment he was conscious of Madame Poldanzky. There was something in her eyes that was always saving one from things—saving, saving, saving. It was in every glance she gave to her husband, and now and then between the furious paint strokes he looked up to find himself drawn into that comforting brown gaze.

"Well," said he to Ethel that night, "I got a fine start."

"And how about Madame Poldanzky—flirting with you violently by this time?"

"Flirting? How can you be so coarse? She's as simple and direct as a child."

"Pooh, just the Twentieth Century Model vampire! She's direct because she knows it's the best way to be mysterious. No doubt, she's the kind that kisses you on the brow."

"Ethel," he cried pleadingly, "please don't make things so ugly!"

In the following days when he went to the Poldanzkys' Ethel's words sometimes came back to him. Could it be? Was madame really trying to flirt with him? But no; as he met her eyes—so frank, so kind, so solicitous—the ugly thought receded. When one flirted one dangled distances, piqued with distances; and from the very first madame had engaged in no skirmishes. She had sailed right into the very center of friendship.

But though he dismissed this idea of her relationship with him he was perpetually puzzled by her attitude to her husband. What was it she felt for the big tawny man with his look of desert vastness—this petted genius whose gloves she turned, whose furniture she muffled, and for whom she kept the difficult balance between puss and goldfish? Love him she certainly did. But had not the starlight of romance gone out in this balmy noon of protecting interest? Was he not to her simply an unmysterious child whose every

When He Attempts to Do a Whole Family He is Generally Prostrated

weakness she knew and met? As he talked with them both he was surprised to find how often this wonder intruded.

At the end of the fifth sitting the portrait was finished. Immediately Poldanzky gathered himself together.

"Thank you, monsieur. I am sure what you have done is excellent. And now I shall be pardoned if I leave?" And with a low bow he stalked from the room.

"He is like that," said Madame Poldanzky kindly. "You must not mind. He will never see that which people have made of him. But I—yes, I will look, my friend."

She came over and stood beside him in front of the canvas. It was the first time he had permitted her to see it, and his breath caught with excitement. He did not have to wait long, however. In an instant she had swung about and was pressing both his hands between her own.

"It is he," she cried excitedly, "the very look of him! Ah, it is wonderful you have so caught it, Monsieur Flavius. Is he not like some enchanter bringing up from caverns of earth a glorious jewel of song? Ah, I can never get over it—the little pages of the big orchestra bright like the glow-worms; and Poldanzky above, fierce and tender and magic. And then each violin and oboe creeping out one by one; the flutes, so tiny and ghostlike, stepping as if they could hardly see their way by those glow-worm lights—everything, everything coming out because he is calling. Is it not wonderful—beautiful?"

The young painter's heart bounded with joy. In after days he was to be flayed for this picture. It was to be called theatric, a masterpiece of the flip school, a mongrel with the composition of Whistler and the treatment of Sargent. But into it he had put his highest achievement. The dexterous arrangement of light, the sure drawing, the full brush, the fine color—all the qualities of his native talent fostered by Beadle—were here at their best. And there was something else too. It was an almost rapt apprehension of the great musician's mind.

"I'm awfully glad you like it," said he boyishly; "I felt as though I were doing it for you."

And then suddenly as he said these words a feeling of utter desolation swept over him. Was it the bareness of horizon that comes after supreme endeavor; or was it something else—the sense that he was leaving forever behind him the cozy moments he had spent here in this house, that hereafter his meetings with her would be infrequent and perhaps spiritless? Afraid to ask himself too much he started putting together his things. In his haste he let the palette knife fall to the floor, and as he stooped to pick it up his cheek struck the corner of the easel.

In an instant she was at his side. "My poor friend, what have you done? Ah, *mon Dieu*, you bleed!" And the next moment she was holding her handkerchief against his cheek. Her eyes, nearer to his than they ever had been—was there something in them he had never seen before? He could not tell. All he knew was that strangely, quietly he found himself home at last.

They stood thus for a second without speaking, and then very gently she took her hand away. He put his things together, and in a moment, still without speech, he was at the door. She had watched him dumbly, but when he got into the hallway she gave a little cry. Running after him she took his head swiftly between her hands and kissed him on the forehead.

"I shall see you again—sometime?" he murmured brokenly.

"No, my friend; not soon," said she gravely. "I think tomorrow I go to the Riviera. But your picture—I will leave that for you when you call."

"I am not thinking of pictures," replied Flavius.

Her last word was a characteristic one. "What you must think—I am thirty-eight years old, my friend."

"If you were fifty-eight it would be the same," replied Flavius as the door closed behind him.

All the way home in his little fiacre he debated the necessity of telling Ethel. Tell her—what was there to tell? Treasures of the spirit that she could not possibly apprehend; dim beauties that he could only try to focus by the actual! Yet that night he told Ethel everything that had happened, from that first night at the Bal Bullier when Madame Poldanzky had told him he was beautiful.

She listened breathlessly, and at last she broke in: "What did I tell you? I knew she was the kind that kissed on the brow. And of course now you think you are in love with her."

He winced. "Not what you understand by being in love. She just makes everything clear and peaceful. And at any rate, nothing will ever happen—except what's happened inside. She—I won't spoil your plans."

"I should say not!" retorted Ethel; and long afterward he had occasion to remember how she said it. "On the contrary, she will help!"

When the portrait of Poldanzky arrived at the studio little Postetter went wild over it.

"Now," said he, "the only thing we both need is a little newspaper whey. That's the game. Get some newspaper man to write to the papers home about Flavius Josephus Best, winner of the Prix de Paris, who has just painted a portrait of the great Poldanzky that all Paris is going mad over."

Postetter never was long about finding the people who could be useful to him, and in a short time he produced Dudley, correspondent for a New York newspaper and special writer for a famous syndicate. From the first Flavius hated Dudley. "He's got horse-chestnut eyes and a mean bang," he complained to Ethel. She, however, insisted upon his acquaintance.

"Mind you don't send home any rot about me," he growled one day when he came upon the three sitting with heads together at the Café du Panthéon.

"We're just working for your good, Flavvy," Postetter reassured him. "Don't you get nervous."

When various notices about him appeared in American papers Flavius ceased to fear these friendly instigations. He looked them over carefully, and they seemed to him satisfactorily conservative. Never once did he suspect what had happened; not even on that day when Madame Poldanzky refused to see him did the truth dawn upon him.

She came back from the Riviera two months later, and at once he got a note from her. It asked him to come and see her the following afternoon, and with rising pulse Flavius presented himself at the familiar doorway. To his surprise the servant told him that madame was not at home. Not at home! But there was some mistake. "Tell her Monsieur Best wishes to speak with her," he commanded. The man disappeared for a moment and came back only to repeat his first announcement.

What could have happened? Had Madame Poldanzky decided that it was best not to see him? But no, it could not be that, otherwise she would not have written him that note. What was it, then? What had happened? In a torment of suspense he went into a café and wrote her a few frantic lines.

His letter came back unopened, and when, a week later, he met her face to face she would not even look at him. She was with Darnley and Mrs. Skibbens, and it seemed to him that a shade of contempt rose above the triumph of Darnley's face.

That night for the first time he told Ethel what had happened. "What is it, do you suppose?" he asked miserably. "What can I have done?"

It seemed to him that for an instant she paled beneath the high color. "I wonder ——" she began, and then stopped.

"What do you wonder?"

"Oh, nothing."

A sudden suspicion darkened his face. "Ethel!" cried he sharply. "Did you write anything to Madame Poldanzky?"

She gave a derisive laugh. "Write to her, you goose! What sort of melodramatic wife do you think I am? Of course I didn't; in fact, I am as much upset over this as you are. I was depending on the Poldanzkys to do a great deal for us in America. Of course they will be lionized in New York, and they might have got us into all sorts of places."

He saw that she was sincere and, completely baffled, Flavius took up the remainder of the winter. It had been hard to lose what he would have liked to resign. All the dignity of parting had been denied him. Yet at the last he shut out everything but the memory of her last look. At least, nothing could take that from him—that moment when he had found himself home in her eyes.

In a few weeks he and Ethel went down into Italy, and that spring his portrait of Poldanzky was one of the sensations of the Salon. His friend Postetter, working through Dudley, made the most of this fact in the American papers. It went on before Flavius to the fall exhibition of the New York Academy, and when he himself arrived he found that everything was as Ethel had predicted.

Poldanzky, now started on his winter's course of concerts, rapidly became a national figure. His Bigarrure—that study of gusty sixths—was heard on every talking machine in the land. Stories of his early struggles, of his meeting with Brahms, of the gloves he always wore wrong side out—were gulped down with equal fury by the New York society woman and the little lady in the rocking-chair in the Montana mining camp. Everywhere throughout America feminine admirers sighed to their best friends: "Oh, if only I could have married a man like that! He would have understood!"

She Allowed Him to Come, But When He Put Out His Hand She Turned Deliberately and Walked Away

Inevitably as an eggshell on a giant wave, Flavius rose with Poldanzky. His portrait received a prize from the Academy. It was reproduced constantly in magazines and newspapers; and one enterprising journal made of it a special full-page photogravure.

"Well," said Postetter, meeting Flavius at the Private View at the Academy, "you certainly have got away with it, Flavius. That was a foxy stunt of Ethel's—to have you paint the lion and not his mate.

"I have noticed that the ladies are not buzzing about Darnley's portrait of Madame Poldanzky anything like the way they are about yours."

It was a typical Private View. The great rooms of the Academy were crowded with people, music and comments. "Muddy color, don't you think?" "Oh, I don't know—to me there's rather a fine luminous quality about that sky." "Gives one such a sense of distance." "But only fancy how Cézanne would have done that!" "Oh, the color values are absolutely wrong!" Drifts from the conversation about him stifled Flavius with a sudden sense of utter futility.

"Heavens!" he cried. "Hear these asses bray! I'm sick of this job already. I feel exactly as though I had swum out a long distance to get a straw dummy."

"Good old straw dummy! I like it," retorted Postetter cheerfully. The little man had by this time formulated a pompadour, and he was disciplining the monocle that he had selected for the rounder and bluer of his seraphic eyes. In addition he now owned his evening clothes.

For all this affluence his portrait of the Duchesse de Gambeaux was directly responsible. Immediately after its exhibition in the Spring Salon he had received a commission from the wealthy Mrs. Cutly Bray, and other orders from the exclusive set were already dawning.

(Continued on Page 82)

The World and Thomas Kelly

XX

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE expected storm at Beausejour did not, for unknown reasons, eventuate. For several days Tom lived in momentary anticipation of a collision with Wingate. Not that he cared particularly, so far as he himself or even Lulie was concerned, yet he naturally disliked the idea of being the cause of a scandal in a house where he was a visitor. But Wingate vanished as suddenly as he had made his appearance—as suddenly as his curious reconciliation with Lulie had been rendered abortive. No one—not even Allyn—commented upon his departure. He apparently was neither wanted nor missed. On the other hand, Tom thought, or perhaps imagined, that he observed a certain added stiffness in his hostess' manner and a less hearty appreciation of his jokes and conversation on the part of her husband. The excitement of the double game he was now playing, however, enabled him to dismiss this aspect of the matter from his mind. It was "all in his eye," he concluded. Even if Wingate had "put up a holler" about Lulie to Mrs. Scott, they would naturally discount anything he might say. It was most unlikely that they would believe either the truth or any variation upon it that a jealous husband might elaborate.

Other considerations made him less easy. One of these was that he had been obliged to borrow money from Allyn. Though he fully expected to be able to repay it, the fact that his mother was cutting short her vacation for lack of funds made him feel more or less like a criminal. He justified his own luxury and idleness, as compared with her shabby surroundings and meager comforts, by the always flimsy and now threadbare excuse that his present mode of life and companions offered an opportunity for future success whereby both his mother and himself would greatly profit. If he married an heiress—and he could do so as easily as he could snap his fingers—would it not mean luxury to her for the rest of her days? Of course it would, he assured himself. And yet he knew in his heart that if he did anything of the kind not one cent of any such blood money would she accept or touch.

Yet as he plunged deeper and deeper into his affair with Lulie he managed to smother the thought of his mother. She would be all right. He'd play out his game at Newport while he had the chance and go back home with a pot of money! He'd send home a pot of money, anyhow, even if he didn't go himself. He couldn't help it. The choice had narrowed down, he told himself, to either Pauline or Lulie. There was more tang to Lulie, but she might not want to marry him; and maybe—horrid thought!—her money was in trust. Pauline was safer, much safer for a lot of reasons, and yet he couldn't get up much excitement about being owned by Pauline. At times even the vision of yachting with her amid the Ionian Isles was marred by the suspicion that she would certainly insist on being the one to select the precise islands amid which they were to yacht. She would run him, just as she ran her father. He would be nothing more than a high-salaried companion—a sort of royal consort—an American Prince Albert without a memorial. There was something mid-Victorian about Pauline! She had all the solid British virtues; the respect for propriety; the horror of the unconventional. If she had regarded it as proper and young-ladylike to use the term she would doubtless have stigmatized Lulie Wingate as a "scarlet woman." She often referred to her in terms which left no doubt as to her meaning, though she had not the slightest inkling of Tom's interest in her. In fact, she was complacent in her conviction that Tom was hers and hers alone.

Thus Mr. Kelly found himself in the delicate if not embarrassing position of being obliged to make passionate love to one lady in order to keep her interest, and to temper his attentions to another lest he be snapped up too quickly, though yet evincing enough devotion to hold the field against all comers. It must be admitted that in spite of his inexperience he did both of these things to a nicety. Youth quickly learns to love generically. In truth that wise observer Allyn, who watched our young rake's progress with amused tolerance, gave it as his opinion that if opportunity offered it was not impossible that his visitor might take on still another affair—with a widow this time, perhaps.

It was after a very noisy luncheon party at the Scotts', on one of the succeeding Sundays, that Tom made the acquaintance of a lady who was to play a prominent part in his subsequent career. He had not noticed her particularly at the table, being engrossed on either side with the customary débutante; but when the men—after a few moments in Mr. Scott's smoking den, an elegant apartment finished in quartered oak and hung with old English masters—rejoined the ladies in the garden, he observed a stout, white-haired woman, with a leathery complexion, sitting on the terrace surrounded by a group that seemed to be listening with the utmost deference to what she had to say. "Who's that old party?" he asked of Allyn.

He Bade Her Farewell—Feeling Like a Schoolboy Who Kisses His Mother Good-by Just Before Playing Hooky

"That's Mrs. Rutherford Jones," answered his friend, "otherwise known as the 'Duchess.' You've heard of her, of course? Well, she's the whole thing here. Eccentric as a March hare, but a good sort all the same. Be sure and don't offend her, whatever you do!"

Tom noticed Lulie Wingate, Pauline Selby, Parradym and Pennington among those standing about Mrs. Jones, with several others of the younger members of the party.

"She likes young people," said Allyn, lowering his tone. "And her wish is a command."

As they crossed the terrace Tom heard a shrill voice suddenly exclaim in a dictatorial tone:

"Who is that handsome young man? Bring him to me at once!"

"There she blows!" whispered Allyn. "She's sighted you! We must go and make obeisance."

And he led Tom toward Mrs. Jones, while the others made way for them.

"My dear Duchess," began Allyn, making a sweeping bow and laying his hand on his heart, "allow me to present one of your most ardent admirers—Mr. Thomas Kelly."

The Duchess nodded briskly at Tom and gave him her hand.

"Well, young man," she cried, "what are you doing here in this modern Babylon? Oh, tennis? There's no harm in that. On the contrary, I like athletic young men—when they are not utterly stupid. But you do not look stupid at all. I am sure you are quite clever. Only you must not be too clever—like Parradym here! It would be a catastrophe to have two Parradyms! One is enough. We keep him round as a sort of buffer—to ward off evil spirits in the shape of people with brains. If one of those awful intellectual people is coming to dinner I send for Parry and say: 'Parry, what will stump this professor?' And he writes something on a slip of paper and I put it in my lap, and when the soup is passed I look at the poor professor and say sternly: 'What do you think about the Iconoclastic Schism?' And that is the end of the professor! Eh, Parry, you wicked old man?"

And she shook a tortoise-shell lorgnette at Parradym, who laughed good-naturedly.

"I commend Mr. Kelly to your good graces," he said. "You will find him anxious to please—sober, truthful, orthodox and polite."

"An excellent recommendation!" replied the Duchess. "I wish I could say as much for my butler. But if I could he wouldn't be my butler, would he? He'd be Archbishop of Canterbury—except for his orthodoxy. I understand it is no longer smart to be orthodox. If one is to be *chic* one must be a skeptic, at least in private. Now, Mr. Kelly, what have you to say for yourself? Do you know perchance what the Iconoclastic Schism was?"

Poor Tom wished he could sink through the grass. He glanced helplessly round the circle of amused faces. They had all suffered this sort of baiting themselves and knew how he felt. By a peculiar coincidence, however, he did remember the Iconoclastic Schism, for the reason that the name had been bandied about as a sort of joke among the boys during his freshman year.

"It was the row between the Pope and the Isaurian Emperor Leo, who wanted to smash all the images, wasn't it?" he inquired.

Mrs. Jones emitted a cackle of delight, while the others gave unmistakable evidence of astonishment at Tom's extraordinary learning.

"Just hear the lad!" she cried. "'Out of the mouths of babes ——' Parradym, you must look to your laurels! This young person is an Admirable Crichton—nothing less! I've got a painter fellow who's been acting as my Grand Vizier, but I'm tired of him. He makes it his business to find out all the horrible traits that people have and then paint them into his pictures. He's painting me now. Everybody knows that I am a sweet, retiring, modest, religious, gentle old lady—and to look at my portrait you would say I was a sort of female Machiavelli! No! I am through with Berkman! But on with Kelly! Sir Tom, are you enough of an opportunist to come for a ride with me? You are so clever and young and fresh-looking that unless I get you first one of these designing young women will grab you and take you away."

The Duchess arose and the crowd broke up. It was evident to Tom that he was expected to surrender himself to Mrs. Jones—whether he wanted to do so or not. He had planned to ask Pauline to go canoeing with him, but he dared not antagonize this powerful old lady. Therefore, with the best grace that he could he helped her into her Victoria and they started off.

They were no sooner on the way than her brusque autocratic manner gave place to one of kindness. It was clear that she really liked young people—particularly young men—and wanted to be nice to him. Tom was pleased and flattered at such attention from an older woman, particularly one of such distinction. Presently he was telling her all about his first years at college, his eventual success, due to the fortuitous discovery of the Egg, and his present social and athletic ambitions. After an hour's run she dropped him at the Scotts', having first extracted from him a promise to lunch with her the following day.

"What an extraordinary old girl!" he remarked to Allyn, as they and Parradym were smoking a last cigar together before going to bed that night. "She made herself most agreeable. I think she's taken quite a fancy to me."

Allyn nodded grimly.

"Yes," he said; "she has a way of gobbling people up like that—swallowing them whole. She likes you—yes. I don't wish to derogate from the impression you may have created on her susceptible old heart. But she's fickle—always was. She's been married three times! Divorced the other two, and poor old Jones died—couldn't stand the pace, I guess. Rich as mud. Entertains all the time; you

know—swellest kind of parties—all the royalties. Hence her title—Duchess."

"She may be fickle, but she's a good old soul all the same. You said so yourself to-day after luncheon. I like her," answered Tom stoutly.

"We all like her!" agreed Parradym. "You can't help liking a woman of her energy, executive ability and superficial good nature. Of course she's arrogant and dictatorial, but somebody's got to rule the roost and she's got the time and the money. She might as well as anybody else. Only don't let her turn your head."

"How do you mean?" asked Tom in a superior fashion.

She'd given it to old Parradym rather hard that afternoon. No wonder he felt sore.

"Well," answered Parradym, "of course you've made a hit with her. But you're not the first—nor will you be the last. She wants something of you, and when she's had it she'll throw you over—chuck you out—just as she has the others."

"Don't you think her capable of an unselfish friendship?" demanded Tom.

"Capable of it, perhaps," retorted Parradym, "but unless it is love at first sight—which you'll admit isn't probable—it's hardly likely that her platonic regard is entirely altruistic. I'm a fairly old man. I've seen a whole lot of this sort of thing, and I tell you these old women are after something."

"Well—what is it, then?" snapped Tom.

"Your youth!" replied Parradym with sudden bitterness. "They'll hang on to you and sap your vitality just as a weasel sucks an egg. It isn't only the young women—like the one in the picture that goes with Kipling's poem—but the old ones as well that are the vampires. These withered old crones want young people that are fresh and vigorous about them. They want their blood and they'll pay any price to get it."

"By George!" cried Tom indignantly—but more on his own account than on that of the Duchess—"I really don't think you ought to speak about people in such a way. It's—it's almost—disgusting!"

"Of course it is, my dear fellow," agreed Parry. "But lots of life is disgusting. Forewarned is forearmed."

"Well, I don't believe it!" growled Tom. "You fellows don't see any good in anybody! I'm going to bed!"

Yet in spite of his note of defiance he dreamed that night that he was lying bound upon a couch, half covered by a sheet, and that old Mrs. Rutherford Jones sat cross-legged somewhere above and sucked his blood through a pair of lorgnettes, while she gibbered:

"Even as you and I! Even as you and I!"

XXI

FOR some reason which Tom could not fully understand the two weeks allotted by him for the purpose of getting into physical trim for the tennis tournament were not productive of the expected results. He practiced daily on various private courts or on the grounds of the Casino, studiously avoided alcohol and tobacco, and endeavored so far as possible to be in bed by eleven o'clock. But in spite of his efforts some influence which he was unable to define had affected the accuracy of his vision and the certainty of his stroke. While he felt in perfect physical health, in the "pink of condition," in fact, his sleep was fitful and his appetite did not respond to the menu of elaborate simplicity which Mrs. Scott had ordered her chef to prepare for him.

There was something in the air—what, he could not make out—which deprived his play of its snap and brilliance of the year before. The expostulations of Allyn and the milder protests of Parradym had made him self-conscious, and whereas theretofore he had not thought at all about where he should hit the ball, he now kept wondering whether he was hitting it in the right place. He could serve the Egg, but he could not serve it with the same accuracy, and the fact that he perceived other players lounging on the benches and about the grounds studying his service made him nervous. One lank youth with yellow hair, from Leland Stanford, had been pointed out to him as a coming Western Wonder, and more than once he had caught the fellow at a distance, watching his delivery and apparently taking notes of the effect of each cut upon the service. Beyond the fact that the name of the unknown was Calkins, Tom knew nothing of him; but he conceived a pronounced distaste for his tousled yellow mop, his bob-tailed blue coat, and his extremely high-water duck trousers. For some peculiar reason Calkins made Tom think of his own earlier self. He had worn just such a bob-tailed coat and just such trousers. Now he rode to the Casino in the Scott automobile and was assisted out by the Scott footman, who handed him his silver-mounted racket cases as if he were serving royalty; and indeed Tom, clad in his immaculate polo coat, his carefully pressed flannels, and his silk shirt with its open rolling collar and its full sleeves buttoned tight round his wrists, looked not unlike a young nobleman at an English house party.

As the day for the drawing drew nearer Tom became more and more anxious about himself. He didn't seem acclimated to the air of Newport. He was in a constant state of excitement, physical and mental. Yet outwardly he gave no indication of his condition and his friends continued to acclaim him vociferously as the coming champion, or at least the runner-up, and prophesied that he would walk triumphantly through the preliminaries to the semifinals. Tom himself felt strange misgivings. He knew that the virtue had somehow gone out of him. Something told him that through the Egg alone could he hope to win. Yet, after all, he knew in his heart that the Egg was nothing but a trick. He had made a practice of getting up for an early morning walk, in which Parradym frequently joined him; and on several occasions, out by the golf links, they had passed Calkins jogging along without his coat on a three or four mile sprint, warming himself up for the day's work.

"There's a fellow that means business," said Parradym. "They tell me he has had to work his way through college by tutoring in the summer."

"He looks like a ruffled grouse," growled Tom. "I guess he's a close student of the game, though. Hope I don't draw him in the preliminaries!"

Tom did not draw Calkins in the preliminary rounds, but found himself pitted against mediocre players who had entered the tournament more for the fun of the thing than for anything else, and these he defeated generally without evoking the genie hidden in his marvelous Egg serve. Once, however, when severely pushed by an old warhorse at the game, he was forced to use it and easily won a final love set. His victory was greeted with enthusiastic applause from the spectators, but it was marred for Tom by the sight of Calkins in a soiled cap loafing at the far end of the benches, a point of excellent vantage for watching either the delivery of a service or its return.

He won his first four matches, had an accession of confidence, regained something of his old snap, and then found that he was to play against Calkins in the fourth series, before the semifinals. In some inexplicable way it had become generally known, though none had seen Calkins play, that Tom was likely to meet a worthy antagonist in the Californian, and on the morning of their match Tom found a large gallery assembled at the Casino. The Scotts and Welfleets were all there, as well as the Selbys, and most of his college friends were gathered in the front row. Pauline and Lulie both threw him glances of encouragement as he tossed away his polo coat and shook hands with the awkward boy in the high-water trousers.

Calkins won the toss, and took the serve and the first game by a terrific smashing service ending in a long low shoot, the force of which almost knocked Tom's racket from his hand. Tom, holding the Egg in reserve, tried a similar serve on the Leland Stanford man and a hot battle ensued, both fighting for the possession of the net, from which Tom was finally driven through the apparently miraculous ability of his opponent to lob. The games now stood two-love in favor of the Westerner. Again Tom lost. Three-love!

By this time the crowds were deserting the other matches to see the two college champions play against each other. Tom knew that the time had come, if it ever was coming, for him to disclose the famous service which his friends fondly believed would make him the national champion.

Stepping swiftly up to the back of the line, he tossed the ball in the air and cut it sharply with a terrific left-hand stroke. The ball whirred over the net, struck, as he intended, in the right-hand corner of the service court and bounded sharply, almost at a right angle, to the left. Calkins waved at it vainly on the right.

But at Tom's second service, instead of withdrawing behind the back line Calkins took his stand bravely in the center of the court. Again Tom tossed the ball in the air—again sent it whining with the tremendous impact imparted to it toward the other corner of the court. This time likewise it bounded in a direction contrary to its course, but it had no sooner struck earth than the Californian sprang upon it with a leap, caught it squarely in the center of his racket and returned it with a terrific cross-court which Tom all but failed to get. His ball rose high, sailing straight for the center of the net, where Calkins was waiting to smash it ten feet over Tom's frantic swing.

"He's got it!" thought Tom desperately. "He's been studying it all the time!"

During the remainder of Tom's Waterloo the Egg offered no obvious difficulties to the Westerner. In fact, Tom's straight cannon-ball service won him more games than the now discredited Egg. This Californian farmer began to fill Tom with terror. He seemed to be a sort of cave man with muscles like iron and lungs of leather; for he didn't turn a hair at the tremendous pace Tom set for him, while the Harvard champion found himself reeking and panting at the end of every rally.

By an almost superhuman effort Tom won the third set, practically collapsed at the fourth, and lost the match to his opponent, having taken but nine games out of twenty-four! He made a heroic effort, befitting a good sportsman, to be cheerful and good-natured over this heartbreaking result, and vaulted gracefully if not gayly over the net to grasp the calloused hand of the Ruffled Grouse. He felt very picturesque and very magnanimous as he did this, and he tried to make a little speech to Calkins which should epitomize the sensational aspect of the occasion.

"Now, Mr. Kelly, What Have You to Say for Yourself? Do You Know Perchance What the Iconoclastic Schism Was?"

"Old man," he cried grandiloquently, "I don't grudge you this victory; you deserve it! But I hardly expected to be put out so soon. You're a wonder!"

Strangely enough the Californian did not seem to think that the occasion was one of any particular moment, nor that the victory was at all surprising.

"Thanks," he said shortly, putting on a faded bathrobe. "That's all right. I expect you're a bit out of condition. That Egg is rather neat. But on the whole I prefer an old-fashioned smash. So long!"

Thus ended the brief and sensational sporting career of Thomas Kelly, Esquire, erstwhile of Newbury Street, Boston. But it had served its purpose. Through it he had stepped into his own—into the world of wealth and fashion, into a future of untold possibilities.

XXII

MY DEAR MR. KELLY: It will give me the sincerest pleasure if you will make one of my house party after your visit to Mrs. Scott is over. I do not know how long you are planning to remain in Newport, but I should be delighted to have you regard my house as your home for whatever length of time you care to stay. Berkman is leaving to-morrow and his room is at your disposal. Do come!

Cordially yours,
ANNA RUTHERFORD JONES.

Thus ran the note which the blue footman handed to Tom on a silver salver upon his return to Beausejour. Had he received it in June he would have been instantly filled with ecstatic excitement at such a pressing invitation from one of the leaders—if not the leader—of Newport society. As it was, he merely thrust it into his pocket and lit a cigarette. So the old girl was making up to him! It would probably be beastly dull staying with her, and yet it offered an opportune excuse to escape from the somewhat chilly hospitality of Mrs. Scott. There were other reasons, too, for going. For one, there were disadvantages about being in the same house with Lulie. You couldn't be at high pressure all the time; you might burst your boiler. For another, he had already stayed at Beausejour a full month and felt that he had outworn his welcome. Besides, he owed Allyn seven hundred dollars which he had no immediate prospect of being able to repay, and it was embarrassing to be constantly reminded of the unpleasant fact by the presence of his friend. Lastly, there were new people to be met at Mrs. Jones', new débutantes to fascinate, new millionaires to cotton to; in short, new fields to conquer by virtue of the sword of his social charm. So he remarked casually to Allyn that evening:

"You've been awfully good to put me up here for so long, and I've had a perfectly ripping time. Now that my match is over I've really no excuse for hanging on, but old lady Jones has asked me over to stay with her awhile and she's been so decent to me I rather feel as if I ought to go."

"Sorry to have you leave us," answered Allyn rather coldly. "But you'll no doubt enjoy yourself there for awhile. Anyhow, you can stay until the finals. When does she want you?"

"To-morrow," replied Tom, a little jarred by his friend's tone.

They were standing at the door of the Royal Suite on the point of going to bed, with the valet loitering unobtrusively in the offing. Tom wondered if Allyn knew anything about Lulie. It was quite unlikely. But it would be a relief to get out of the house. The valet could pack his things the first thing in the morning. The valet! It came to him suddenly that the man would have a right to expect a handsome gratuity for waiting upon him for a month—twenty-five dollars at least! And there would be the butler, and the three footmen that were always on duty in the hall and dining room, and the two chambermaids, and—horrors!—the four different coachmen and grooms had taken him about, and the steward on the yacht, and the quartermaster on the launch, and the man that carried the trunks, and maybe the housekeeper. It would make a hundred-dollar bill look sick. He almost turned faint, and poured himself a Scotch and soda. Then he took the bull by the horns.

"Damn it all, Allyn!" he remarked, as if the thought had just occurred to him. "I find I've run short again! Can you lend me another hundred?"

Involuntarily He Uttered a Smothered Expression of Impatience at His Predicament

Allyn smiled. "I think so," he said, not unkindly. "Eight hundred now, isn't it?" He stepped inside the threshold and closed the door behind him. "Look here, old man, you don't mind my speaking, do you? You're really hitting up too hot a pace! You see, you're my guest and all that, and I feel it's partly my—all our—fault. But you simply mustn't go on this way. Don't think I'm afraid I'll lose my money.

"You know it isn't that. I shan't think of it again. It's you I'm worried about. You may think it funny, coming from me! But you make us all look like pikers. You'll kill yourself!"

"I don't know what you mean at all!" answered Tom, taken utterly by surprise.

Allyn decanted a glass of whisky and threw himself back in a leather chair.

"Don't be sore on me," he continued. "You're different from us—or at least you were. That's the point, and I feel responsible. You'd hit the bottle a little in Cambridge, but when you landed in Newport you were pretty much all to the good—sound in wind and limb—a clean-minded, jolly, simple old Boston son of a gun. Now look at you! All out of condition. Panting and wallowing like a walrus all over the court in a national tournament. Throwing round money like water. Dangling after a lot of little girls and letting them flatter you. Sucking up as much rum as I do—and more. Smoking yourself to death. And finally, getting pie-eyed, you get a stranglehold upon my esteemed married sister and kiss her right in front of her hubby. Really, you know, the thing isn't done—except in novels, maybe!"

He laughed with a flat attempt at gayety, obviously trying to make things as easy as possible for his friend. But his words made Tom writhe.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about me!" he stammered.

He knew Allyn meant it in all kindness, and yet he could not bring himself to take such a dressing down in good part. Allyn had done nothing less than insult him. He took a few turns up and down the room to get his bearings.

"Don't be angry with me, old top!" Allyn hurried on. "You see it's only because we're so fond of you that it makes any difference. Now there's Parry ——"

"Oh, he's been talking about me, too, has he?" snapped Tom.

"Oh, no! Parry's one of your best friends ——"

"The hell he is! Look here, Allyn. You may mean well enough, but it strikes me you're going a bit too far. If that's the way you feel, the sooner I leave the better."

His egotism had overcome his humiliation and he spoke now with lowered lids and a curl on his lips. Allyn rose. He could not insult a guest, even if the guest had abused his hospitality.

"Look here, Tom!" he said earnestly. "Don't be sore! Of course I took a chance in speaking, but I was honestly worried about you. I'm sorry if I've hurt your feelings. But, you see, I was only doing it for your own good. I may be wrong, at that! Let's be friends, anyhow! Give us your paw, old bear!"

He held out his hand and Tom, who recognized that he deserved every word that Allyn had uttered, and more, and that his pose of righteous indignation was absurd, took it in his.

"That's all right, Allyn!" he said gruffly.

"That's a good Kelly!" answered Allyn heartily.

It was—or should have been—the cue to a real reconciliation, to a frank confession and apology on Tom's part, to a new endeavor—more tactful perhaps—on that of his friend to put him right. A blur came over Tom's eyes. He knew he was a swine! Knew that it was all true! And Allyn was a good sort to tell him! His heart warmed to his friend; he wanted to throw his arm round his shoulder and beg his pardon; to make it all up and admit what a nincompoop he was! For Tom, in the inner recesses of his soul, preserved an inviable set of spiritual weights and measures which he sometimes used unconsciously. He recognized perfectly well that he was a swine, but he excused himself on the ground that he was living in the same pen and feeding out of the same trough with like animals. As long as he was doing so his swinishness did not seem to him to carry with it the same moral obliquity. He was in Rome and doing as the Romans did, that was all. And now as he looked into Allyn's kindly eyes his better nature gained the ascendant. He was on the point of bursting out into a full confession of his swinishness and an appeal to Allyn to help him turn his back upon it.

Allyn, holding Tom's right hand in his, unconsciously thrust his left into his trousers pocket. It came in contact with a roll of crisp bills. Allyn was only aware that Tom had "come round" and was no longer angry with him. He had no intimation of the depths to which his friend's nature had been stirred—how near Tom really was to an emotional crisis which might have had a revolutionary result upon his character and future. Allyn's fingers closed on the bills and he instinctively drew them forth at the very instant that Tom was about to lay bare his soul.

(Continued on Page 105)

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The Soldier's Risk

CHINS up and smiling, a score of young conscripts caught step and swung across the courthouse yard toward the railroad station where they would take a train for their cantonment. The band played, the crowd cheered, and all those present—to nearly every one of whom one or more of those marching boys was an intimate figure, known time out of mind by his nickname—felt that they were experiencing one of life's high moments.

And as the crowd began to disperse a middle-aged professional man, who ought to have known better, remarked somberly to his companion: "All the same, when they step aboard a transport for France they can kiss themselves good-by."

A bald statement that ten million men have been killed in this war almost inevitably gives an exaggerated idea of its deadliness, because the proportion is left out of account. That statement has given rise to all sorts of grotesque mortality reports—many of them innocent, but some of them undoubtedly malicious—by which it would appear that the life of a soldier at the Front was only a matter of so many weeks or months. A child ought to know that such grisly reports can have no relationship whatever to the facts.

Say we now have a million men under arms, all in good health and of an average age of twenty-five. Say peace comes to-morrow and those men return to nonhazardous civil occupations. Eight thousand of them will surely die within a year. Mortuary statistics covering many years show that indubitably. Among those of them who engage in hazardous occupations the ratio will be higher.

By exactly what figure war will multiply that ratio no one can pretend to tell. But it is a fact that the mortality rate on the Western Front has been decreasing for some time; that eighty-five per cent or more of the wounded recover full physical efficiency; and that if a million Americans were engaged at the Front throughout 1918 the death rate for the United States that year would still be decidedly lower than it was in 1900.

It is a deadly and terrible business; but gross exaggerations of its deadliness are a superfluous cruelty.

Neutral Shipping

AT THIS writing some four hundred thousand tons of Dutch and Scandinavian shipping lies idle in American harbors. Its owners are in a very difficult position. Germany virtually has a gun at their heads. On the other hand, the United States and the Allies cannot permit them to use this shipping in the German interest. It now lies idle; and, next to using it in the transportation of supplies that will find their way to Germany, the Kaiser would prefer to have it idle, for that takes just so much out of the tonnage available to the Allies.

The way out of the dilemma is for the United States to commandeer this neutral shipping. Eminent authorities on international law, such as Frederic R. Coudert and Professor Stowell, say that this would be strictly in accordance with international law and usage, and cite precedents to prove it. A government at war may seize any privately owned property within its jurisdiction, whether the owner is a subject or an alien—paying the owner, of course, a fair price therefor. Recently this Government commandeered several hundred thousand tons of unfinished ships that were being built in American yards for foreign owners. The principle is the same, whether the vessel is unfinished or finished.

Probably this would please the Dutch and Scandinavian owners, whatever they might feel bound to say about it in public; for it would get them out of a trying and unprofitable situation. Otherwise, so long as war lasts, they will remain between the devil and the deep sea. The United States and its allies cannot afford to let nearly half a million tons of good shipping decay at American docks.

An Unlimited Liability

BY FAR the greatest of revolutions was the Industrial Revolution—that broad change in human society which attended the supplanting of home hand production by machine factory production. Take any conspicuous detail in which the nineteenth century differs from the eighteenth and you will probably find that it runs back finally to a mechanical invention. Throughout two-thirds of the century the condition of society was determined much more by the state of the mechanical arts than by politicians, warriors or teachers.

A distinguished economist now urges that this same factor—the state of the mechanical arts—is pushing war off the stage, and of itself necessitates a new relationship among leading nations by which peace may be assured.

Mechanical science has already vastly changed and will soon completely change the conditions of warfare. Inventions make war an unlimited liability in a new way. Probably within five years it will be as practicable for an enemy to attack Chicago and Denver, or Berlin and Munich, as New York or Bremen. Already Englishmen have been killed on their own soil by an invading enemy for the first time since the Stuarts, and a German submarine has visited American ports. Already scarcely any spot in a belligerent country is beyond an enemy's reach. If there should be a war ten years hence between a Power as ready as Germany was in 1914 and one as unready as the United States then was, the former could wreak incalculable destruction upon the latter within a month; no spot in it would be safe. And the cost of adequate preparation for war by competitive arming would lay an intolerable burden on the world.

The cost of playing the old game puts it out of the question. Development of the mechanical arts vetoes it. Only a few people in control of dynastic states and their entourage have any real motive for regretting the veto.

The Invincibility Myth

FOR more than forty years after Sedan no traveler from any other land published his impressions of Germany without mentioning that it had the best army in the world. In August, 1914, Germany probably did have the best drilled and equipped land force in Europe.

But more military history has been made since that date than in the century between Waterloo and the violation of Belgium. It is rather doubtful that the German Army, man for man, is now the equal in morale and equipment of the French and British. It is simply absurd, in the face of what has happened since the Crown Prince launched his attack upon Verdun, to impute superiority to the Kaiser's troops.

But a tradition carefully inculcated at home and abroad for more than forty years dies hard. Every now and then we meet an American who shakes his head lugubriously over German invincibility on land.

Superiority in drill, morale and equipment should give an army a decided tactical advantage. Its workmanship should be superior. In executing a given strategic movement it should carry out the plan with greater precision and soldierly competence. But there was no inferiority in French tactics at the crucial Battle of the Marne.

Three years of intensive training under conditions of actual warfare will do more to make an army than any amount of drill with blank cartridges. The troops opposed to Germany in France are now as well drilled in every respect as the enemy. Imputing invincibility to the German Army amounts simply to subscribing to the Kaiser's amiable theory that Germans are an inherently superior race. That is all the Kaiser asks of anybody.

Germany's location gives it an important strategic advantage. It derives a moral advantage, to which it is not entitled, from everybody among its enemies who talks about its invincibility.

A Budget

CONGRESS began considering war taxation last spring on a Treasury estimate that the first year's requirement would be seven billion dollars, of which three billions would be loaned to the Allies. The House had scarcely framed its bill before this estimate was largely increased. Since then estimates—some of them official and some bearing the air of official sanction—have issued from Washington in bewildering fashion. The other day a big bank that specializes in Government finances compiled a table of what seemed to be official figures, by which it appeared that the Government proposed to raise twenty-one billion dollars in the current fiscal year.

Every allowance must be made for an extraordinary situation. Even then, there seems no good reason why the country should be confused by statements, coming from sources usually regarded as trustworthy in such matters, which differ by so much as ten billion dollars as to what the first year of war will cost.

This confusion brings out painfully the lack of any real budgetary authority in our Government. It is true the British budget estimates have regularly fallen somewhat short. Yet from the beginning of the war there has always been available to the British public a clear, easily understood and approximately trustworthy statement of what the war was going to cost in a given year, and how the money was to be found. To appreciate the difference one need only turn to the files of any British publication that pays attention to finance, and then to the files of corresponding American publications.

There is no need to blame an overworked Secretary of the Treasury. The blame attaches to the system, or absence of a system. There is nobody with authority and responsibility to map out a fiscal program for the Government. There is no document, corresponding to a British budget speech, to which one can turn for a comprehensive and authoritative survey of Government finances.

A Government that is spending ten billions—or twenty billions—a year needs a real budget as much as a business concern needs a balance sheet.

Make it Ten Millions

TO THE third British war loan and to the fourth German war loan there were more than five million subscribers. There should be ten million subscribers to our second loan.

Four millions subscribed to our first loan, which was eminently satisfactory under the circumstances. Probably three-quarters of those subscriptions were obtained in the last few weeks of the campaign, as people began to understand that buying a bond was a vote of confidence in their Government as it stood to arms in front of a ruthless foe.

There was never any doubt that the loan would be taken. The banks would have shouldered it if necessary. What the country supremely needed was a response by the people to the Government's appeal—such a showing as would give the lie once for all to the German statement that this Government was dragging the country into war against the will of the people.

If such a response had not been forthcoming the failure would have been worth far more to the Kaiser than the capture of Riga. It would have vastly strengthened the Prussian hand both at home and abroad; for it would have been taken as proof that the American people were not interested in the war. Any man or woman who possibly can subscribe to a bond and does not is encouraging the enemy and increasing the American soldier's task. An oversubscribed loan, with ten million names on the list, will count for our Battle of the Marne. We should be satisfied with nothing less than that. The Kaiser will count the subscriptions. So will the boys in the cantonments. Show them both where you stand.

War's Paper Profits

PROFITS of the Bethlehem Steel Company in 1913 were under nine million dollars. Last year they were over sixty millions. These were war profits. Last winter the company borrowed fifty millions. Recently it secured an additional thirty million dollars of capital by the sale of eight-per-cent preferred stock.

In other words, more than the total amount of its war profits has gone back into the business to extend its plants.

At the end of 1913 orders on its books amounted to less than twenty-five million dollars. They now amount to more than three hundred millions. To fill these orders—a considerable part of them for the Government—requires an additional investment in plant amounting to more than a hundred million dollars. This addition is made when the cost of material and labor is far above normal. Part of the addition, made especially for war business, may be subject to a heavy depreciation charge when war is over.

The situation of this company is quite typical. A considerable part of past and present war profits are paper profits—figures in a book representing investment in additional buildings and machinery, whose actual value and dividend-producing power under peace conditions are more or less problematical. Obviously such profits are not legitimately subject to taxation to the same extent as profits actually drawn out of the business and distributed among shareholders as dividends. No doubt it was with such typical cases in mind that the Senate rejected the most radical proposals for excess-profits taxation.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Thomas H. Barry

THE list of Major General Barry's activities, which is much too long to be detailed here, includes service in China during the Boxer riots, service in the Philippines as chief of staff, command of the Army of Pacification in Cuba, the superintendency of West Point, and the command of the Eastern Department and now the Central Department. General Barry is the best type of American soldier.

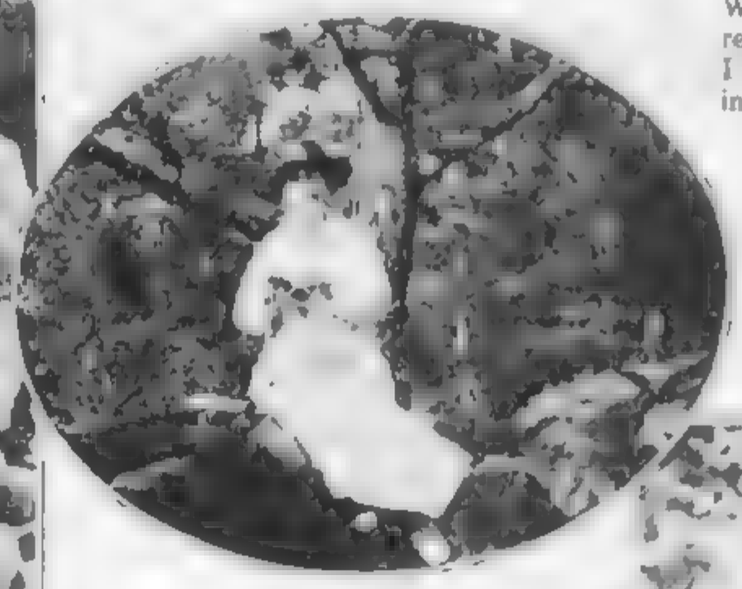
When seeking an answer to the question—"Who will be the next chief of staff?"—people should look toward Chicago.

Lady Borden, Herself

By Someone Else

LADY BORDEN, the wife of the Prime Minister of Canada, first came to live at Ottawa twenty-one years ago, accompanying her husband, then Mr. Robert Laird Borden, K. C., of Halifax, N. S., who had been elected

(Concluded on Page 102)



Mary M. Bartelme

FIRST a lawyer, then guardian of the orphans of Cook County, and to-day judge of the Juvenile Court of Chicago—such is the brief outline of Miss Bartelme's career. The real story of her success lies in her talent for mothering the children that come under her jurisdiction and for winning the confidence of delinquent girls.

Her ability to handle them sometimes looks like magic, and it probably is—the magic of a woman's big heart.

Roland S. Morris

IN 1913, when Mr. Guthrie resigned from the position of Democratic State Chairman for Pennsylvania to accept the appointment as Ambassador to Japan, Mr. Morris was elected in his place; and recently, when the position of Ambassador to Japan was left vacant by the death of Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Morris was again chosen to succeed him. The new Ambassador, who is shown on the page sitting at his desk, is a student of Japanese affairs and international law, and is one of the leading Democrats of Pennsylvania.

Irvin S. Cobb, By Himself

(Accompanied by a Picture of Irvin S. Cobb, Also By Himself)

NEAR OSSINING, N. Y.,
Oct. —— 1917.

EDITOR SAT. EVE. POST,
PHILA., PENNA.

DEAR ED.: Your letter, dated sometime in April, and asking for an autobiographical sketch for your Who's Who and Why page, is at hand and contents noted. In reply to same would say:

I strive to please, but in making this request you put me in an embarrassing position. If in writing about myself I do the subject justice, people will be apt to say I am lacking in modesty; and if, on the other hand, I exhibit modesty, I cannot possibly hope to do the subject justice. So don't you see, my dear Ed., that either way I am left in a hole

Irvin S. Cobb, of whom I have the honor to be whom, was born, successfully, in Paducah, Kentucky,

(Concluded on Page 102)

FRESH-WATER SALTS

A Big Camp in Course of Construction. Three Thousand Workmen are Employed Here

By Forrest Crissey

THE world's greatest naval training station, the biggest feeder of fresh bluejacket blood to Uncle Sam's Fleet, is situated a thousand miles from salt water. Already it has sent nearly fifty thousand hand-picked specimens of American boyhood to the fighting ships, with hardly a Jacky among them who has yet made his first bow to the briny deep.

Before snow flies the force of three thousand civilian workmen now building miles of barracks at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station will have snug winter quarters ready for twenty-five thousand additional men; and there are now about twelve thousand in training there. These fresh-water Jackies are the sort to make any normal American heart beat with big thumps of pride. They have not been inspected by a father, mother or maid who has not pronounced them marvelously good to look at.

In its earliest infancy experts regarded this remote inland naval station as one of the driest jokes ever perpetrated by a Congressional appropriation committee, and visiting critics seldom failed to remark its resemblance to a neatly trimmed piece of pork.

To-day not a trace of this resemblance remains. There is no suggestion of anything porky about this athletic young naval giant, straining to the task of furnishing the fleet with fully sixty per cent of its recruits. The joke is decidedly on those cynics who failed to see, at the conception of the enterprise, the strategic value of the inland location of the station, and what it would be able to do for the navy in a time of supreme test like the present.

Perhaps, however, the great Middle West would not have poured out its wealth of boyhood quite so generously for the fleet if the fresh-water naval station had not come under the command of an officer with vision enough to see what a powerful appeal it could be made to exert upon the patriotic impulses of an inland people hundreds of miles from the ocean. But fortunately, a short time before the outbreak of the war, a far-sighted officer, Captain Moffett, was assigned to this uncoveted station. His shrewd analysis of the situation led him to see that his landlocked station was naturally destined to serve as the connecting link between the American Navy and that great central inland section of our nation between the Alleghany Mountains and the Rocky Mountains; that the weakness of a naval station located a thousand miles from salt water was, in fact, its chief element of strength; and that it was his task to make it interpret the navy to these inhabitants of the remote interior.

Gentlemen Rankers

HE SAW, too, that the landlocked plowboy of the great central prairies and plains was really the youth who looked upon the roving life of the high seas as the supreme romance, the last word in splendid adventure. In this understanding that in every human breast is an unquenchable thirst for variety, for change of scene and experience, undoubtedly lies the secret of the fact that this station—only a few miles from the commercial capital of interior America—has become the most important intake for the forces of our navy. The latent dream of high-sea romance lurking in the minds of American boys who do not know the smell of salt water is the target at which this keen officer has aimed every effort. That he has found the firing range and put his shots in the right place must be conceded.

Without this vision on his part the station would probably still retain its early resemblance to a fat chunk of political pork; and its chief utility in our present national crisis would probably be that of furnishing a convenient social parade ground for that part of fashionable Chicago popularly known as the Gold Coast, which has always been inclined to specialize in shoulder straps.

Speaking of fashionable society in connection with the Naval Station suggests the advisability of hinting that it is not quite safe for the visiting stranger to assume that all the boys in blue or white "middies" have come from the plow, the mechanic's bench, the store or the accountant's desk. Recently an aristocratic foreigner from one of the proudest of the neutral nations paid a visit to the station. When he was ready to leave the Administration Building it was found that a special emergency had suddenly depleted the available force of official motor cars. Not even a flivver was to be found in which to take the visitor to his train.

The ensign who was looking after the comfort of the caller from abroad looked worried. Suddenly an apprentice seaman stepped forward, saluted and said:

"Will you take my car, sir?"

"Sure! And thanks," answered the officer. "Will you bring it round right away?"

It was a car of the most expensive type made in America. After they had been carried to the railroad station and the car was dismissed, the visitor said:

"Will you let me ask whether that car is owned by an apprentice seaman?"

"Certainly," responded the ensign; "and he also owns a house a few miles from here that cost him two hundred thousand dollars to build. When he found he couldn't capture a commission offhand he enlisted, along with the son of his gardener. Couldn't wait. Just had to get into it right away—quick! This is America, you know—and the Middle West! Chicago's only thirty miles away."

"Yes," exclaimed the foreigner; "you have said it. This is America! But tell me more."

"Perhaps you noticed," resumed the ensign, "a young chap, with a roll of blue prints in his hand, coming up the steps just as we were leaving the Administration Building. His rank is chief carpenter's mate. Personally he's one of the cleverest young architects in the country—a graduate of a great Eastern university. Came to Lake Forest—a fashionable millionaire settlement near by—to superintend the building of two or three beautiful houses. Happened to see a Wednesday afternoon review here, and the thing swept him off his feet. He just had to get into it. There are plenty of others here like him; in fact, I'd hate to have the job of taking a census of all the enlisted men here who have motor cars of their own—good ones too! Hundreds of them have comfortable fortunes, and scores are really wealthy. Of course those who might be called topnotchers have no intention of staying in the apprentice-seaman class. They are out after shoulder straps; and the chances are ten to one that they'll get them too."

Chances for Promotion

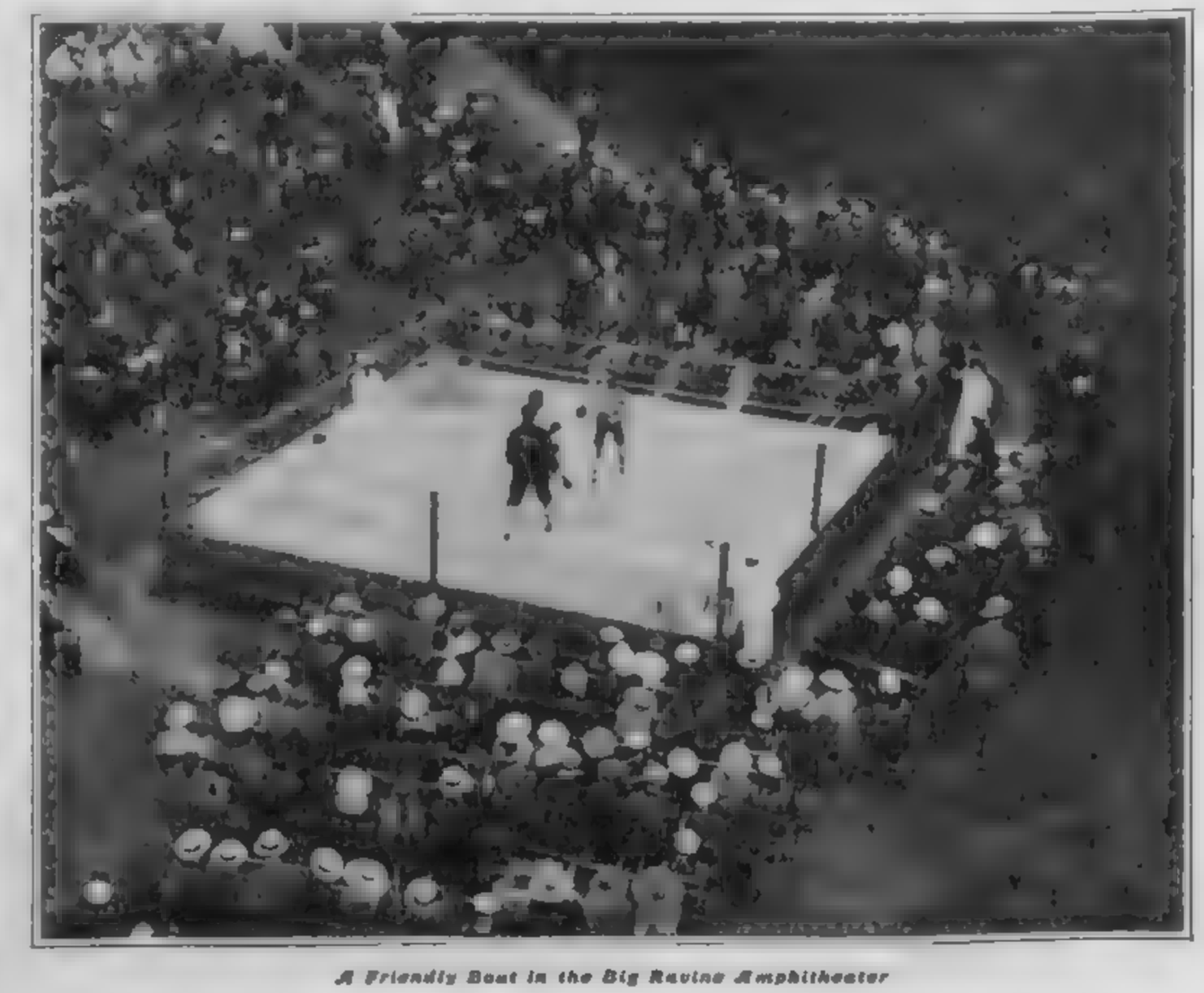
IN VIEW of the fact that there are only three regular Annapolis-trained naval officers on active duty at this station, it would seem likely that this prophecy might be realized. Gold braid is about as scarce an article at the world's greatest naval training station as are battleships. Here a warrant officer looks as large as an admiral, and a noncommissioned officer of the third grade gets reverence enough to satisfy a commander in times of peace.

This fact tells the story of the acute pressure of demand that the war has created in naval circles for men in all ranks of authority. Promotion, probably on an unprecedented scale, is the order of the day; and the line between commissioned officers and warrant and noncommissioned officers was perhaps never before so yielding as now. The Jackies who dream of themselves as embryo officers are not so foolish as they might seem. Probably a thousand of them at the Great Lakes Station are giving every available hour to study with a direct ambition to break into the commissioned-officers' class.

Each year one hundred enlisted men are selected by competitive examination to enter Annapolis, and the boys on the shore of Lake Michigan intend to fill about one hundred per cent of those opportunities. Then there are other thousands who look to active service in the present war to put them in possession of commissions. A chief petty officer puts it this way:

"Things have moved so fast out here that you can't blame a recruit

(Continued on Page 30)



A Friendly Bout in the Big Ravine Amphitheater

"The fruit of my favorite vine;
A tonic that's better than wine—
It fills me with rapture, such goodness to capture,
And have it all winter for mine!"

Fresh delicious vine-ripened tomatoes!

In this tempting Campbell's Soup we have captured all their pleasing qualities for your winter table.

Do you realize what a treasure of appetizing and health-giving properties nature has stored up for you in such tomatoes as these?

Beside their delightful taste and flavor, tomatoes which are properly ripened on the vines contain tonic elements of the highest value—elements which only nature can produce in her great out-door laboratories under the glowing summer sun. And all these desirable qualities are completely retained in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Not only retained but rendered even more pleasing and beneficial.

The tomatoes are gathered in their best condition. We receive them without delay; fresh from the farms—solid, red-ripe and juicy. And we make them into soup the same day. You do not get such tomatoes in the market. You could not have more fresh and perfect tomatoes if you picked them in your own garden.

We wash them five times—in warm water and cold—to remove every particle of sand or soil. Every stem or any defective specimen is removed. We strain them four times—to eliminate every trace of skin, seeds and core-fibre. We blend the pure fruity part and rich juice with choice butter, granulated sugar, spices and other nourishing ingredients, producing a soup which cannot be surpassed for purity, smoothness and enticing flavor.

Now is the time for the foresighted housewife to look ahead, and think of the coming season. Order this wholesome soup from your grocer by the dozen or the case; and so make sure of the full enjoyment and benefit of it all winter long.

21 kinds

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

for feeling that almost anything is liable to happen to him. He knows that he can't go lower unless he is put out of the service. On the other hand, he learns that he is being ordered about by young men who have been here only a few months. Then, too, he sees a thousand to three thousand Jackies being sent on to the fleet each week; and he hears that, earlier in the year, some greenhorns were hurried forward to the coast when they had spent only three days instead of the usual three months at the station. Naturally he concludes that, with so much doing and with such an insatiable demand for men on the fighting ships, he can hardly escape promotion if he makes a fair and decent attempt to win it."

As the train from Chicago pulls into Great Lakes the first thing that meets the eye of the visitor is a high iron fence inclosing a seemingly endless field of close-set tents. In front of these lounge some of the choicest specimens of American homesickness in captivity. Officially this exhibit is known as the Detention Camp. Its inhabitants are the new arrivals who have suffered their first wounds in the form of arm shots from inoculating needles. The immediate effects of the serum are not especially soothing; many of the boys are away from home for the first time; they are shut away from all the pleasant activities of the station, permitted to mingle with only the members of their own companies, and have not even the consolation of seeing any of the big ball games. They can only listen to the cheers that drift to them from the far-away bleachers of the Varsity team.

It's a matter of history, however, that the sentries who pace the Detention Camp are probably the most human and obliging Jackies that ever stood guard. They have even been known to go so far as to suggest to some extreme sufferer from homesickness that a mother might stand a reasonable distance outside the fence and have quite a consoling talk with a son inside. As a result of this obliging sentry code, the greensward outside the iron fence is worn into deep paths by the feet of mothers who have come from a score of states in order to cheer the first absence of the future admirals. Though they are not permitted even to touch the hands of their boys, it cannot be denied that many a sentry has turned his back while a box of homemade doughnuts or cookies found its way between the bars of the fence. There isn't another place in America where the possible mother of a grown boy is more certain of running a gantlet of gallant attentions than at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Packie and His Job

JACKIES jump to give aid or information to women who are in middle life; and many of them, unhesitatingly desert—at least temporarily—young girls in order to serve some mother who is apparently looking for her boy.

At a Wednesday review, when the station's six hundred acres swarmed with visitors, an officer looked down upon the scene and remarked:

"If you want to realize what a fine class of boys and young men is passing through this station to the fleet, just study the young-women visitors. That tells the story. They are almost universally wholesome—home folks of the right sort. This is only one of many things that contradict the common notion about the personnel of the American Navy; the wholesome smashing of old bluejacket traditions. Our battleships to-day are being manned with the best, soundest, keenest and cleanest young chaps this country has been able to produce. They're not mollycoddles by any means; but they're a long way from the roistering irresponsibles they are so generally supposed to be.

"The kind of Jacky we're sending forward to the fleet is studying a trade, a profession, or navigation, and is more likely to be dreaming of a coming examination, or how he can achieve shoulder straps, than of the delights of a wild night ashore. Why, you can find more college men in this camp to-day—twice over—than are enrolled as undergraduates in any university in America. If they were allowed to swap their blue blouses for the sweaters of their colleges you'd think you were at a big Thanksgiving game!"

There are a good many thousand mothers in the Middle West who are consumed with anxiety as to what their boys are undergoing at the Great Lakes Station. This is especially true of those whose boys are in the first weeks of their war absence; in fact, the detention period is probably harder

Armor Plate With Decoration

on the mothers than on the boys. The star question in letters from home—thousands of them in every day's mail—is: "Do you get good food, and plenty of it?" The answers to this question are unanimous: "You bet we do!" And then follow pages of glowing details in praise of the cooking achievements of sleek, cheerful Packie Schwartz, the head cook of the Detention Camp. He is the station's specialist in putting meat—good solid muscle too—on the bones of raw recruits for the navy.

The popularity of Packie with the boys fresh from the homes of the Central West is so great that hundreds of mothers are just a bit jealous of him. One of these wrote back to her boy: "If you ever get married I'll remind you, as you start in housekeeping, not to treat your wife to the kind of eulogies of Packie Schwartz and his art that take so much space in your letters. Evidently it will be unnecessary to give you any such caution concerning mention of your mother's cookery."

But while the embryo Jackies are strong for Packie, the sentiment is more than reciprocated by the swarthy chief of the Detention Camp galley.

"He's crazy about 'em!" declares the chief petty officer in charge of the camp. "His one terror is that something will take him away from them; and his boast is that, on the average, he is able to increase their weight several pounds apiece in the short time they are in his hands."

Not long ago Packie heard he was booked for a change that any other cook in his position would have considered highly desirable. Instantly Packie exerted all the pull he could to prevent his removal from the job of superintending the feeding of the boys fresh from their homes.

"Say," he urged, "ain't that the time when a boy needs a friend? I just gotta look after 'em when they first come in, an' get 'em started right. If they like their feed at the start the navy looks all right to 'em. That's the boy of it; man, too, for that matter. But if their food doesn't set well they're sore on their new job and can't get up any enthusiasm. And first impressions stick; you can't get rid of 'em. After the boys really get settled into the work here it doesn't make much difference what you feed 'em. They work up such appetites that almost anything would taste good to 'em. The first fortnight of feeding is where the trouble comes in; and that's where I can do the most good. It's my job tiding 'em over the change from home to camp."

Great Material for Sailors

ALL mothers of bluejackets at the Great Lakes Station may put their minds at ease on the score of the kind and quality of nourishment served to their Jacky sons. A harvest hand couldn't ask for more, and its quality surely is up to the standard of the average home. The only thing about a crew's mess at the Detention Camp that might make some mothers wince a little as spectators is its lack of formality. The ordinary picnic is a state ceremony by comparison. In exactly fifteen minutes at the main mess of the Detention Camp rations are issued to one thousand men. This is the regular schedule, and it is accomplished with less confusion than the seating of a hundred men at a banquet table.

The receiving line passes a big box, from which each man takes an aluminium mess kit, the main feature of which is a divided plate. Then, as Jacky passes each food stand, he is given his portion.

To acquire a load consisting, for instance, of Hamburg loaf, bread, mashed potatoes, corn on the cob, cold beans, watermelon and tea, and carry it to a place of safety without halting the line, is a feat that few can perform the first time. But the ears of corn that wriggled away from the nervous or awkward Jackies and the ruddy disks of watermelon that slipped from their grasp were generously replaced.

Packie doesn't propose to let any mother's son of them go hungry—not if he knows it; and he generally stands where he can review the line.

The detention mess is eaten in the open. The boys are seated on boxes and on the grass, or they stand at an occasional rough table or platform.

"How do you like it?" I asked a group of hungry young chaps eating at a carpenter's bench.

Tossing aside a crescent of watermelon rind, one boy answered:

"It's great! They treat you right, all round. I didn't enlist for the purpose of finding a good boarding house—you bet I didn't! But if my motive hadn't been above that I might have gone farther and fared worse. Honest, I haven't found a boy here—not one—who isn't glad he came. I'm a college man, and so are most of the lads in my company. We all came from good average homes, and every one of our crowd has confessed that he already feels at home here."

"Mighty decent bunch, I call 'em," interrupted a chap struggling with an ear of sweet corn.

"I'm prouder," said the boy at his right, "of my bluejacket uniform than I am of my college sheepskin—an' that's going some! My family had fits when I joined—thought the Jackies were a lot of bums. But I've learned that that's old stuff. The folks at home—mine and those of all the twelve thousand here—are going to find out that the new blood flowing into the fleet is about as good as you can find anywhere. I guess it'll analyze as high in general decency and intelligence as that of the ordinary college alumni. Anyhow, I'm trying to say that I like the bunch; and I'm glad I belong!"

Then these boys from Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana fell into line again, scrubbed their kits with brushes at the row of pails and sterilized them in tanks of boiling water beside the galley. Then they were inspected by a detail from the medical corps and returned to the huge box from which they had been drawn.

Between mouthfuls of Hamburg loaf a boy from Oklahoma pointed at a large sign and volunteered:

"Douglas Fairbanks to-night! Gee, but I call that playing square with us greenhorns! The officer who runs the screen attractions here certainly knows

(Continued on Page 33)

Learning the Bends, Hitches and Splices

Styleplus Clothes

$17 and $21

Each grade the standard of style and quality

Each grade the same price the nation over

Back of Styleplus success is the *Styleplus Idea* —style plus guaranteed quality at a known price.

This national clothing policy, exclusive to Styleplus, has introduced a welcome element of *certainty* into clothes buying.

During the last three years—despite the war—we have maintained Styleplus at $17. Buying ahead and manufacturing on an increasingly larger scale enabled us to hold the price by lowering the costs.

Now the United States is at war and new conditions prevail in the fabric market. To meet them and to insure offering you an even wider range of fabrics and models than ever before, we have added a $21 grade.

Men are now more than ever required to exercise intelligence in buying their clothes. Styleplus give you the good appearance you want and the sturdy wear at the price which appeals to your sense of economy.

The young man and the older man will both find in Styleplus $17 or $21 the suit and overcoat that exactly answer his tastes and needs. Each grade is the greatest value possible at the price. Visit your Styleplus Store today!

Styleplus Clothes $17 (black label) always excel at that price.
Styleplus Clothes $21 (green label) always excel at that price.

Style plus all-wool fabrics + perfect fit + expert workmanship + guaranteed wear

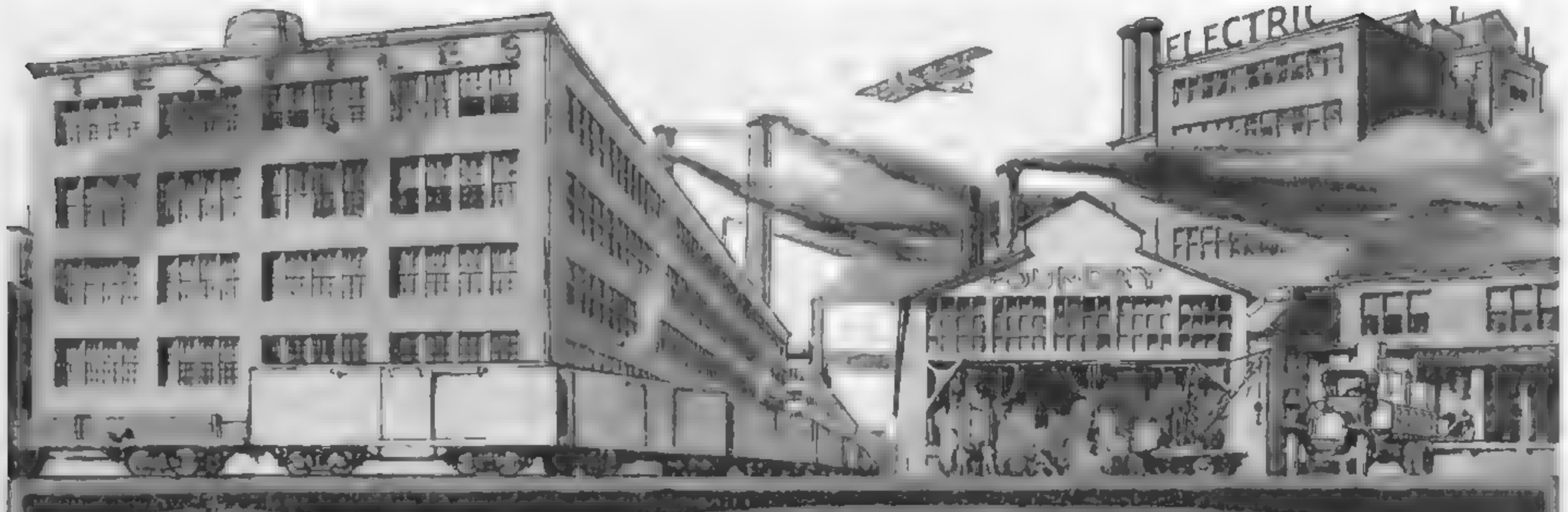
One of the leading stores in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus. Look for the Styleplus window display. Look for the Styleplus label in the coat. If there is not a Styleplus store in your town, ask your dealer to order a Styleplus suit or overcoat for you. Write us for free copy of "The Styleplus Book."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., INC.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

Styleplus Clothes $17

Styleplus Clothes $21

the same prices the nation over



Grease the Wheels of Industry

Conservation of machinery is a matter of both personal profit and patriotic duty. Correct lubrication is vital to continuous and efficient operation and to the very life of machinery, whether in the smallest shops or in the huge mills, railways and manufacturing plants.

Special Oils and Greases—

—sometimes a comparatively small item in plant purchasing—have, with scientific investigation, become more and more recognized as important factors, *because of their effect on machinery operation and upkeep.*

The national necessity for efficient and economical machinery operation has awakened owners and operators as never before to the importance of scientific selection of special lubricants for individual machine parts.

***Announcing* SLO-FLO,** *a slow-flowing lubricant for high speed machinery and excessive heat conditions* to meet the requirements of delicate, fast-running machinery in textile and other mills wherever an especially high grade lubricant is required. Its slow-flowing, *clinging* qualities, which prevent dripping or spattering while giving maximum lubrication, make possible large economies over oils for many machine uses—these same qualities make it especially desirable in many places where greases are impossible.

Made in a variety of densities, from an exceedingly light grade for small, delicate parts, to an extremely heavy grade for the more massive work in machine shops, rolling mills, etc., etc.

Manufactured in one of the great Swan & Finch plants under the direction of Swan & Finch Engineering Department, this product, known as "non-fluid oil," has been marketed among textile mills by a large Eastern distributor for more than 15 years with rapidly growing success

NOW bearing the name of "Slo-Flo," and backed by the well-known S-F Atlas trade mark and guarantee of quality, this high grade lubricant is today being offered to manufacturers in various industries, by the Swan & Finch sales organization and distributors.

The development of special oils and greases for special machine lubrication and industrial manufacturing.

The constant danger of hot boxes and excessive material and labor costs, due to frequent car journal re-packing, brought about the development of another special lubricant by Swan & Finch engineers—the asbestos wool and grease combination, *Asbestese.*

* * *

A special oil product which has solved a serious problem in foundry efficiency is *Corul*, a combination of special oils. Developed by Swan & Finch Engineering Department, *Corul* meets *the 11 requirements* of perfect core making for malleable and grey iron castings.

* * *

The need of a special lubricant for aeroplane motors produced the now famous *AERUL.*

* * *

—and so on and on, until a scientifically correct lubricant for every machine need, and special products for many manufacturing purposes have been developed out of 64 years of experience by the Swan & Finch Engineering Department.

Special Greases

As the original manufacturers of mineral oil greases, the Swan & Finch organization have always given particular attention to the manufacture and use of these products.

Correspondence is invited by the Engineering Department from manufacturers and machinery owners on all lubrication problems. Where complete information is received, engineering assistance and advice will be gladly and freely given regarding particular problems.

Specialties:—

SLO-FLO

A slow-flowing, high quality, economical lubr[illegible] adapted to high [illegible] Its clinging qualit[illegible] ful dripping and spattering while giving maximum lubrication with large economies over ordinary oils It will not stiffen like ordinary greases and yet will function properly under excessive heat conditions. A highly efficient protective for a wide range of machinery uses

CUPESE

The Swan & Finch "hall-mark" name of a complete line of quality cup greases. Produced by the original manufacturers of mineral oil grease as the highest quality machinery protective made.

ASBESTESE

An asbestos wool-mixed grease combination for correct car journal lubrication. An improvement on oil-soaked waste, where oil drips and necessitates frequent re-packing. Asbestese will lubricate efficiently without re-packing for from [illegible] eight months—under all conditions—and will stand up at 30° below and 100° above zero

CORUL

A combination of special oils that [illegible] requirements of perfect core making for malleable and grey iron castings. Corul is made to meet the needs of the most exacting job, and yet is economical enough to justify its use for all classes of work.

[illegible]

A practical quality oil for aeroplane motors. The correct viscosity combined with proper cold test values gives perfect seal and maximum horse power with maximum safety

MOTUL

A quality motor oil, produced in a variety of densities for every motor need—from heavy trucks and tractors to the delicate requirements of fine high speed multi-cylinder motor cars.

GEARESE

A correct lubricant for motor car transmissions and differentials Reduces friction, reduces wear Follows the gears continuously leaving no spots where metal can touch metal. Unaffected by temperature changes. Insures a silent, smooth-running car

TEXTUL

A special high quality oil product for wool and worsted manufacturers, produced after extensive research work by Swan & Finch Engineers. Commands all the good qualities of Red and Lard Oils and yet is offered at far less cost. Saponifies readily, carries well through the carding process and is easily washed out—needs no alkali added for emulsion.

MARINUL

A world-known special oil, produced to meet the excessive stresses of marine service

SWAN & FINCH AND COMPANY
NEW YORK

Quality Oils and Greases Since 1853

To factory, mill, railway supply, hardware and oil jobbers and automobile accessory jobbers and dealers:

An unusual cooperative distribution plan is open for the development of a large, permanent, profitable selling connection for the world-known S-F Atlas grease and oil specialties, to manufacturing and industrial plants, railways and auto accessory distributors. Write for prices, plans, territorial arrangements and complete description of products.

(Continued from Page 30

what's good for a fellow who might get homesick if he tried hard. Just let me see that Fairbanks smile again and I'll be as good as new."

"You gotta keep 'em goin' every minute. Isn't that so, sir?"

And the jolly head cook of the camp appealed to the ensign for confirmation of this philosophy—and got it.

As a diplomat Packie is a past master. One of the most flourishing kitchen gardens of Chicago's North Shore is within a stone's throw of Packie's galley, and is a standing testimonial to his fine sense of strategy.

So, too, are the beautiful flower beds and boxes which make the front of the building in which the food for thousands of boys is cooked look like a country mansion.

Persuaded by Pie

These are monuments to the persuasive might of a few well-placed beefsteaks. Probably no man living has a livelier or more practical understanding of the power of pie than Packie Schwartz.

He places it at the top of the list as a diplomatic agent.

He can always get any work done on the instant, no matter how menial or how far from routine requirement it may be. Why appeal to authority to have Jackies detailed to do gardening and kindred work of an unnaval character when a few wedges of pie and an occasional steak out of the regular order will put pep and willingness into such service?

Just to show that Jacky is getting a square deal on the score of food, the following menu for a week is offered for the study and criticism of inquiring mothers:

MONDAY

BREAKFAST

Fresh Fruit

Hamburg Loaf — Boiled Potatoes

Sugar — Rolls — Butter — Coffee

DINNER

German Pot Roast, Gravy — Boiled Peeled Potatoes

Creamed Cauliflower — Radishes

Cottage Pudding, Lemon Sauce

Bread — Butter — Coffee

SUPPER

Cold Roast Beef — German Fried Potatoes

Macaroni With Tomato Sauce

Rhubarb Pie — Bread — Butter — Tea

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit

Fresh Meat Hash — Catchup

Sugar Rolls — Butter — Coffee

DINNER

Roast Beef, Gravy

Mashed Potatoes — Creamed Carrots

Cake — Bread — Butter — Coffee

SUPPER

Beef Stew With Dumplings

Cucumber and Tomato Salad

Layer Cake — Bread — Butter — Tea

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST

Fresh Fruit

Pork and Beans — Catchup — Corn Muffins

Butter — Coffee

DINNER

Roast Chicken, Gravy — Mashed Potatoes

Peas — Sliced Tomatoes

Strawberries — Ice Cream — Coconut Cake

Bread — Butter — Coffee

SUPPER

Steamed Frankfurters — Fried Potatoes

Coleslaw — Cucumber Salad

Rhubarb Pie — Bread — Butter — Tea

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit

Fried Pork Sausage — Boiled Potatoes

Bread — Butter — Coffee

DINNER

Fresh Corned Beef — Cabbage

Boiled Potatoes — Sliced Tomatoes

Fresh Fruit — Cake

Bread — Butter — Tea

SUPPER

Fried Pork Chops, Gravy — Boiled Potatoes

Macaroni With Tomato Sauce

Coconut Cake — Bread — Butter — Tea

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST

Fresh Fruit

Scrambled Eggs

Bread — Butter — Coffee

DINNER

Roast Beef, Gravy

Boiled Potatoes — Lima Beans

Bananas

Bread — Butter — Coffee

SUPPER

Beef à la Mode — Boiled Potatoes — Coleslaw

Marble Cake

Bread — Butter — Tea

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST

Grapefruit

Pork and Beans — Catchup

Bread — Butter — Coffee

DINNER

Roast Pork, Gravy

Boiled Potatoes — Stewed Corn

Bread — Butter — Coffee

SUPPER

Cold Bologna — Fried Potatoes

Cucumber Salad

Cheese — Bread — Butter — Tea

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST

Fresh Fruit

Fried Ham and Scrambled Eggs

Bread — Butter — Coffee

DINNER

Fried Beefsteak, Onion Gravy

Mashed Potatoes — String Beans

Cake

Bread — Butter — Coffee

SUPPER

Cold Roast Beef — Sliced Tomatoes

Potato Salad

Rice Pudding

Bread — Butter — Tea

Though Packie doesn't pose as a mother in disguise, he could certainly qualify as a near mother—at least, according to the boys who pass through his hands. His understanding of boys isn't confined to their function as food reservoirs. Though he has seen about twenty years of service aboard ship, he has remembered more things from the ritual of boyhood than do most men of middle life. Therefore, he just naturally hits it off with the boys who are secretly a little homesick, and who are in haste to escape from the restraints of the Detention Camp and get into the big activities of the great training station. He has given many a boy good advice that saved him from mistakes in his first freedom as a Jacky in a brand-new uniform.

Mistaken Uniforms

On the subject of uniforms there is much to be said. In one respect Jacky has a distinct advantage over his officers—he is never mistaken by civilians for anything he is not. Every man, woman, boy or girl knows him for a bluejacket as far as he can be seen. But many an officer going forth in the glory of a fresh uniform has had decidedly disconcerting experiences with a sadly indiscriminating public.

Ensign Blossom, whose duties take him to Chicago daily, makes this confession:

"I was enlisted from civil life to do special work. Naturally when I was dressed in my first uniform I was not wholly unconscious of that fact. On the way from the Administration Building, at the Great Lakes Station, to the entrance gates a hundred or two hundred Jackies gave me the salute due an officer. Being entirely human, this didn't exactly tend to reduce my chest measure. On the train to the city several bluejackets saluted me and I had a chance to note the effect of this on the civilians who saw it.

"But in the big Northwestern Station I had a surprise coming to me. I had hardly entered it before a well-dressed woman beckoned to me. Supposing that she would likely inquire about visitors' day at the Great Lakes Station, I responded at once.

"Pointing to a pile of luggage at her feet, she crisply ordered:

"'Take it to the taxi entrance, please.'

"A grinning redcapped boy arrived at that instant; and as I turned away I heard him explaining that she had called a naval officer. Later in the day I went to keep an engagement at the roof garden of the

Distinctive Elegance

That distinctive elegance of fit, comfort and wear so gracefully attained in Everwear has made it the choice of millions whose keen judgment is quick to discriminate between true worth and its flattering imitation. Everwear is *not* high-priced.

For Men, Women and Children

Medium and light weights—black, white and popular shades—Pure thread silk, lisle and cotton.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO.
MILWAUKEE, WIS

Everwear Hosiery

$100 for the Best *Slogan* for LANGHAM-HIGH CLOTHES for Younger Young Men

A Distinctive Brand Designed Specially for Boys of High School Age, Wearing Sizes 31-36

BOYS, here is a chance for you to win $100. Simply think up a good slogan of not over 8 words and bring it to the Langham-High Dealer in your city. We will award the writer of the best slogan submitted, the $100 prize. If the winning slogan is submitted by more than one boy, each will receive $100. The National Contest closes November 15, 1917.

If there is no Langham-High Dealer in your city, bring it to the store where you buy your clothes. And ask them to write us for more information on the contest. Start thinking to-day.

LEOPOLD—Chicago
515 So. Franklin Street

All the melting softness of candy—all the crisp nutriment of a biscuit. Delicate form and flavor make Perfetto Sugar Wafers always appropriate, always delightful, and always nourishing.

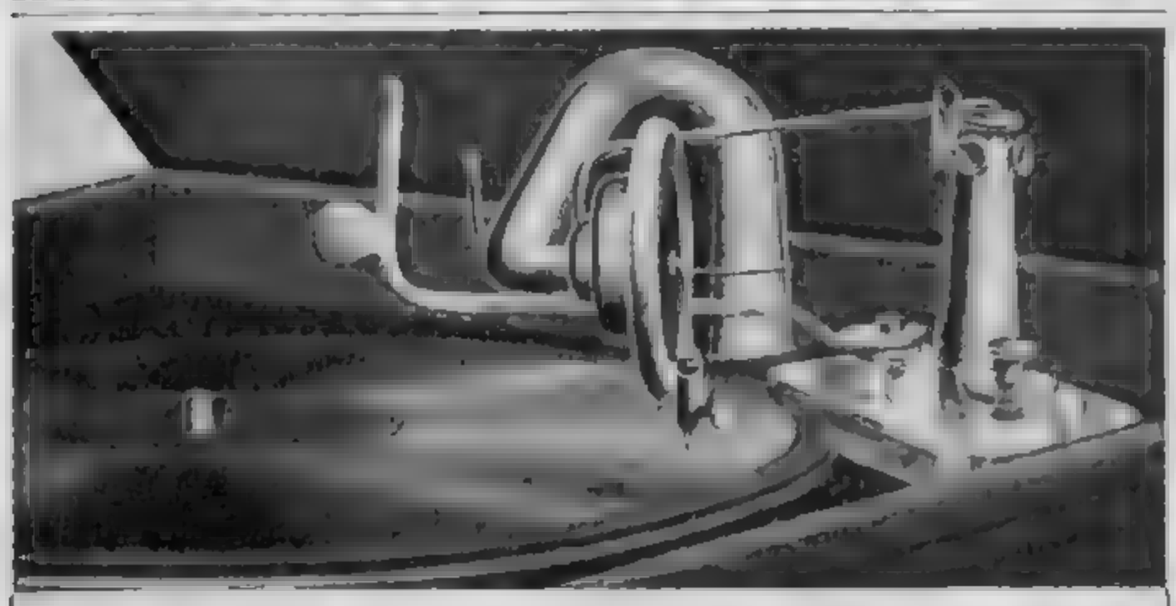
Three delicious flavors in each package—chocolate, vanilla, and lemon.

Sunshine Biscuits

Some one of the hundreds of varieties of Sunshine Biscuits should be on your table every day in the year. In no other food can you find such high nutritive value and endless variety, such economy, and such delicacy as you can in Sunshine Biscuits. Sold in sealed packages or in bulk by the pound.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*



It Automatically Repeats Records

Wonderful invention. Plays any record over and over as often as you wish. Furnishes continuous music for dances, dinners, card parties, kindergartens and entertainments of all kinds. Go to any dealer in phonographs and ask him to demonstrate the

Re-Pla-Stop
TRADE MARK

and see how it adds to the value of your phonograph. A handsome nickel-plated or gold-plated device which you attach without interfering in any way with any part of the phonograph. Insert the record in usual way and the Re-Pla-Stop will repeat the selection from one to five times or continuously as you determine in advance.

Stops automatically with needle lifted clear from record. Only perfect stop yet devised. Can not injure record or needle. No adjustment of tone arm, and no attention to machine required while Re-Pla-Stop is in operation. Try it for ten days on the maker's guarantee. See for yourself what a wonderful device the Re-Pla-Stop is.

$5.00 is all you pay for the Re-Pla-Stop and your money will be refunded if it is not satisfactory after ten days' trial

Almost any dealer in phonographs will gladly demonstrate this wonderful device. Ask your dealer. If he cannot furnish it, write to us for the name of a dealer who can.

Dealers Write to us today on your letterhead asking for demonstrating sample Re-Pla-Stop, stating what phonographs you handle. We will send it to you for free trial, with discounts and terms to the trade. Show your customers what this remarkable device will do.

Re-Pla-Stop Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

La Salle Hotel. The elevator boy stopped me with:

"'Say—all you band men for the service elevators in the rear!'

"'Yes?' I responded, and entered the car.

"After looking me over again he remarked:

"'Guess it's on me, cap! This town's swarmed with Modern Woodmen for a week—but most of 'em carries their axes with 'em!'

"At another hotel a rancher from Wyoming took me for a bell boy. But the public is rapidly learning to recognize the naval uniform.

"Few weeks pass when the training station is not visited by ten thousand civilians from all the states between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains; and these visits are teaching the public not only to identify the various uniforms but to know scores of other and more important facts about the navy."

Certainly one of the greatest events in the life of the boy who has enlisted for the fleet is getting his uniform—his full outfit of clothes and small stores. The fact that he may be the son of wealthy and indulgent parents, who have allowed him an almost unlimited wardrobe, will not make him an exception to this rule. Perhaps his interest in the issue will be all the keener for that fact.

Here is the regulation list of articles each bluejacket carries from the Detention Camp in his canvas sea bag, and the valuation Uncle Sam places on the outfit:

1 Pair bathing trunks	$ 0 35
2 Blankets, woolen, at $6.70	13 40
1 Broom, whisk	25
1 Brush, scrub, fiber	07
1 Brush, shoe	30
4 Buttons, bone, white	02
1 Buttons, rubber, small	06
4 Clothes stops, at $0.08	32
1 Cap, watch	65
1 Cap, cloth	62
1 Cap ribbon	14
1 Comb	12
1 Cotton, spool, white	03
2 Drawers, nainsook, at $0.35	70
12 Handkerchiefs, at $0.05	60
2 Hats, white, at $0.33	66
1 Jackknife	40
1 Jersey	2 40
2 Jumpers, undress, at $0.70	1 40
1 Leggings	1 00
1 Neckerchief	1 00
1 Needle	05
1 Overshirt	4 50
1 Shoes, [illegible]	3 00
1 Shoes, [illegible]	1 00
1 Stationery	16
1 Silk	04
2 Soap, salt water, at $0.14	28
6 Socks, at $0.15	90
1 Thread, linen	08
2 Towels, new style, at $0.35	70
2 Trousers, white, at $0.90	1 80
1 Trousers, B. C. blue	6 00
2 Undershirts, cotton, at $0.40	80

The number of Jackies outfitted ranges from six hundred to a thousand a day. From the store the boys go at once to the marking room, where the name, number, company and regiment of each bluejacket are stenciled on his belongings.

The Kennedy Grouch Cure

But before the recruit receives his outfit he must attend to a few very interesting preliminaries—inspection by a doctor; a lightning haircut, with clippers only; a disinfecting bath; and the first shot in the arm with antityphoid serum. If a boy slumps to the floor at the first jab of the needle—and many of them have done this—it is taken merely as a sign of temperament, not cowardice. There are no faintings when the second shot is administered and seldom does a boy flinch from the thrust of the needle then.

Mention of the hypodermic needle suggests that of another sort—its relative of the sewing kit. One of the novelties in the experience of thousands of Jackies is forming a first acquaintance with this humble household instrument. His first wounds received in service are always from this feminine weapon. But he gets no end of fun out of the breaking-in process. Another unique experience to many is that of doing their own washing. Those apprentice seamen who own their high-power motor cars and have seldom made out their own laundry lists get the most fun out of "suds drill."

The Great Lakes Naval Training Station is undoubtedly the only place in the world where one may find a hundred games of baseball played at the same time. There are forty-eight clubs here playing regular league ball. Boxing is a favorite form of station athletics and regular weekly matches are held in the natural amphitheater of the big ravine. The company that can boast a ring champion—and many of them can—is held to be highly fortunate. But some of the most famous battles with the gloves have been fought by rank amateurs who were taking the Kennedy Grouch Cure. This peculiar institution is due to the shrewd insight of Gunner Jack Kennedy, former boxing champion of the North Atlantic Fleet and leader in this line of athletics at the station. He decided that the best way to work off bad blood between Jackies was to put them inside the ropes and let them fight it out in the open, under official observation.

His first experiment was a decided success. A bluejacket in Camp Paul Jones resented the misplaced industry with which the cook fried his steaks—alias, "half soles"—and made remarks that greatly peeved the lieutenant of the galley. The shrewd Kennedy heard of the quarrel and invited the principals to come forward and put on the gloves. This didn't appeal to them; but Kennedy threatened them with a turn in the brig if they refused. Consequently they yielded; and those who saw the bout assert that it ought to go down in naval history. Camp tradition has it that this cook cannot be induced to send out a steak that does not show the red.

A Man for Every Job

Owing to the fact that isolation provisions are decidedly stringent during the detention period, the boy who has not heard from home is not permitted to go to the post office and see whether the folks haven't made a mistake and addressed his mail in care of the wrong regiment or company. This vent for his anxiety is denied him. If it weren't there would be a line of several hundred Jackies leading to the post-office window from morning till night. But at least one boy who hadn't received a line from home, and who was suffering the pangs of homesickness to an uncommon extent, contrived to go over the top of this obstacle. By a series of clever maneuvers he managed to secure an assignment to scrub the floor of the Detention Camp post office. Every helper who handles mail is now on the lookout for this boy's expected letter. Incidentally the floor of the post office is scrubbed as clean as that of a New England kitchen. He isn't going to miss that letter if scrubbing will help to keep him close to the incoming mail bags!

The versatility of the collective mass of youth at this inland school for fighting salts is so pronounced that its officers declare there's a lad somewhere in the assortment for any job which can be suggested.

One day a typewriter in the office of the Naval Relief Corps went on strike. It could not be spared for a day, and so a call for a typewriter repair man was sent out. In a surprisingly short time a young man reported.

"Do you know anything about fixing typewriters?" inquired the man who used the machine.

"I should, sir," was the quick reply. "Before I enlisted I was foreman of a big repair shop, where we did nothing else."

And while he was putting the machine back into form the man most interested in the operation confessed:

"Seems a little odd to me to be pounding the keys of a typewriter. I was sales manager in a large city office representing one of the foremost automobile factories in the country."

The array of talents and accomplishments represented by the bluejackets at this station is suggested by the fact that, in preparing the program for the big Naval Day Entertainment—which was attended by nearly fifty thousand persons—the officers found professional acrobats, jugglers, glass eaters, trapeze artists, bareback riders and sword swallowers enough to put on a three-ring circus and keep the show moving at top speed every minute.

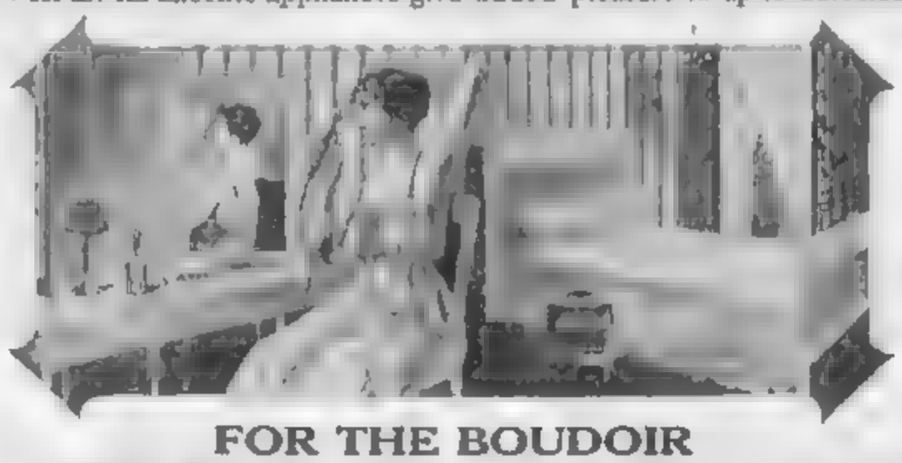
Versatility at the Great Lakes Station is by no means confined to the Jackies, as certain of them recently discovered to their chagrin. Two groups of bluejackets in training for the Signal Corps were in practice on the parade ground when a young

(Continued on Page 37)

UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC HOME NEEDS

FOR THE DINING ROOM

Breakfast, Luncheon and other light meals are easily prepared at the table. No running back and forth to the kitchen. No bother waiting for the fire to come up or the kettle to boil. UNIVERSAL Electric appliances give added pleasure to up-to-date housekeeping



FOR THE BOUDOIR

The Electric Heating Pad, soft and flexible, can be applied to any part of the body and supplies a soothing, uniform dry heat as long as desired. Turn on the current and the Curling Iron is ready—the Immersion Heater quickly heats a glass of water while the Radiator sheds a glow of warmth and cheer about the room.

FOR THE KITCHEN

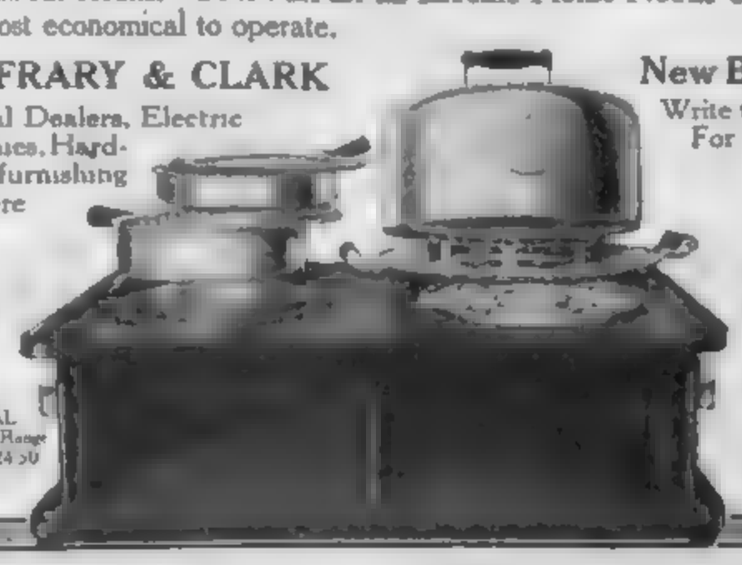
Cooking, Ironing and many other household tasks may be done in half the time and with half the work when you use UNIVERSAL Electric Home Needs. A turn of the switch and the UNIVERSAL Electric Appliance is ready for use. No fussing with coal or ashes, no worry about results. UNIVERSAL Electric Home Needs do the work perfectly and are most economical to operate.

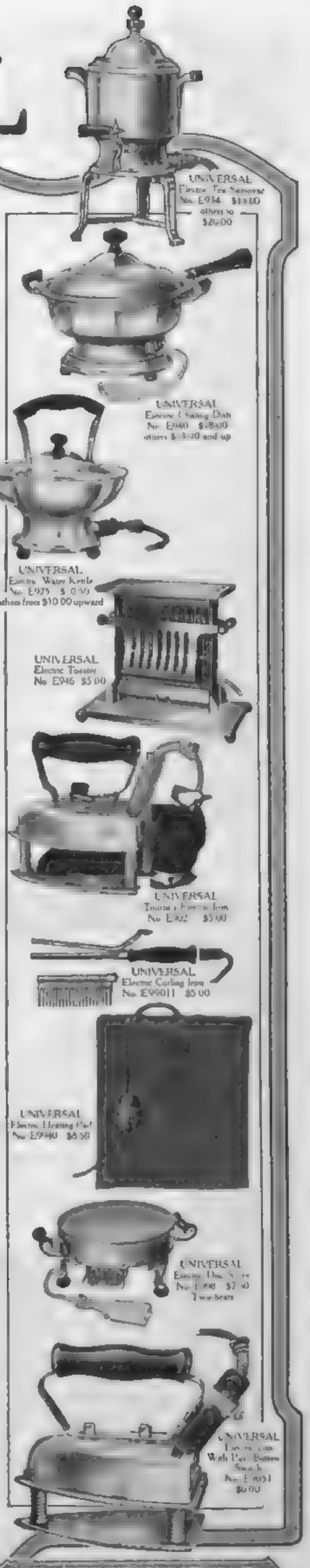
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK

Sold by Electrical Dealers, Electric Lighting Companies, Hardware and Housefurnishing Stores Everywhere

New Britain, Conn.

Write to Dept. No. 706 For Free Booklets





UNIVERSAL

Look for this Trade Mark

UNIVERSAL

On each Piece or Label

No "Jack" Tires Among the United States "Five"

A mechanic who can do one thing better than anyone else is the most efficient workman,

—but a mechanic who can do many things only fairly well is the old "Jack of all trades" who is the master of none.

* * * *

Just so with automobile tires.

That is why the *United States Tire Company* makes five different types of tires,

—each type specially designed and manufactured to meet very certain definite and specific motoring needs,

—not a "Jack" of all tires among them.

We don't claim that each of the *"Five"* is the "best" under all motoring conditions,

—but we do claim that from among the *"Five"* you can secure the tires exactly suited to your particular needs,

—and that such selection will give you the absolute maximum of service at the absolute minimum of cost per mile.

* * * *

This group of five *United States Tires*—*'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco', and 'Plain'*—is the only complete line of tires manufactured by any one tire company.

The fact that all of the *"Five"* are showing such tremendous and steady sales increases is one proof that they are giving motorists the most economical and efficient service,

—(for motorists continue to buy only those tires that "make good"),

—but the best proof is for you to try one of the *"Five"* yourself and make comparisons.

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use—

'Nobby' 'Cham'
'Royal Cord'
'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

(Continued from Page 34)

woman, evidently headed for the Administration Building, approached. Instantly the boy who was sending spelled the message:

"Pipe the complexion!"

To which he received the code answer:

"Peachy! I'd like ——"

But this message remained unfinished, for the young woman suddenly stepped into position between the two groups, drew two handkerchiefs from her bag and went through a series of gestures that spelled:

"Never mind complexion. Come and help find my brother."

This brought the entire signal squad on the run; and Brother Bill—an officer of the corps—was located in short order.

"I made a discovery to-day," said a chief petty officer, "that shows how the Central West feels about service in the fleet. In an accidental way I uncovered the fact that in one of the camps we have a boy from Kansas who was so eager to start his training that he paid his own fare and expenses from his home to the Great Lakes Station and reported thirty days ahead of the designated time.

"'Didn't you know,' I asked him, 'that Uncle Sam would pay your way when he was ready to call you?'

"'Sure!' was the grinning response. 'But I wanted to get into it right away. Waiting isn't my long suit!'

"There are thousands of others here, and ready to come, who feel the same haste to start their training so that they may see active service at an early date."

One does not need to stray into the paths of polite sentimentality, or indulge in what is known in editorial offices as society gush, to write of Mrs. Moffett, wife of the commandant, as a power at the Naval Station. She is more than that: she is a power for the station. Inevitably there is much social life connected with the station and with its interests. And this social activity has a direct bearing upon the popularity of the station among those who are able to do things, and to get things for the station and for its boys. There is hardly a person of real political or social importance in the Middle West, hardly an influential visitor to Chicago or its Gold Coast, who is not made to appreciate the national significance of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Mrs. Moffett contributes much to this important result. Though her contact with the boys of the station—remember, there are about twelve thousand of them—is, of course, mainly of an administrative character, and concerned with the general guidance of movements to add to their comfort and pleasure, she sometimes finds herself called upon to do a bit of mothering to ease the stress of a homesick and troubled boy who is hard up against it for a talk with a wise and sympathetic woman.

How Music Helps

The commandant's wife has more than once acted as a very acceptable substitute for the absent mother. On one occasion, for example, she gave great consolation to a young recruit who was fatally ill. She drew from him the fact that his chief desire was to "see mother," and have a rose—a white rose like the ones growing on the bush beside the door of their Ozark farmhouse.

After he had held the rose which Mrs. Moffet brought, until it withered and began to drop its petals, he was beyond the need of being told that his mother was too ill to come to him.

Mrs. Moffett admits that she is often called upon to act as an expert on the question: When does a boy need to go home? She has found a way to get more than one boy to his home for a short furlough when that change seemed to be sorely needed. Then, she is alert to see that the moral atmosphere of the station does not suffer taint or contamination from the outside.

The mothers of the Great Lakes bluejackets are entitled to take no small degree of comfort in this fact. The boys are fortunate to have so keen and discerning an eye on the watch for their interests as that of Captain Moffett's unofficial aide.

The pride of the station is its band and the pride of the band is Drum Major Tennant. If you attend a Wednesday parade—which is open to the public and is generally witnessed by thousands of admiring parents, relatives and friends from every Midwestern state—and are not told at least twenty times that the Great Lakes Naval Training Station band is the largest and finest in the world, you are being let off easy. But when you hear its three hundred instruments, supported by seventy bugles, play the National Anthem, you begin looking for a listener to whom you can tell the superlative merits of this musical organization. As for Drum Major Tennant, a bugler draws this graphic sketch of him:

"As a parade artist there isn't a peacock in the country that can show in his class."

Certainly when he moves across the drill ground he seems to become the living, breathing human personification of the music he controls.

The membership of the band is four hundred, though it has now only a few more than three hundred instruments. In the opinion of Captain Moffett there is not a more useful unit at the station than its celebrated band. Its music puts rhythm into the legs of raw recruits and helps to turn awkward ambling boys into soldierly bluejackets in record time.

"Do you imagine," he asked, "that without good music we could make competent officers of green country boys in four months or less? Some of those companies out there on the parade ground are led by officers who came here only three months ago. The public seems inclined to think that the main function of the band is to advertise the Training Station. It does that to a remarkable extent; but its most important work is in the actual training of the men. It is worth many times its cost."

Sea Drill on Land

Musical talent of every kind is encouraged at the station, because it ministers to the contentment of the Jackies and gives them a very soothing kind of relaxation. There are hundreds of banjos in the camps and enough ukuleles to make a monster jazz band; in fact, it has a professional jazz band of five pieces. Its members, with their manager, enlisted in Cleveland. In this connection it might be remarked that mass enlistment for the navy seems to be quite the fashion. Forty street-car drivers, for example, enrolled in a body and appeared at the station in the uniform of their trade

On the great drill ground of this inland naval station, and scattered about its six hundred acres, are various odd devices peculiar to the task of teaching on dry land the fundamentals of naval seamanship. These invariably provoke a grin from the spectator who sees them for the first time. There is, for instance, an element of absurdity in the sight of a group of Jackies making frantic efforts to lower quickly a beam of ordinary timber from a set of davits when the deck of the fighting ship is only a high platform and the raging sea is represented by a well-cut lawn. But the work required is precisely that called for in lowering a small boat from the deck of a cruiser, and the practice counts against the day of actual experience aboard ship.

The most amusing contrivance for simulating sea conditions is a steering wheel mounted on a platform that is rocked by means of ropes. The instructors confess that a rough sea is invariably running when a student takes the wheel; for the ropes that give the pitching and rolling motion to the platform are in the vigorous and willing hands of his mates. They are missing no chances for a little fun along with the serious work of being whipped into shape for service aboard fighting ships.

To see the rigging of a ship rising from a close-cropped lawn and to watch a squad of bluejackets man the yards has a hint of the musical-comedy stage about it which, at first glance, is not especially calculated to encourage the spectator to take a serious view of this sort of naval training. However, second thought will suggest that it is an excellent preparation for the more realistic practice on board the training ship to which the Jackies will be sent when their dry-land drill is over. It must be admitted, too, that the practice in splicing ropes and tying all types of sea knots which the boys are given is probably quite as instructive in the fresh atmosphere of their camps as if they were on shipboard with a salt breeze blowing about them.

The process of physical hardening to which a recruit is subjected begins from the moment of his arrival, though he is not given a full ration of it until he has been discharged from the Detention Camp, where he is ordinarily supposed to remain for twenty-one days. Usually Jacky spends about eight hours a day, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, in drilling.

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WASCO
GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM
READY TO SET UP
Coal Burning, Self-Regulating, Hot Water
Garage Heating System, For One Car Garage
Complete—$65.00
"My chauffeur set up my WASCO without any assistance; the joints, etc., fitted perfectly. It has been entirely satisfactory in every respect.
"We maintained a temperature around 55 degrees during the coldest weather. Could have had it warmer if we desired. Would not be without it.
"Warm car in the morning. Quick start and comfortable place for washing and taking care of car." THOS. H. TARBOX, Operation
Approved by Fire Underwriters, Fire Chiefs and Insurance Men
Costs but a few cents a day for fuel. The wonderful automatic Regulator does most of the work.
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Contains letters of endorsement from all parts of the country. Also describes WASCO systems for one- to ten-car garages
Name and address of your dealer will be appreciated
W. A. SCHLEIT MFG. CO., Inc., 36 Eastwood Sta., Syracuse, N.Y.
Distributors write for "exclusive territory" proposition and "helps."

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ELECTRIC
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HER working hours are shortened. She finds more time for outdoors. And her home was never so immaculately clean. Well might the quarter million Frantz Premier users be called the Sunshine Club!
Nine Pounds of Sterling Quality!
We have branches and dealers nearly everywhere. Our price is modest—time payments if desired. Booklet on request.
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A sack suit for young men, designed and fashioned on smartest lines, bespeaking Fifth Avenue Tailordom.

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Economy

To BUILD a shoe costs more than it did a few years ago—more than it did even *one* year ago.

Since 1912, both calfskin and sole leather have risen over 100%. All other items that enter into the making of a pair of shoes are higher—some several hundred per cent.

Our advice, in view of this situation, is—pay $7.50 to $12 for your shoes. It is true economy.

Buy Crossett Shoes at these prices. The satisfaction you get from the better workmanship and materials, and for having paid a fair return to skilled workmen, will justify the expenditure. A Crossett dealer in almost every town.

NEW! Crossett Walking Boots for Women—designed and made by Crossett.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc.
Makers North Abington, Mass.

Crossett Shoe

"Makes Life's Walk Easy"

Stock No. 112

The work starts with setting-up drills in the morning at five o'clock. Later come the marching and the gun drills. The day at the Great Lakes Station is a long day; and there is plenty of time for the bluejacket recruit to listen to talks and lectures, to do his washing, mend his clothes, polish his shoes, and practice other lines of military usefulness after he has put in full union hours at drill.

In the words of one recruit:

"When I was in college I thought I knew how to cram more things into a day than a French maid can pack into a wardrobe trunk; but now I know that I was then only a fumbling amateur. Why, I actually use my mind and muscles more in one day now than I did in a week then. Hard? Yes—at the start. But it's great!"

This sentiment seems to be almost universal among the bluejackets.

There are many kinds of schools at the station in which Jacky may specialize along the line of his strongest natural inclination. The aviation school is small, and is known as the Millionaires' Club; but the wealthy young men who are working on machines there are intensely in earnest. The electrical school is immensely popular and always crowded. So, too, is the radio school, where wireless operators are being trained. Though its facilities are not to be described in detail it may be said that they are of the highest order.

The baking and cooking schools are operated at high tension and are held by the naval authorities to be of the utmost importance. Constant pressure of demand is exerted from the fleet and the Eastern training ships and stations for Jackies who are adepts in the preparation of food. Naturally all boys who have had kitchen or bakery work before their enlistment are assigned to this task.

Of course the personal-history card, which is made out whenever a recruit takes the first step toward enlistment, covers every phase of his schooling and work. Certainly at this station—and no doubt throughout the navy—a systematic effort is made, for the good of the service, to make use of everything the recruits have received in the way of special training.

Construction Work

In the Public Works Department, for example, are placed the bluejackets who bring to the service a special knowledge of engineering, of building work, of contracting management and accounting, and of many other phases of general construction. As the building of camps at the station is done on a basis of cost plus percentage, a large force of men with fair technical training is required to represent the Government in this partnership, to supervise actual operations, and to check the labor and material involved.

This is the job of the Jackies of the Public Works Department, many of whom left behind relatively high salaries as construction specialists in order to serve their country.

These young men of business and technical training are mainly doing work of a supervisory sort. On the other hand, the pressure of necessity for the enlargement of the station and its camps has compelled the use of hundreds of bluejackets as laborers in every line of work intended to maintain and improve the sanitary condition.

Boys who have never before enjoyed an acquaintance with a shovel handle have helped to dig miles of sanitary trenches; and if all the blistered hands in the station were held up to view the owners of them would undoubtedly draw heavily upon the sympathy of the public. But they do not wish or ask for sympathy. They declare it's all in the day's work, and that they weren't looking for a snap when they enlisted.

No piece of constructive work now in process or lately finished at the station is of greater interest to the Jackies than the rifle range. Because the marines have been so successfully advertised as the soldiers of the sea, the notion is common that a Jacky of the ship's crew is not a fighting man. The Great Lakes Naval Training Station is doing much to dispel this mistake. There are no marines at this school—they are in an auxiliary camp in Grant Park, on Chicago's lake front; yet the drill of the regular bluejackets ready for the fleet is well calculated to inspire the respect of an infantry drillmaster, and the target performance of the Jackies on the rifle range is of a character to indicate that the apprentice seaman can shoot quite as straight, perhaps, as a marine or a soldier.

This points to the significant fact that the bluejacket, under his present training, is decidedly versatile, and that he could be transferred from the deck to the trenches without much risk of being misplaced. If you are going to France, do not be greatly surprised to see Jacky in the very front leading the rush over the top! You are liable to find him in any place that calls for intelligence and courage.

The Hospital School at the Great Lakes Station is the largest of its kind in America and generally has about a thousand pupils in training.

The Yeoman School, which trains the clerks and accountants needed in naval work, is a busy and interesting branch of the educational system for fresh-water salts from the Middle West.

In the Gunners' School are about two hundred young men who are undergoing intensive instruction in the theory of gunnery. Though they cannot have actual range practice with big guns, that ingenious device known as the Morris Tube makes practice a possibility without a range or the firing of a real shell.

After the War

The tube puts to test the ability of the gunner to make the right calculations and take correct aim. In short, it shows the results that aim would have scored if the shots had been fired at a target at sea. At least, such are the claims made for this uncanny instrument. After the boys have had sufficient training in tube work they are taken out for a cruise in a gunboat and given actual practice with the guns.

There is a school for firemen and water tenders, for blacksmiths and boiler makers, for coppersmiths, and for shipwrights. Many of these arts are not only taught at the Great Lakes Station but also at its branch station at Minneapolis.

Though no school could serve a greater or a worthier purpose than that of furnishing thousands of good men for our Fighting Fleet in a time of supreme national need like the present, there is no denying that this great inland naval station can scarcely escape being a big element in the upbuilding of a merchant marine—that long-delayed dream of the American whose eyes are fixed on foreign markets and who feels the lure of the seas.

A long look into the future suggests that the work now being done by the Great Lakes Naval Training Station is likely to have a secondary result, generally lost sight of in the present absorbing struggle to give the United States Navy an unprecedented fighting strength. As every loyal American sees it, the close of the war will leave Uncle Sam with a ready-made merchant marine on his hands—the fleet of freight-carrying vessels now being built by the Federal Shipbuilding Board for the purpose of supplying our allies and our expeditionary army with food, munitions, and other necessaries.

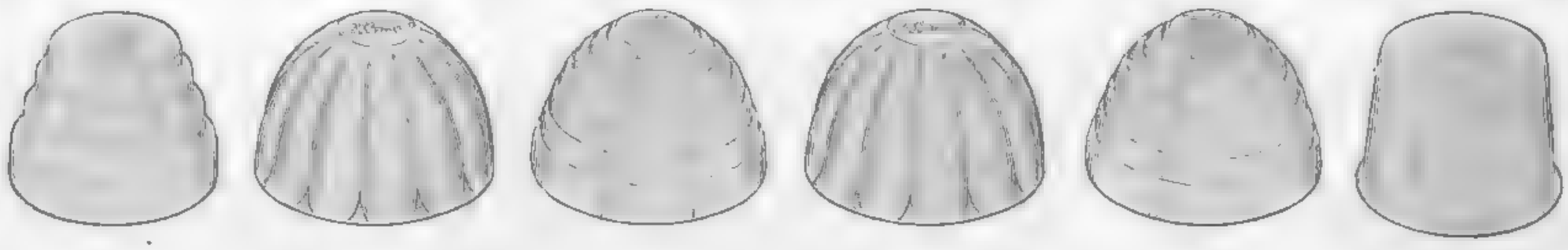
The task of furnishing from ordinary sources the man power for what is likely to be the world's greatest merchant marine would be almost impossible—especially as the strategy of the situation would demand that this should be done immediately. Delay in preëmpting the trade of the seas for Uncle Sam, following a declaration of peace, would involve a serious sacrifice of advantage.

Only those who are familiar, from practical experience, with the problems of meeting a large demand for sailor labor under ordinary conditions can appreciate the abnormal obstacles involved under the conditions that will prevail in the wake of the great world war

But these business ships of the navy, when free for the task of carrying Uncle Sam's trade to every corner of the earth, will, no doubt, be largely equipped with able seamen in the form of young bluejackets from the great Middle West.

Of course thousands of them will return to their inland homes and resume their dry-land pursuits, and other thousands will remain on the fighting ships. Those who are in position to get the clearest insight into this problem assert that thousands of Jackies will stick to the sea and to the freight-carrying ships on which they have seen war service.

In short, America's new merchant marine will inherit, along with ships, a force of men trained in seamanship under the strict discipline of the navy—the best training possible for a seafaring man of any kind or rank.



10c—For One Week Only

Six Aluminum Dessert Molds—Value 60c

This Offer Expires Saturday, Oct. 13

To every housewife we make this offer, up to October 13.

Buy at your grocery six packages of Jiffy-Jell. Then mail us the coupon below, with 10c for postage, etc. We will mail you then six assorted jelly molds made of pure aluminum—value 60c. Molds that should last you a lifetime.

This to introduce to you several true fruit flavors in this supreme dessert.

Jiffy-Jell

For Salads and Dessert Flavors in Glass Vials

This offer is made to reveal to you some very rare delights.

Jiffy-Jell is an extra-grade quick gelatine dessert. It is the only quick dessert made with Waukesha gelatine, a rare and costly grade.

It is the only jelly dessert with true fruit flavors sealed in bottles—one in every package.

The flavors are highly concentrated. For instance, half a ripe pineapple is used in the flavor for one Jiffy-Jell dessert.

All fruit flavors are made from the fresh ripe fruit.

Jiffy Mint Sauce

For Lamb and Other Roasts

Dissolve one package of Mint Jiffy-Jell in one cup of boiling water. Add the Mint flavor from the vial, then a cup of strained liquid from the pan in which roast is cooked. Serve hot.

10 Flavors In Glass Vials

Raspberry
Strawberry
Loganberry
Cherry
Pineapple
Orange
Lemon
Coffee
Lime
Mint

6 Packages Cost 75 Cents

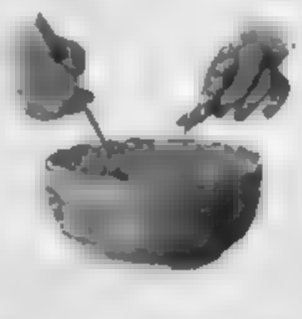
All are sealed in glass, so they keep their freshness. So Jiffy-Jell desserts are very rich in a true fruit flavor.

We want you to know how much this means. It will change all your conceptions of gelatine desserts. So we make this offer to induce a varied six-meal test.

Winter Delights

We make the offer now because Jiffy-Jell is twice-welcome in the fall. It brings the fresh-fruit dainties back.

All winter long it places at your instant service a ripe-fruit delicacy. Simply add boiling water. When partly cool, add the flavor from the vial. Cool in these molds and serve.



Add fruit if you wish, or chocolate, nuts, whipped cream, etc. But Jiffy-Jell alone is delightful.

Mint and Lime

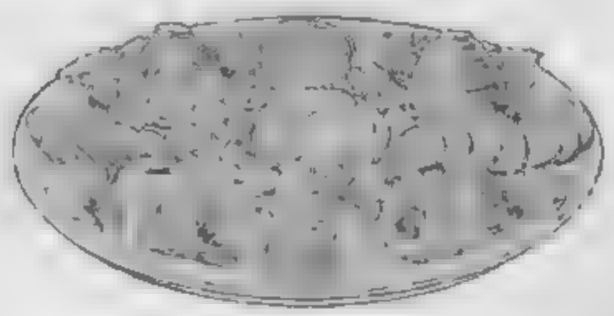
Mint Jiffy-Jell gives you a fresh-mint garnish or relish any time you want it.

Lime Jiffy-Jell—flavored from lime fruit—gives you an instant salad jell, tart and green and zestful.

Accept It Now

For your own sake, accept this offer now. Get six packages in six flavors, so you know them all. Then send us this coupon with 10c and we will mail you six life-lasting molds. Also a recipe book.

But be sure you get Jiffy-Jell, the super-dessert. No other kind has the true fruit flavors in glass.



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I have today purchased and received six packages of Jiffy-Jell as pictured here from

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Now I mail this coupon, with 10c for postage, etc., for the six aluminum jelly molds you offer.

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We make four shapes of molds. Say if you want all one shape or assorted. Mail coupon to

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Write plainly so each sale may be checked with the grocer.

FIRE! MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS OF OUR BABY

That fluffy cradle surrounded by flames held the most precious thing in all the world—our baby. I snatched Pyrene and began to pump. It worked a miracle; smothered the fire out flame by flame.

Next Tuesday, October 9, is Fire Prevention Day. Don't make the day a sham. Equip your home and automobile now with Pyrene. Then you will have three things worth celebrating:

A glad wife.—A safe home and automobile.
A substantial saving in money (ask your dealer about auto insurance reduction of 15%).

$10 buys Pyrene and bracket.

Pyrene Manufacturing Company, New York City
Fire Extinguishers, Hose, Engines and all other fire appliances

You can insure your Pyrene against theft with The National Surety Company of New York—25c for a three year policy.

Pyrene
KILLS FIRE
SAVES LIFE

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

(Continued from Page 19)

We had a big addition to the American contingent yesterday—a party of consuls and commercial men from Turkey, that original kingdom having just got round to cleaning out our diplomatic representatives. Most of them had been in Turkey ever since the war; this afternoon I found a group playing billiards in the American bar of the hotel. "The first billiard table I have seen for years!" said one of the consuls. Also, they are eating immoderately, and admit it. "I have a lot of lost dinners to make up," said one of the commercial men. Whatever they told me of Turkey in this war is not, for one reason or another, to be published. But they were in such a holiday humor as temporarily to make glad the corridors of this hotel, where the atmosphere of suspicion and suppressed hatred keeps things always a little somber.

At any time of the day one sees the uniforms of both sides on the streets, for there are thousands of French, British, Germans and Belgians interned in Switzerland; and according to the rules of the game they must wear their uniforms, in order to make the breaking of parole harder. My first sight of a German Fritz clumping down the streets in his neutral-green uniform and his stout military boots gave me a kind of shock of surprise. It is three years now, lacking a month, since—in Belgium—I last beheld a free man in a German uniform. To-day I saw dozens of men in French uniform pass other dozens in German uniform. Each party to these meetings would look straight ahead, pretending that he had not noticed.

For the benefit of the Entente peoples the shops are displaying such signs as these: "Swiss manufacture." "Same composition as ——, the German preparation, but of strictly Swiss origin." "This line made of Swiss and English material." Knowingly to buy German goods is the one cardinal sin among the French, American and English colonies here.

BERN, August eighth.

My cup runneth over with information, and probably also with misinformation. This city—what with its thousands of diplomats, of agents open and secret, of propagandists, of peace agents, of charity workers—is the one place in all this world to gain a proportionate view of the war—provided you are content to wait long enough to sift out the true from the false.

An American does not stay here very long before he is approached with more or less sincerity by people who represent the other side of the war. Long ago they gave up all pressure of that kind on the French and the British; but we are new to the war, and they still have hopes, as I read the signs, of breaking down our sympathy with the Entente Allies. They do not come to one as people seeking information; they carefully refrain from trying to pump out facts. What they are trying is to implant certain ideas. Collating their remarks, I see that they harp always on two main lines. The first is to drive a wedge between us and the British. They dwell on that point.

More German Propaganda

If encouraged to talk on the subject most of them lose their tempers and fly off into loud absurdities. Twice in the past two days I have been told that for twenty years England, scheming England, maintained a press bureau, and that every impression of Germany published in America came through that bureau. All of which sounds humorous in the ears of a correspondent who went to jail more than once in the early days of the war because he grew too enterprising in his efforts to prove England's case.

Rage rises to its climax when you question the meaning of that hollowest phrase in history, "Freedom of the seas."

"But aren't the seas free?" you ask mildly.

"Not while one side can blockade the other's ports in time of war!" is the answer from a man who has just told you that if peace comes now there will never be another war.

The other point, on which they hammer persistently and with better temper, should be rather more interesting to us. Remembering that we are fighting for democracy and for nothing else, they try to make one believe that the battle of democracy is won—that a democratized Germany is waiting with outstretched arms to inaugurate the brotherhood of man. One of them—I believe him a sincere man too—was in Germany during the upheaval that shot Bethmann-Hollweg out of office. He gave a very coherent and interesting account of events in that crisis. It went to prove that the Socialists, the Centrists and the Progressives had combined on the peace program of no annexations and no indemnities, that they had secured a majority of the Reichstag, and that they had pledged Michaelis, before he took office, to support their views. According to him the democratization of Germany was complete.

I half believed him—there is no question in my mind that he believed himself—until the next day, when I quoted his views to several well-informed, able and coldly neutral Swiss. They laughed. "Bethmann-Hollweg went out because he wabbled," they said in effect; "Michaelis went in because he would be sure to take program and because he would probably be more firm. A few sops were thrown to the people, but the old crowd is still in control."

Why Belgium Was Chosen

Let me absolve myself from any charge of holding intellectual commerce with the enemy. Some of these men pretend at least to be neutrals. Some of them are actually citizens by birth of the Entente nations. There is a kind of mind that the German machinery of life fascinates. Some ten or a dozen American correspondents, of whom I was one, witnessed the first German drive through Belgium. Most of us were so appalled and horrified by what we saw as to become anti-German for life. But one man was so overcome with admiration that he threw up his position as London correspondent, to follow their armies and to further their cause by every means in his power. It is a matter of temperament, I suppose.

One other important fact I gather from their back thought: Germany wants peace—wants it now before things grow any worse internally and while she holds territory in pawn; in fact, all the Swiss I have interviewed take that as an axiom. Also I notice that no one here expects peace for the present. "It has a long time to go yet—unhappily," they say. And I feel that the Swiss, of all peoples, are in the best position to know.

BERN, August ninth.

Though this has nothing to do with the war let me mention that Switzerland seems to me to do excellently well with her system of public ownership of public utilities. The tramway system in this city of one hundred thousand inhabitants is smooth-running, convenient, comfortable. The fares are either two or three cents. A few years ago, when municipal ownership was much discussed, I remember that its antagonists had much to say about the inefficiency of the Swiss telephone system. From an experience of a week with the Bern telephones I should say that the service is as good as we used to get in San Francisco—which has always seemed to me the perfect standard. Yesterday I had a long talk with one of our representatives here. In the course of our conversation he called up Basel, some two hours away by train, and Zurich, four hours away. I never saw a long-distance connection made more promptly in the United States. "That's a great comfort about working in Switzerland," he said. "You can telephone so conveniently to any part of the country." Local calls in Bern cost three cents.

I have been trying to run down the report, current in the Allied Nations, that Germany at the beginning of the war hesitated whether to invade France through Belgium or Switzerland, and decided on Belgium because of the excellence of the Swiss Army. That is after all a futile quest. If the story is true its confirmation will come only years hence, when state papers become available and people begin to publish their reminiscences. However, every Swiss has heard it, and most believe it. This I find is the popular form of the story as told in the cottages and wayside inns: "Three years before the war the Kaiser visited Switzerland and watched the target practice of the Swiss Army, which is

Sunday in a Statler

Sunday isn't dreaded by the traveler who knows that he will spend the day at a Hotel Statler.

When he gets up he finds that a morning paper has been slipped—noiselessly—under his door, just as on other days.

If he wants to stay in bathrobe and slippers, his breakfast is sent to his room—and there's no charge for the special service.

There's a desk, well supplied with stationery, right at hand; there's circulating ice-water; there's a clean and comfortable bathroom the other side of a long mirrored door; there's a well selected library waiting his telephone call for a book to match his mood.

When he wants to be among people he goes downstairs to luxurious lounging rooms, provided with chairs built especially for lazy men's comfort. Employees schooled in courtesy and thoughtfulness are anxious to "be out of the way" until they're wanted. Excellent restaurants invite him; at certain hours an orchestra plays for him.

And he gets all these things whether he spends $2 or $20 a day for his room.

Sunday isn't dreaded by the traveler who knows that he will spend the day at a Hotel Statler.

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO - CLEVELAND - DETROIT

St. Louis—The new Hotel Statler, 650 rooms, 650 baths, will open shortly.

New York—Hotel Pennsylvania, now building in New York, will be Statler operated. With its 2,200 rooms and 2,200 baths, it will be the largest hotel in the world, and will likewise set new high standards of convenience, service and distinction.

Beyond the shadow of a doubt — it's a Gem.

THE choice of men in every branch of the service—the same price, the same number of blades, and better than ever—our contribution to the boys who fight for Uncle Sam. **The Gem Damaskeene Razor** promotes fitness and efficiency—your kit will be incomplete without it.

$1.00 Outfit includes razor complete, with seven Gem Damaskeene Blades, shaving and stropping handles, in handsome case.

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Suggestions That Add to the Joy of Living

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Electric Coffee Percolators $9.50 and up

M-B Electric Percolators, Chafing Dishes, etc., embody improvements which make electric cooking unusually practical and economical. Their attractiveness is typical of M-B Ware.

Electric Toasters $5 to $6.75

Chafing Dishes equipped with the "Alcolite Burner" have the cooking power of a gas stove. Similar exclusive features distinguish the entire M-B line, which includes any cooking or heating device for use with electricity, alcohol or for use on an ordinary range. They are made in nickel plate, silver plate and solid copper.

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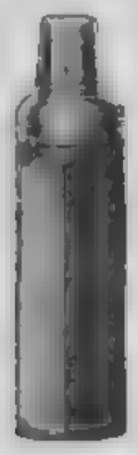
HOTAKOLD VACUUM VESSELS

The ordinary vacuum bottle has been glorified. Now you can get Hotakold Vacuum Vessels in many attractive shapes, sizes and finishes—some with dainty hand painted decorations. Winter and summer suggest a hundred uses for these sturdy vacuum vessels, which keep liquids *cold* for 72 hours and *hot* for 36 hours.

Coffee Percolators Range Type $3 and up



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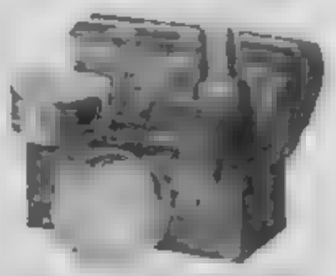
Carafes and Jugs, $3.75 and up

Bottles, $1.50 to $4.75



Lunch Sets, $2.25 to $3.50

the best in the world. He saw one recruit make a perfect score—ten bull's-eyes out of the ten trials, at three hundred yards.

"'Excellent shooting,' said the Kaiser.

"'Yes,' said the recruit; 'and we have three hundred men who shoot as well as I do.'

"'In that case,' said the Kaiser, 'we will go through Belgium!'"

SCHEIDECK, BERNESE OBERLAND,
August eleventh.

Mürren, where I was dropped yesterday from the terminus of a dizzy rack-and-pinion railway, stands at an elevation of some five thousand feet in a highly picturesque part of the Bernese Oberland, which is called the most picturesque part of the Swiss Alps. The town hangs airily on the edge of a gorge from which the downward view is like that from an aëroplane. Across the gorge, and seeming to rise in your very face, is the Monk's Hood—a great black cliff wall. Craning your neck, you can see above that a white slope, vanishing into the clouds. It is part of the Jungfrau—her majestic peak, which dominates the whole Bernese Oberland, is hidden by its very proximity. On the right is a high white mountain wall; and everywhere above are glaciers. But stay! I came near writing about the scenery!

Mürren is now virtually the British center of Switzerland; for here England keeps her largest camp of exchanged and interned prisoners. Since Germany has shown that she recognizes no obligation of honor prisoners cannot be exchanged on the old basis, whereby the exchanged man goes home on parole not to reenter the war. However, the Swiss Red Cross arranged early in the war for an exchange of a limited number on the basis of internment. Switzerland, afraid of crowding in these times of scanty food, agreed to provide internment for thirty thousand. A commission of neutral physicians visited the prisons in France, Germany and England to decide what prisoners, considering their physical condition, had greatest need of release. Most of the men who drew this melancholy luck were suffering from the mutilation of old wounds; others had broken down in captivity. Among those transferred from Germany an undue number had tuberculosis, the result of undernourishment. Other things being equal, the men who had been longest in captivity were chosen for release; so among the interned men here are soldiers of the old army—"General French's Contemptibles"—who saw only a day or two of this war, for they were captured in the retreat from Mons.

Now I must go back for a space of nearly three years. Two days after the battle of Mons, in a brief free period between military arrest and military arrest, I, together with Gerald Morgan, was hustling my way from Brussels to Mons on an order to pass German lines which, we knew very well, was no good in the zone of operations. In a half-destroyed village, between Braine-le-Comte and Mons, we walked suddenly into a picture that I shall remember so long as I have memory.

Brutality to British Prisoners

Round a corner came a procession of British soldiers, four abreast, marching like veterans, but without arms. Before, and strung out along their flanks, were German soldiers, their guns slung over their backs, looking stout and stubby beside the athletic lath-build of these Englishmen. A very tall sergeant was at the head of the procession. His blue eyes lit on us, we must have shown by our features and our clothes, in that foreign land, that we were one of his race, for his expression said: "Who the devil are you?" Others caught his look. One tall man in Highland uniform even turned round to regard us. Whereupon a little German guard, tagging along with his shorter steps, burst into a flood of impassioned language and kicked him. That started kicking all along the line. The cool British disdain of the prisoners thus treated was beautiful to see. They never turned their eyes to the kicker nor flinched from the blow. They just marched on with uninterrupted step, their eyes straight ahead; but now and then one of them, speaking out of the corner of his mouth, as convicts do, expressed himself in vulgar and forcible Anglo-Saxon.

A wave of hot, primitive rage swept over me at seeing men of my own race and speech treated in a manner so brutally cowardly, for the first time I felt the full call of the blood and knew where I must stand in this war. But what could I do? An idea came to me. I hoped to get out soon and return to England; I could at least take their names home, that their people might know. I approached them, and just dodged a German soldier's bayonet. The sergeant in command spoke a little French—I have no German. He accepted the cigarette that I thrust at him as a peace offering, but when I asked for speech with the prisoners he fell into a wild rage and made a suggestive pass toward his belt. The other guards hurried us along. The Germans had torn off all the insignia as souvenirs, so that I could not even determine the regiments. The only mark of identification was the red-black-and-white checkerboard about the caps of the Highlanders, which, I learned later, proved them to be of the Gordons.

Later, and after several ticklish episodes wherein before showing our near pass we walked into weapons with our hands up, we came upon another convoy of the section, resting. A line of Highlanders sat on a village curb, their heads in their hands; they looked like men clean spent. Across the street soldiers in the regular khaki lay stretched out on the sidewalks. Again we approached the authorities, after showing our pass, requesting speech with the prisoners; and again we got only the same violence of language and gesture. But as I passed the Highlanders one looked at me with a cool gray Scotch eye and inquired without moving his lips: "What are you doing here, Jock?" And I said in the same fashion: "Luck to you, Wullie!"

Meeting Old Friends

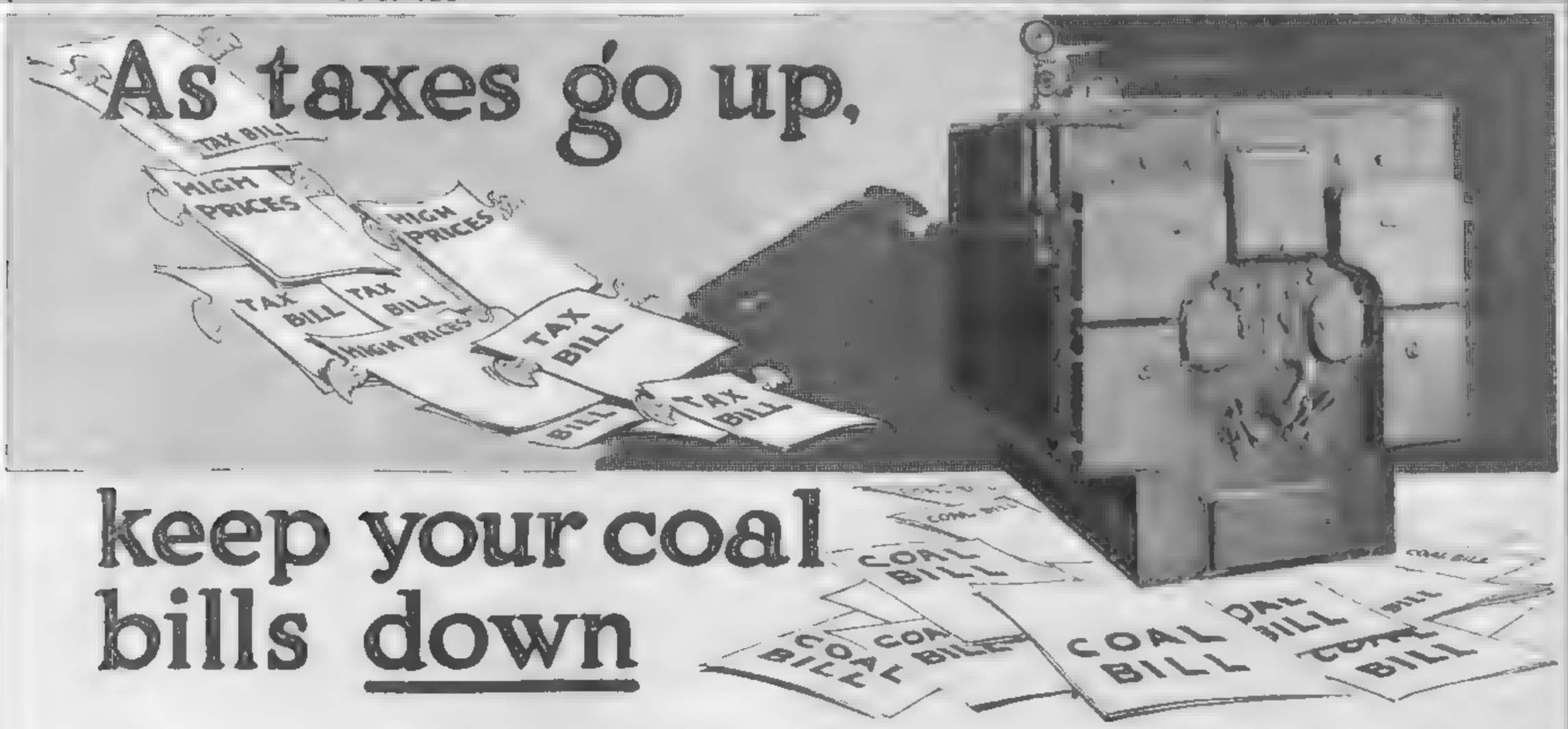
Two or three days later, locked up in a troop train going back to Germany, I spent five or six hours in the station of Louvain, while the Germans, with a kind of methodical rage, were performing their historic atrocity. Our car stood before the arch of the station looking out into the station plaza; we saw it all, including the preliminaries to the shooting of four priests. That glimpse of hell, which I shall not stop here to redescribe, took my nerve for some time; I was months getting it out of my dreams. But among the details that I marked was a band of some seventy or eighty British prisoners, whom I recognized as part of the convoy I had seen near Mons. Round them the Germans were moving in a kind of supernormal state of blood-drunkenness. They were in shadow; but as a new building flamed up with the bright, vivid explosion of the patent German house destroyer, they came out in vivid light. They lay sprawled on the platform or sat braced against the station wall in the attitude of men too beaten by weariness and circumstance for any emotion. They were the last thing I craned my neck to see as we pulled out from the hell of burning Louvain to the purgatory of broken Liège.

I expected to meet some of these men again at Mürren; it was half my motive in going there. But I never hoped for such luck as came my way. When, yesterday afternoon, I mentioned this matter to the pleasant, elderly lieutenant colonel who commands the camp, he said easily that they had a few Mons men; if I wished he'd make his sergeant gather them up on the terrace at seven o'clock. On the hour I came out, with a caseful of cigarettes to assist conversation. I took one look and sent back for three boxes more. Sixty men were waiting for me—all Mons survivors, all taken, wounded or unwounded, in those first terrible two days when weight of numbers forced the British back.

We talked for an all-too-short hour. I did not get, as I hoped, any consecutive account of their adventures; too many were breaking in with testimony. The men I had seen near Braine-le-Comte, it seemed, were only half of the prisoners taken by the Germans at Mons. The rest were put on a train near Charleroi; but these strangely met acquaintances of mine were marched for three days, from Mons to the cavalry barracks at Louvain. For two days they had by way of refreshment only one cup of coffee apiece. They were scarcely established when the Louvain affair broke out; the first sound of firing made them believe that the Allies were coming to rescue them. And that night when I saw them—it was the second of the Louvain affair—they were hustled out of the barracks, mated for several hours in the station, and loaded finally on the back-going troop train that followed mine.

(Continued on Page 44)

As taxes go up,



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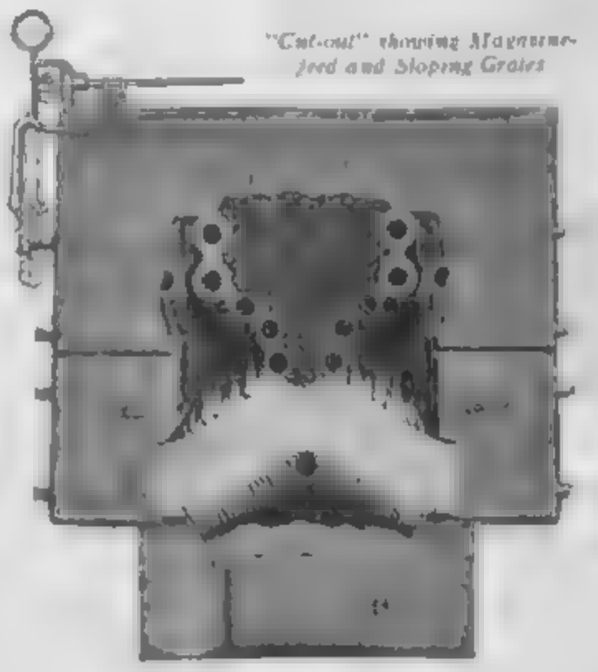

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(Continued from Page 42)

The rest is a series of flashes, all the more impressive and convincing sometimes because the man who spoke was struggling with a small vocabulary for expression: "Kicked us! Yes, sir, an' worse. Thing I hated most was those bull whips the artillery uses. They was always curlin' round my legs." "The uhlans would take cracks at us with the butts of their lances. I got one in the small of the back, sir, and it fair bowled me over. I was lame for a week."

"When you stopped at Louvain, did you see the old man and the boy that we had with us? The boy wasn't more than fourteen. They were handcuffed together and in a dreadful state, sir—both crying. The Germans said they were going to be shot. The 'Uns was digging a grave out by the monument—I don't know whether it was for them or not. They was shot too—we 'eard the volley." "Worst thing I saw was the people passing through the square that night. Could you see it, sir? Orders had been given that all the people had to walk with their hands up. Little babies just old enough to walk—ought rightly to have been in a perambulator—with their hands up like the rest; the 'Uns made 'em."

German Barbarity

Many times since the war I have heard that when the first British prison trains passed through Cologne the prisoners were moved out to the station platform, where the populace, men and women alike, were given the prized privilege of spitting on them. Some of the soldiers testified to this event: "Spit, and worse!" they said.

Without being snobbish, let me say that an officer's testimony to such facts as these is better than a private's, simply because the officer can be held responsible for his statement, and he better understands the consequences of stretching the truth. And in the course of the day I had much testimony to the same effect from officers. One of them, taken a few days after the retreat from Mons began, was four days going back to Germany by train. This was in the dog days of a very hot summer, and all the way back they were given water only once. Water there was, running from the taps at every station they passed, but when, their pride broken down, they begged for it they got only laughs. Finally they asked a woman who stood on a station platform carrying a pail of water. She spat at them and hurled the water in their faces. Another, who had not eaten for three days when this incident happened, saw a woman in a Red Cross uniform serving hot coffee to the German soldiers on a station platform. The soldiers drank their fill and went back to their train; there was still coffee in her pail. He leaned out and asked in German for coffee, explaining how hungry he was. Laughing in his face, this credit to the Red Cross poured the rest of her coffee out on the planks of the platform.

Another told me this incident: In their train was a heavily wounded Englishman, raving for water in the thirst of fever. Finally, at a station, they attracted the attention of a woman in a nurse's uniform and told her about this man. She brought water and held it to his mouth. Then just as he thrust out his lips to drink she pulled the cup away, spilled the water on the floor, and departed, tooth-gnashing.

They also had their stories of spitting and worse on the Cologne platform and elsewhere. Such incidents as these, like the wanton and filthy defilement of French châteaux, have always seemed to me a worse indictment of the Germans than the actual atrocities. Massacre may have the excuse of battle heat and blood lust. These things indicate a highly educated spiritual rottenness.

All agreed that conditions in the German military prisons during the early part of the war were unspeakable, but that they had improved in the past year or so—except for the shortage of food. That shortage is the reason why many of these men have been granted transfer to Switzerland. They broke down or their wounds would not heal. One captain, taken as a wounded prisoner at Loos, in 1915, told me that he simply could not get medical aid until weeks later, when he landed in the base hospital. He knew that his wound was gathering pus and needed lancing. Though he sent a request five times he could not get a German surgeon to come near him. Finally a medical student among the Russian prisoners opened it with the razor from a field kit; by that time it had become an enormous, painful, purple lump. During the eleven months of his captivity the wound remained open because of his run-down condition. A few weeks after he reached Switzerland and good food it closed; and to-day he is playing tennis.

Shortage of food has been the main cause, probably, of tuberculosis, which affected some hundred and eighty men sent out of Germany last autumn and winter. These cases were sent to a separate camp far up in the Alps; and to date, forty have been returned to the regular camps as recovered. However, neither officers nor privates spoke much about prison life except in snatches such as this: I was standing with an officer admiring a beautiful specimen of the wolf-like German—or Alsatian—shepherd dog. "Wonderful animals!" he said; "I'm taking a pup home. Do you know, the Germans in the army teach them to bite a man at a word of command? In our camp the guards used to amuse themselves, when there was nothing else to do, by making them bite the prisoners."

Life at Mürren is typically, even amusingly, English. The town itself has no reason for being except tourist trade; besides a few shops and a few more native wooden chalets, it consists solely of hotels and cottages. In the main hotel, whose terraces hang on the edge of the gorge, dwell many of the officers and the occasional visitors. Other officers have brought their wives over from England and rented cottages. The men fill the lesser hotels, where they live in such comfort as many of them have never known in their lives. A Y. M. C. A. building has been hastily constructed of wood; it has a small stage for amateur theatricals, an overworked billiard table and much reading matter. The officers are doing what they can to teach the mutilated men who will never be able to do hard work again the lighter trades, such as wood-working and printing; in this they are handicapped by lack of material and plant. The camp generally quarrels with the climate. In this place, five thousand feet high and surrounded by the glaciers, there are only three months of summer, and the winter is Arctic. However, the climate has much to do, I think, with certain miracles of recovery. Still, the British cherish a general hope that they will be moved into the valleys before next winter.

The officers and their families dress religiously for dinner; they entertain at tea; they have dances; they conduct themselves, in short, like Britons. There is a native Roman Catholic church for the Irish among the interned; and a Church of England extension society has established a temporary church for the Protestants.

Invalids Play Football

With the men—and this is British again—sport gives the main interest to life. The only level spot in Mürren is a kind of plaza between the hotels, in old years covered with a series of tennis courts. Last autumn the officers, realizing that the men had no place for the universal British game of association football, gave up the tennis courts, and the ground was remade for a general athletic field. Cricket flourishes in the morning, as well as one-old-cat; the Canadians have not enough men for two full baseball teams, and they are disgusted to note that the English take no real interest in the Only Game. I saw yesterday the association-football match for the "cup tie," between the Regina and Palace teams—named after the hotels where the men live. At the end of the regular time the score was a tie—one to one; so an extra period was called, in which Palace made a goal and won.

With time out they had been playing nearly three hours; which is doing well for men who were declared physical incompetents a few months ago. As a matter of fact, the officers told me, some of those men should not have been playing, but it was nearly impossible to stop them. One of the Palace players, after a mix-up by his own goal, flopped over on the ground. "May be serious," muttered an officer anxiously. "He had a silver plate in the top of his head. If he was hit there ——" It turned out, however, that he had been kicked in the wind, not the head; in five minutes he was back in the game, to the applause of the stands.

Once, late in the game, I marked a quaint little group crossing a far corner of the field—a Swiss peasant boy, not more than three years old, and his little sister, not

(Continued on Page 47)

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(Continued from Page 44)

more than two. Between them they were wheeling a doll's perambulator. With their thick stubby shoes, with his little wool breeches, with her long coarse cotton frock, and with both their stolid, serious little faces, they resembled a microscopic old man and woman. Just then the field changed kaleidoscopically, as soccer football fields do. The play came their way—surrounded them. They crouched over their perambulator while six gigantic Britons struggled round them to kick a flying ball—but did it so deftly as never to touch them. The ball dribbled down the field, and the goal keeper removed them from the shell zone.

I cannot finish without remarking on the dentist. Past military age but eager to do something, he thought on the condition of the prisoners' teeth. So he asked the War Office to send him as a volunteer helper to Mürren Camp. His services were accepted, but the War Office strained at providing the necessary apparatus and supplies. So he bought them himself. Ever since he has been working, with his wife as assistant, to put right every tooth in that camp. It was a big job, for your Briton of the working class is careless of his teeth. However, he has just about finished, after months of hard boring; and you would know these English Tommies from others of their class by their white, tartarless smiles.

Homesick Prisoners

A pleasant life, as compared with that of the trenches or the prison camps; but still it is neither full liberty nor yet Blighty. And at this moment the place is quivering with a new excitement. The Swiss have arranged with all the governments concerned an agreement about repatriation of the disabled. In order to make room for more internments all men of all nations whose efficiency, on the strict Swiss insurance scale, has been reduced fifty per cent, will be repatriated -back to Blighty for good. This, it is believed, will cover about one-third of the cases. Everyone now is thinking of home. Most of them, indeed, have already seen their families; for a British charity has been sending over wives for a fortnight's visit. But that was only a taste. Men who a month ago declared that they never felt better in their lives now mope about, talking of their undermined constitutions. The Swiss physicians, umpires of this queer game, finished their examination a week ago; and there is nothing to do now but wait.

Scheideck, where I write this, stands at an elevation of nearly seven thousand feet and is one of the highest Alpine resorts. That would be considered no great height in our Rockies; but the Alps are different. They shoot up from bases not much higher than sea level; the eternal ice of their glaciers runs down as low as twenty-five hundred feet. Here we are far above the timber line; the earth grows only pasturage and abundant Alpine flowers. Just above us begin the snow and ice, culminating in the lacy peaks of the Jungfrau. Over everything to-night lies a wonderful Alpine stillness, broken only by the pleasant tinkling of cowbells—the Swiss dairyman, for what reason I do not know, puts a loud bell on every cow—and occasionally the rushing boom of an avalanche. But peace! No scenery!

This afternoon, wickedly running away from my job, I took the rack-and-pinion railroad to the Yoke of the Jungfrau at an elevation of eleven thousand feet. This, I believe, does not go so high as our Pike's Peak road, the European guidebooks to the contrary notwithstanding; but the problem is not at all the same. The terrain over which this road must travel is mainly precipices; above Scheideck the track enters a tunnel that runs the rest of the way just inside the surface of a three-thousand-foot cliff. This cliff is pierced here and there by windows, through which you see the world we know gradually fading away and the Arctic world beginning. The terminus is a primitive inn tunneled out from the rock. With its piazza as an outlook you can see on fair days the true peak of the Jungfrau rising some twenty-five hundred feet straight above.

Once the ascent of the Jungfrau was a two-day job for thorough experts only, and very dangerous at that. Now any person with a good head and a sound heart, provided with expert guides, can scale the peak from the Yoke in three to four hours up and two back. Except for the mist above it was a fair day and everywhere one could make out, against the snow, dots like small strings of black beads—roped parties of Swiss, now again alone with their own mountain fastnesses, climbing the peak or making the less giddy but equally dangerous trip across the glacier to the Concordia Hut. I was wild to go myself; I felt the peak calling me like a lover. But it was too late in the day; and unknown to himself the guide who showed me the way to the Matilda Peak and the View discouraged me from waiting overnight to make a start in the morning. Doubtless he did not know what was agitating my mind or he would have painted a different picture.

"It has been awful this season," said Adolph, the guide, being interviewed; "it seems as if everything were against us. No one comes any more except Swiss people—and they don't pay much. Once, sir, we had an American gentleman who hired six guides to take up his son and himself and doubled our pay for a *pourboire*. Nothing like that happens any more—no Americans, no Germans, and only an Englishman or two. Now comes August, which is the month for climbing the peak. The weather is usually good in August. We count on two climbing days out of three. How many good days do you suppose we have had this August? Two, sir—to-day and one day last week. Seems to me now that to-morrow will be bad too—that mist is going to settle down, and on foggy days it is too dangerous—we're not allowed to go up with tourists." The prospects of bad weather on the morrow chilled my intention of staying over for an ascent.

Adolph the guide did not converse in the language I have attributed to him. His speech was a mixture of English and French, with a German or Italian word thrown in here and there. He continued to gaze over the indescribable vista across the peaks to the Bern Valley, and his thoughts seemed to grow more pessimistic and discouraging. Three Eskimo dogs, used up here for winter emergencies but now turned out to play on their native element, loped over and sat down in a circle, watching us like wolves. Adolph packed a snowball and peevishly drove them away, while he continued to dwell on the rotten state of business. Many of the guides, he said, had quit and gone to farming for the duration of the war. He wished now he had done it himself. He could have got a job in a factory for the summer. "But that's hard after this," said Adolph. I agreed with him. He thought he could make it up in August, so many Swiss people were mountain climbing now—and then arrived this kind of weather.

Adolph's Lean Year

Last summer everything would have gone bad except for the chamois. Because no tourists came to hunt them any more the chamois, since the war, had grown plentiful and bold. The open season is September. "Last September I shot ten, and got sixty francs apiece for them," said Adolph with pardonable pride. "But look now—in September of this year I am called to the colors for my month of military service!"

After all that, what could any man with the bowels of compassion do but double the fee?

I have refrained, notice, from describing what Adolph and I were watching while he was interviewed; for I promised not to write about the scenery. I am rather glad I did. That vista of the range falling down to the Bern Valley on one side, that view of the glacier stretching into eternity on the other, transcend any powers of description that I possess.

This hotel had eight guests for dinner to-night—and it is the height of the season. Seven of them speak French, and the eighth, a lone and silent man, may be either a German or a Swiss.

At about nine o'clock, however, seven girls in their late teens came in together and registered. They wore heavy spiked boots, knapsacks, and short stout skirts; gay-colored silk handkerchiefs bound their hair. Their blond complexions were tanned a becoming saddle brown, and they had the walk of lioness cubs. Swiss girls these, enjoying the universal national sport of their people—and enjoying it all the more, perhaps, in that the Swiss have Switzerland mainly to themselves. Last Saturday morning, in Bern, I noticed that the streets were full of children walking in companies, stout spiked shoes on their feet and knapsacks on their backs. They, under escort of their teachers, were off for a climb.

GRINDELWALD, August twelfth.

This resort, which lies at an elevation of some two thousand feet in a cleft between the highest peaks of the Bernese Oberland, has always been a great center—perhaps the greatest center—for mountaineering. Here also the Jungfrau dominates the landscape. Scheideck, where I passed last night, the Yoke of the Jungfrau, where I stood yesterday afternoon, are both visible, a sheer and dizzy height above us.

One who follows that sport can get all varieties of climbing here, from ascents that are not made successfully more than once in two years—thorough and dangerous expert work—to ascents that require only legs and wind. That is probably the reason why the English, the sporting race, had almost taken Grindelwald to themselves before the war. This is a German canton, but all the street signs are in triplicate—German, English and French; and in most cases the English phrase has precedence. A few years ago Grindelwald made itself a winter resort; and it was almost as gay and as well populated in January as in August.

Rough on Hotel Men

To-day, in the height of the summer season, it looks like a resort during the last week of autumn. A few French soldiers, interned, are quartered here; for them some of the humbler hotels keep open. The big and famous hotel where I am staying has four hundred beds, and at present only fifty guests. The main dining room is now as bare as a dancing floor; we dine in a little breakfast room. One English family is registered; the rest are all French or Swiss. If the hotel has harbored any Germans this summer the proprietor would not admit the fact. This is the only large hotel open, and even it was closed during 1915 and 1916. Since the war there has been no winter season at all.

A resort like this, with many devices for amusement, must be kept up. In peacetime the repairs to grounds, tennis courts, toboggan runs, rinks and the like, together with the upkeep of lawns and gardens, are financed by the system of "kur-cards." A tax of a few cents a day is added to the hotel bill of each guest. In return the guest gets a card that entitles him to a reduction—usually twenty-five per cent—on the price of admission to the amusement places. There being no guests to speak of, there is no kur-card revenue; nevertheless, the plant must be kept up. The hotels themselves must meet the expense. That and the necessity of paying interest on their loans are beginning to drive the Swiss hotels fast into bankruptcy. Why the proprietor opened his hotel this season he did not tell me, but I think I can guess. He was speculating on the close of the war this summer. Switzerland, which wants nothing of the war except its early finish, took heart last spring from the Russian Revolution. Now the Swiss believe that the war has still a long time to go.

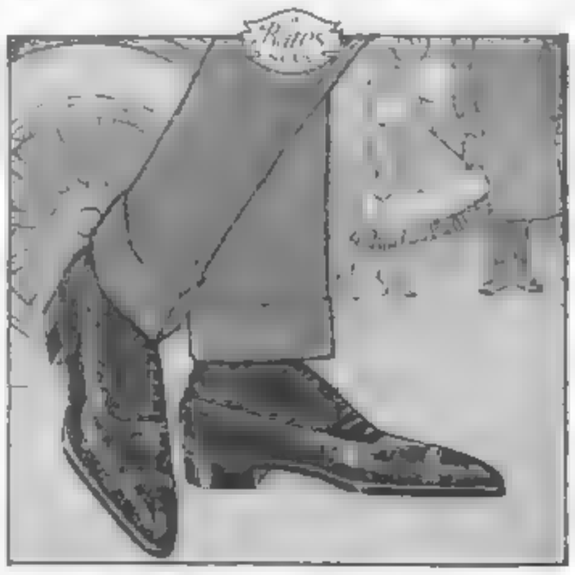
Roped to Conrad, licensed guide, I took a short but dizzy climb this morning across the Upper Glacier. Upon the question of his business, Conrad, being interviewed, said: "Business is nothing—nobody comes." Being further pressed he said that the guides would all have starved if they didn't, mostly, own little farms. He wanted to know when the war would end. I held out no hopes of a finish this winter; whereupon he fell to cutting steps in the ice with an extra-vicious sweep of his ice pick, which showed that he was not pleased.

INTERLAKEN, August fourteenth.

This, I take it, is the most famous of the Swiss resorts. For a long period it was the most fashionable. Perhaps some upstart hotel towns have achieved in recent years more smartness, but it may still be described as fashionable. Lying in a valley with a delicious soft climate, it commands, nevertheless, a glorious mountain view. Big lakes—as the name implies—stretch on either hand. It is no resort for those who want for their vacations a little of the good, bitter taste of hardship. Interlaken implies leisure, luxury, dancing, bridge, boating, swimming, tennis, driving, flirtation and clothes. Its summer hotels are the last word in summer luxury and in overdecoration. Along its main street run

(Concluded on Page 49)

BATES



VAN DYKE Model
Gun Metal Calf
Style 1333

SHOES

FASHION in shoes was never more appreciated than it is now. But the day is passed when a man will penalize his feet for the sake of style.

It's not necessary, as an increasing number of men are discovering every day—as you can discover today at the nearest Bates dealer's store. For while style leadership has been developed by Bates Shoes through the past thirty-one years, Bates designers have insisted that comfort keep pace too.

You will see a surprising number of men on Fifth Avenue wearing Bates Shoes. It's their authentic metropolitan fashion, of course. But it's also the fact that in Bates Shoes fashion is a pleasure and not a duty.

Prices $6 to $8

BATEX

IN *certain models Bates Shoes may be had with the new Batex Sole.*

The Batex Sole wears long, is flexible, noiseless and damp-proof. It is a fibrous product of the laboratory, with springy resiliency. It won't slip on wet pavements, or burn or draw. With all its endurance and comfort it costs no more than leather.

Shall we send you *"Shoe Life"?*

It is a new Bates publication telling how to make your shoes last longer and look better. Now that shoes are costing more, applying this valuable information will be a real economy because by giving added service to your shoes it reduces what you spend.

A. J. BATES CO.
WEBSTER MASSACHUSETTS

Reflects Good Housekeeping

THE modern housewife glories in cleanliness and efficiency. Above all she delights in a dainty kitchen. So she chooses her cooking and household utensils both for beauty and for the features of convenience that lighten her work.

She appreciates the best. She values her Mirro Aluminum because it represents the utmost in quality of material, richness of design, excellence of workmanship, and for inwrought durability and superiority over other utensils—features that assure years of lustrous service.

She is justly proud of the fine array of Mirro utensils that give to her kitchen that particular charm which reflects good housekeeping to her admiring friends.

And with all this marked superiority she knows that her Mirro Aluminum cost her no more than she would have been asked to pay for less praiseworthy grades.

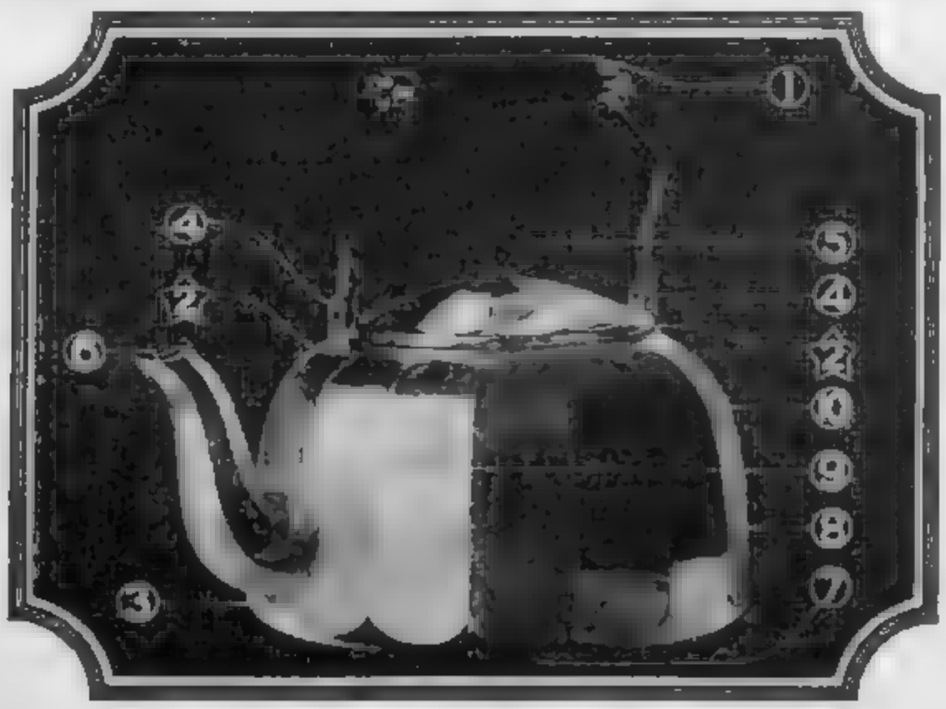
She knows that her Mirro Aluminum was made by one of the largest concerns in the world making aluminum goods—a concern of over twenty-four years' successful experience.

Mirro Aluminum is sold only by the better dealers everywhere—a complete line that affords an unusually wide selection.

If *you* would have household ware truly at its best, ask for Mirro, the aluminum that reflects good housekeeping.

Dealers: Write for interesting sales data.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
Manitowoc, Wisconsin, U. S. A.



Mirro Aluminum is also designed in plain, round style

This Mirro Tea Kettle, for instance, has a highly ebonized, sure-grip, detachable handle (1).

★Handle ears (2) are welded on. No rivets to cause leakage or to work loose. One-piece construction throughout. No crevices to catch dirt.

Welded spout (3) means one-piece construction here also. No leakage. Easy cleaning.

Slotted ears (4) permit handle to be shifted to any desired position without coming in contact with kettle.

Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob (5).

Spout (6) made large enough for filling, without need of removing lid or crowding kettle against wall. Also insures easy pouring.

Base (7) unusually wide. Greater heating surface. Fuel-saving.

Flare shape (8) prevents flame from creeping around sides.

The famous Mirro finish (9), easy to keep like new.

And (10) the beautiful Colonial design. Mirro Aluminum is also designed in plain, round style.

★*Please note that the star feature (2) belongs exclusively to Mirro Aluminum.*

(Concluded from Page 47)

clothes shops that have no equal for smartness in the big cities of Switzerland. Or they did run. With one or two exceptions they are closed now.

The tale was almost the same as at Grindelwald. Of six or seven big hotels only two are open. The one where I stayed has accommodations for nearly two hundred guests, and only eighty people were registered that night. Things are even worse, the manager told me, with the larger and more expensive establishment next door. Along the famous drive about the Lake of Thun lie dozens of smaller and cheaper hotels. Some of these now harbor interned soldiers. The rest, from the observation I took this morning, seem all to be shuttered.

Bankruptcy is merely imminent for Grindelwald. At Interlaken it is beginning to arrive; the weaker establishments are going fast into the hands of receivers.

The Austrians Celebrate

Though I did not know it when I left Bern, I find that I have been making the rounds of the Entente resorts. I have not yet seen a single person whom I could positively identify as German or Austrian. It seems that trade follows the *internes*. Wherever French, British or Belgian soldiers are interned there come French, British and Belgian summer guests. In the resorts about Lucerne and the Rigi lie the German internment camps; and it would be just as hard, they tell me, to find French or English people there.

I had expected to encounter a class of people conspicuous in Switzerland, I understand, during the early days of the war—those soft and selfish persons who could not endure the stern new atmosphere and withdrew themselves from home and native land in order to go on with the old life. That class, I should say, is no more. So far as I can see, the guests in these resorts—except of course the Swiss—are war-weary people, driven by the necessity of health to get a little rest. They do not appear soft, but just worn out.

There is music in the Casino afternoons; I had tea there to-day. This building, I should say, would accommodate a thousand people about its tables. In old years, as anyone who reads guidebook fiction knows, the scene here was tremendously dressy if not smart. By actual count there were present one hundred and twenty-seven people, mostly women and children. Many wore mourning. Of the rest no one was fashionable. The clothes seemed indeed the relics of wardrobes that dated from before the war. And except for the children no face looked happy.

The Swiss are superb hotel keepers, and I had no ill-cooked meal in all this trip through the Entente resorts. But the fare was simple, and the portions were calculated with an eye to economy. Usually—and this in hotels that gave a ridiculously long menu before the war—we got soup, perhaps fish, a meat-and-vegetable dish, salad, and a very simple dessert and fruit. The Swiss war bread, which is served sparingly, has more Indian corn than rye or barley in its composition, and is therefore more acceptable to the American taste than the French. With breakfast coffee in the Parisian hotels there come two lumps of sugar to each person, and no more. The same rule prevails here, only the lumps are very small—half the size of the French. There are other restrictions. For example, eggs and meat cannot be served at the same meal—ham and eggs is against the law. From this situation at good to first-class hotels, one may easily deduce that the shoe must be pinching in working-class homes.

BERN, August seventeenth.

This morning a green-aproned boots sped across the corridor of this hotel, carrying under his arm a most elaborately embossed brass helmet, to which, with his palm, he was giving the final polish. "What's that for?" I asked the head porter. "It is the Austrian Kaiser's birthday, and all the Germans and Austrians are going to church at eleven o'clock," he replied. When, later, I approached the assistant head porter and asked in English for the address of the church where services would be held in honor of the Kaiser, his well-controlled face took on an expression of alarm. Perhaps he thought he was facing a traitor, and again he may have thought that I intended to throw a bomb. All I wanted, of course, was to see the show from the outside.

A highly spectacular and entertaining show it proved too. I had never seen the German Army except in campaign uniform. I had forgotten how much millinery the German officer wears on state occasions. As for the Austrian dress uniform—if such costumes were displayed for women's wear on the Rue de la Paix they would be hooted as loud and garish. There were white uniforms; pale satiny blue uniforms; garish red uniforms; sea-green uniforms; there were delicate pale-gray huzzar effects, frogged and heavily embroidered in silver. One person, whom I marked especially, wore rich sapphire-blue velvet, a long jacket bordered with sable fur hanging from his shoulder, half a dozen jeweled orders clanking on his chest, a shako with a straight tuft of feathers towering on his head.

In fact, I could fill several columns with descriptions of the headgear. One man—a high German officer I take it—topped off a uniform of white with gold trimmings by a shining brass helmet, which came down in a low sweep over his neck. It supported what looked like a stuffed white eagle, its wings outstretched and wearing a golden coronet. On the whole I am inclined to award him the prize as the best-dressed gent.

In the automobiles rapidly unloading before the church were women in their best finery, varying from Viennese smartness to expensive Berlinese dowdiness; but the birds of female plumage were dimmed by the glory of their males. As these peacocks of war dismounted there was a primping that would have seemed excessive in the dressing rooms of a Broadway show.

While they waited for service to begin the assemblage stood on the pavement holding reception. I have a feeling somehow that this was done by conscious arrangement, in order to impress the Swiss. Perhaps I wrong them. Perhaps they did it because they liked it. Every lady had her best new right glove kissed again and again. It was a wonderful, sumptuous show—neither Belasco nor Henry Irving ever staged a better. Every officer was properly saluted.

Dramatized Barbarism

Yet on the whole the performance seemed lacking in spontaneous joy. One had a feeling that the Swiss crowd, standing silent about, were thinking of the contrast of the trenches. Finally bare-headed chamberlains in white and gold, who had been making a way through the crowd for important dignitaries, shooed the performers inside. For fifty minutes the services went on; then the church doors opened to pour out a kaleidoscope.

In the crowd were two interned French *poilus*, smiling sarcastically. Suddenly my memory went back a fortnight—to Paris. I remembered the men of France, and their baggy, ill-fitting uniforms. These uniforms come in only three sizes—large, medium and small. For comfort a man usually chooses the size too large rather than that too small. After a little turn in the trenches the color fades, and the horizon blue is streaked nearly always with dirty green. A French regiment on the march looks like a committee of the I. W. W. in uniform overalls. The officer has a better-fitting uniform than that of his men, and usually manages to keep it neater. Otherwise only the inconspicuous *galons* at his sleeve distinguish him from the private. And that is true, whether the occasion is the regular work in the trenches or an important public appearance. I saw Joffre on that great day when Pershing came to Paris. The fine old savior of civilization wore his perfectly plain working uniform, well brushed but a little old, and his simple round kepi, in the colors that mark him as a graduate of the Artillery and Engineering School. The only high color about him was the narrow line of service ribbons on his left breast. Such an exhibition as this would have been impossible during this war in any of the Entente countries.

"All dressed up like a kitchen stove with a boiled dinner," remarked the American who watched beside me. "Say, the unnecessary junk on one of those fellows would keep a tenement family for a year."

It would, probably. And the unnecessary junk on a French officer—whatever the occasion—would not keep a baby in cigars. I felt that I had seen with my own two eyes what we were fighting about. Democracy is civilization. Autocracy is dramatized barbarism.

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Sure it is a Goodyear

THE laminated process used in making Goodyear Tubes eliminates the causes of common tube troubles and produces a tube of extra strength and longer life.

It allows the detection and removal of flaws and imperfections which ordinarily go into tubes made by a machine from a single sheet of heavy gauge rubber.

It insures a tube that is leak-proof, that is less liable to damage or puncture, that is uniform throughout in weight and thickness.

It is a more expensive way of tube-building than any other—but it yields a product superior both in quality and in capacity for service.

Goodyear Tubes are literally built up layer upon layer of the finest rubber, and these layers are welded together into a perfect air-retaining unit.

At the weakest point of many tubes—the valve patch—Goodyear Tubes show unusual strength; their valve patches are vulcanized *in*, not stuck *on*.

The tubes as a whole are strong, lively and long-wearing—they do not leak, seep or creep.

It will pay you to ask for Goodyear Tubes by *name*, and to insist upon getting them.

For severe service we recommend the Heavy Tourist type. They are especially thick and vigorous, slightly higher-priced than common tubes—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

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GOODYEAR
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Cleans by Shaking, Sweeping and Suction

THE HOOVER electric SUCTION SWEEPER

Shakes loose, by vigorous vibration, ALL hidden grit. Positively sweeps up ALL stubborn-clinging litter. The Hoover thus differs from the others. See the Hoover dealer and have him prove this.

The Hoover is the only vacuum cleaner which has a Motor-Driven Brush. The carpeting is lifted one-fourth inch above the floor at the suction nozzle. The fast-revolving soft-hair brush gently but vigorously vibrates the suspended carpeting upon the air cushion underneath.

This dislodges the tramped-in, imbedded, injurious grit.

All threads, hairs, litter, lint, etc.—no matter how stubbornly they adhere—are simultaneously swept free. A powerful current of air steadily withdraws this loosened dirt into a dust-tight bag.

A beating afterwards proves no dirt escapes the Hoover. Furthermore, colorings return as if by magic. Crushed nap is restored to its proper position.

The life of oriental, domestic, grass and other floor coverings (now so greatly advanced in cost to replace) is *guaranteed* to be greatly prolonged.

Prominent carpet makers and rug importers advise the use of the Hoover. Attachments are provided for cleaning floors, draperies, furniture and overhead. The Hoover is supplied in four sizes to suit any purse and all requirements.

Write for "How to Choose a Vacuum Cleaner" and address of nearby dealer

The Hoover Suction Sweeper Company
Box 12 New Berlin, Ohio

IN THE HINDENBURG LINE

(Continued from Page 9)

cry he pointed to the red and blue circles on its wings. "English!" Immediately they saw faint spurts near its propeller, heard the distinct raps of its machine gun. Flicks of earth leaped up along the top of the trench wall; there were splashes in the water ahead. The driver turned a scared face to the colonel.

"On! On!" shouted Von Förster.

The driver put on his best speed. The train rocked and roared in the narrow passage. Looking up, they saw puff after puff of shrapnel burst round the aëroplane. It climbed and headed for home. They rushed onward. The minutes passed.

Suddenly there was an appalling hiss, a deafening explosion in the bend just ahead of them. Another followed it, and another. Black smoke rolled down on them, blotting out vision. The brakes squealed, responding to the apprehension of the driver, as the train rounded the corner. Explosion followed explosion in the mass of smoke. The aeroplane had reported to its battery.

The train stopped with a fierce jerk. It had run into the fallen-in walls of the trench. The driver sank over his tractor, killed by a flying fragment. The others sprang off.

"Remain with the ammunition!" shouted Von Förster to the N. C. O. He himself, followed by his officers, ran crouchingly back along the train and clambered out of the trench. Shell after shell swooped down upon the fatal spot just ahead.

For a moment or two the three officers crouched among irregular heaps of sodden, tumbled earth. The colonel looked at his map, fixed his whereabouts. Pointing, he drew Hofmeister's attention to a scarce distinguishable trench line on the slope of the ridge, away to the right. A pole bearing a small notice board stuck up in the otherwise featureless prospect, a little behind the trench.

"The support battalion!" he shouted. "Battalion headquarters there!" He pointed to the notice board. "We will go straight on—see them coming back!"

The lieutenant, who had dallied with a hope, followed his seniors. The colonel made a wide circuit round the length of communication trench that was still being punished. More than once they flung themselves down to escape shells that came with a long swooping whine and rush, to explode in their vicinity. The shrapnel, that burst irregularly in patches over the slope, could not be avoided. They could only pray for immunity and hope their helmets would resist a chance bullet on their heads. The bombardment continued steadily on both sides, neither increasing nor diminishing.

Time for the Gas Masks

The summit of the ridge, still upspouting its fountains of black smoke and canopied with drifting shrapnel puffs, was an empty desolation at this nearer view. The continuous detonations of the explosives that hailed upon it were now the chief feature in the bewildering volume of noise that was incessantly reenforced from near and far.

Another shell rushed over their heads, finished with a soft thud in the earth—"A 'dud'!" cried the colonel, with a laugh of relief. Another followed, finished with similar softness —— No! All three glanced behind them in sudden alarm as the third and fourth shells terminated their careers with the same quiet thuds. A light cloud of dense vapor was creeping low upon the ground, extending laterally as shell after shell pitched to feed it. The wind was northeasterly, behind them, and brought them a peculiar odor.

"Quick, Herr Oberst!" Hofmeister unbuckled the lid of his chief's gas-mask box, and then his own. Von Waldow wanted no urging. The three of them fitted the masks under their helmets, looking curiously porcine with the protruding tin snouts. Then they ran, slowly but with immense effort, over the yielding shell-torn ground, stumbling over inequalities dimly perceived through the celluloid goggles of the masks. The gas drifted round them as they ran.

They tripped over a party of prone men lying in odd attitudes, fresh blood upon their faces and oozing through the gray cloth of their backs. Boxes of stores lay round them, scattered and broken. It was a fatigue party, caught by shrapnel. One man half raised himself, moved an arm. The gas drifted over them. The officers ran on.

They dropped into the communication trench, here badly destroyed, and dodged from hollow to hollow of the wet, crumbling earth, following its trace. On either hand the rush and shattering crash of arriving shells were the accompaniment of each instant. The shrapnel overhead was an imminent peril, miraculously escaped from moment to moment. The British were putting down a barrage, not very intense but extremely dangerous, behind the front lines.

The pale gas cloud drifted over a wide area, looking like the low mist on a wet field at evening.

The entrances of other wrecked trenches opened to right and left of them. All were deserted. Save the stricken ration party, they saw no one. Suddenly the Oberst turned to the right, dived along a lateral passage and stopped where a man crouched in a low, dark, timber-supported hole.

He pushed the man aside, slipped in and descended many steep, slippery steps. The others followed him. They found themselves in a small square dugout illuminated by a candle. The walls and roof were supported by balks of heavy timber. A rough table was in the middle, telephone instrument upon it. Several ammunition boxes served for seats. Pick and shovel rested against the wall. Two men rose to their feet as the colonel entered. They were plastered with mud from head to foot. Their haggard eyes looked out of faces that had been neither washed nor shaved for many days. Both saluted punctiliously. Von Förster sank, exhausted, onto a seat. He nodded faintly as he removed his mask. The two others also divested themselves of their grotesque headgear. Von Waldow proffered his flask.

The Forward Positions

Refreshed, the colonel looked about him.

"I came to see for myself, major," he said. "You are having a bad time?"

"*Schrecklich!*" replied the battalion commander. "We have scarcely three hundred left. This is Lieutenant Stein, Herr Oberst—acting adjutant; poor Kaunitz has been killed."

The colonel nodded.

"This is Hauptmann Hofmeister—he replaces Grenzmann, who goes back to the division. I brought him up to see how things stand."

Hofmeister saluted.

"If only we had more men, Herr Oberst!" said the battalion commander. "We ought to be relieved—replaced by two or three fresh battalions. We want a division where we have barely a brigade. Surely we have enough troops?"

"There are masses of them somewhere in the rear," replied Von Förster. "They are keeping them for the counterattack. We must do our best."

Hofmeister spoke to the adjutant.

"Is the shellfire at its height?" he asked.

"No, Herr Hauptmann, it has slackened—particularly on the forward positions."

"I should like to see them. Is it possible?"

"We can try, Herr Hauptmann."

"You permit, Herr Oberst?"

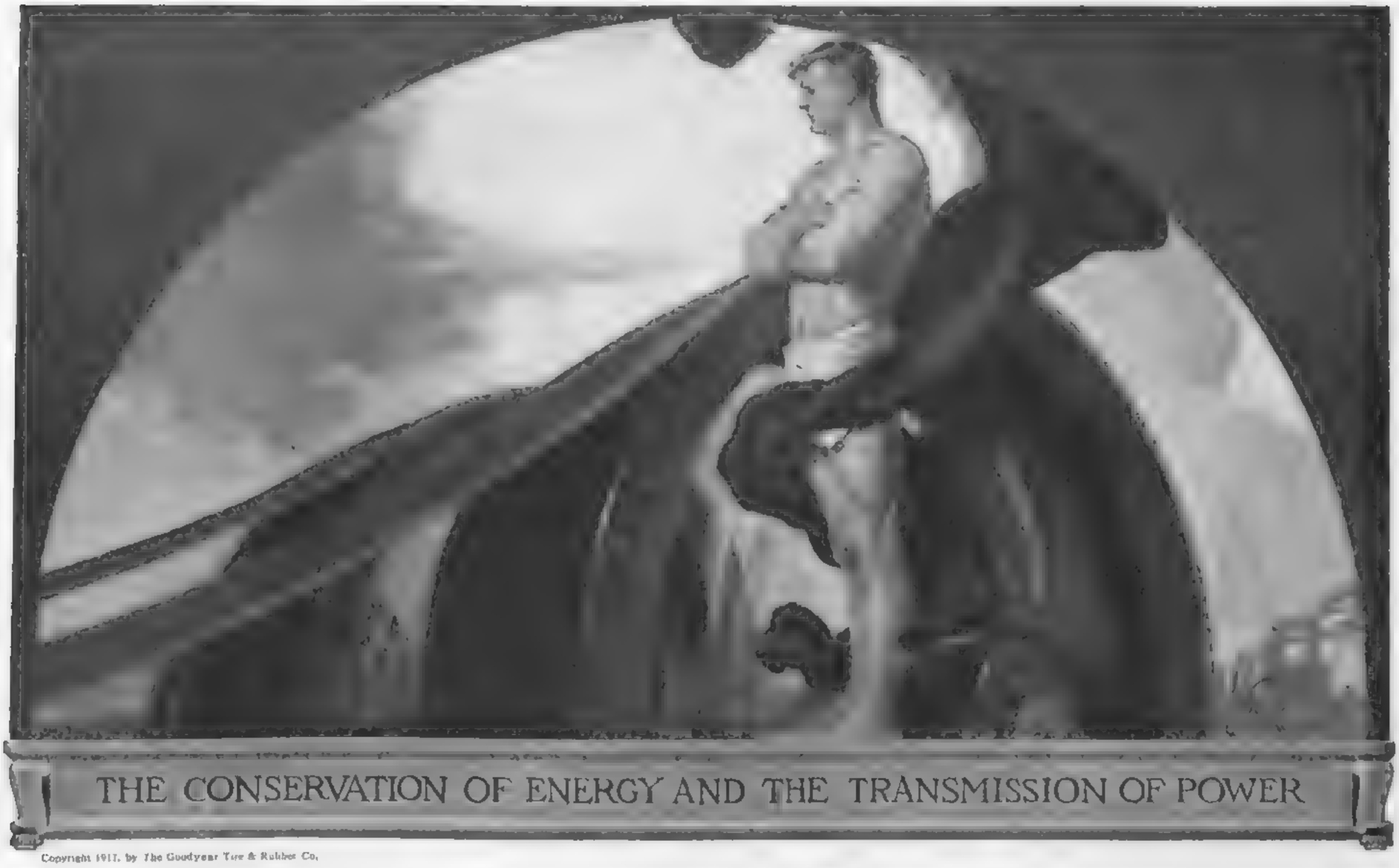
"Certainly—certainly."

Lieutenant Stein donned his steel helmet.

The afternoon was drawing toward dusk, but there was still plenty of light as they emerged into the wrecked trench.

Lieutenant Stein led the way over the soft shell-heaped masses of crumbling earth, heading toward the summit of the ridge. They went crouchingly, now stumbling forward onto their hands, now sinking up to their knees. The shells continued to arrive, upflinging brown mud with the black smoke or stopping short in the air with a sudden apparition of white cotton wool, lit momentarily by a red flash, that floated lazily. But it was no longer the intense bombardment of a little time ago, and movement, though risky, was possible. Stein went diagonally to his right front, where a more or less prolonged depression among the shell holes indicated the site of a trench. A party of men, not readily distinguishable in their mud-caked gray, were

(Continued on Page 53)



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During the passing year the use of Blue Streak Belts in every tensely productive industry has more than doubled.

For these belts parallel in their *power-saving* worth the *power-creating* progress of engineering skill.

They are a relatively recent but swiftly successful development in the transmission of power.

Long ago the tremendous efficiency of modern engines brought to colossal strength Industry's serving giant, Steam.

But for a long time the unmeasured inefficiency of unthrifty transmission squandered that strength.

For transmission belts are the sinews of power.

If they are slack, or stiff, or overweighty, or infirm of grip—as transmission belts still were not many years ago—the finest achievement in power development loses much of its hard-won gain.

Because Blue Streak Belts are free from these defects, they insure a thrift of transmission long thought impossible.

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Their price is higher than that of ordinary belting but their cost is lower.

Per dollar of price they give longer, better, more continuous service.

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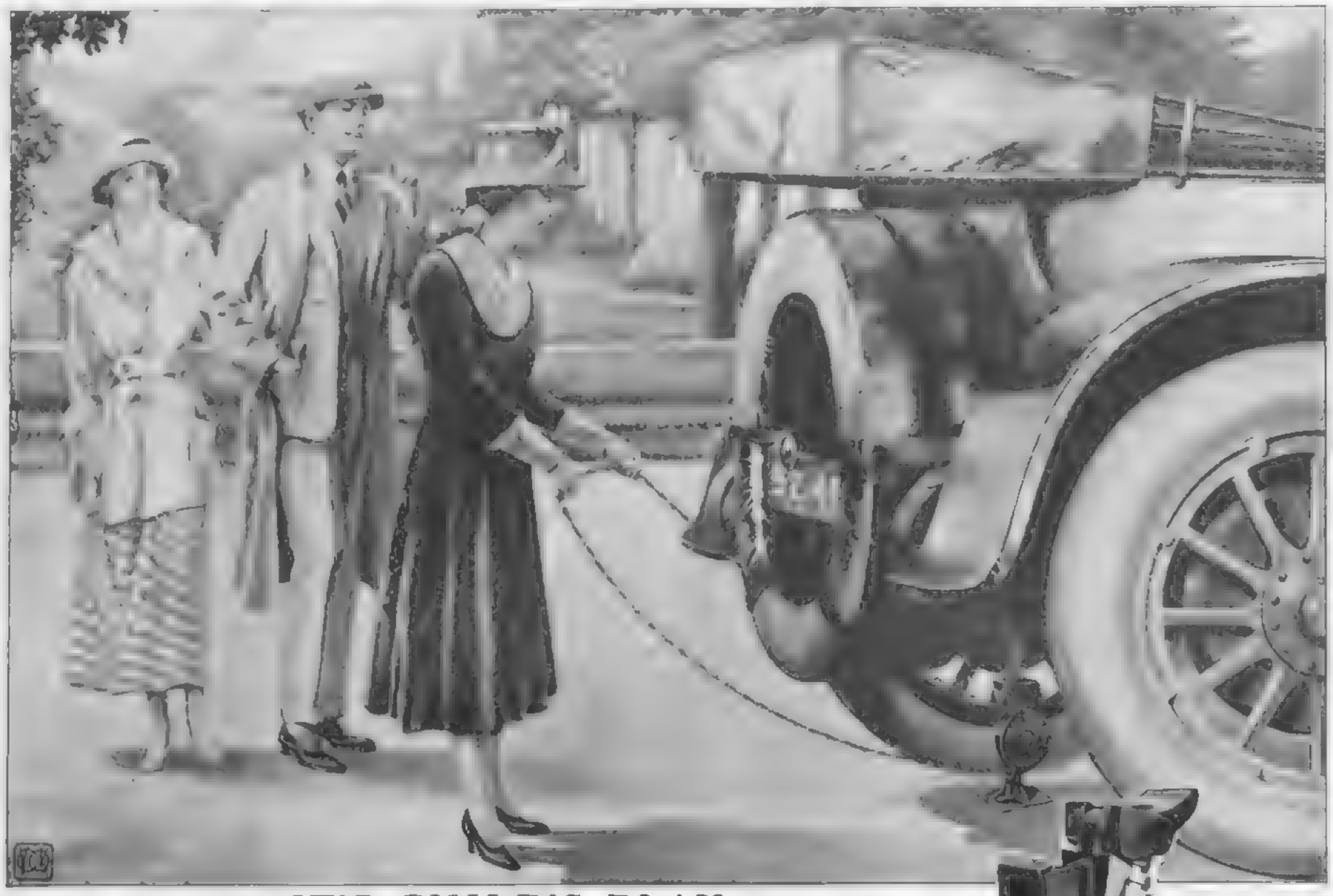

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The Jack That Saves Your Back

Simply a few easy pulls on its chain lifts or lowers the heaviest car while you stand erect—clear from greasy springs, tire carriers and other projections. Up or down—there's no labor.

Never gets out of order. Gears and chain wheel protected by a stamped steel housing. ***Chain heavily plated*** to prevent rusting. ***Has a strong cap,*** providing the kind of support from which an axle will not slip, while a ***broad base*** prevents the jack from upsetting on uneven roads. ***Every Weed Chain-Jack is submitted to a lifting test*** and will support over twice the weight it is ever required to lift.

The 8 inch and 10 inch sizes are made with an Auxiliary Step as shown in the accompanying illustration. When in operative position it adds two inches to the height of the jack.

Made in Four Sizes

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised With Aux. Step Up	Price
8 inch	8 inches	12⅛ inches	14⅛ inches	$ 5.00
10 inch	10 inches	15⅜ inches	17⅜ inches	5.00
12 inch	12 inches	18 inches	No Aux. Step	5.00
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10 Days' Trial. **If your dealer does not have them send us $5.00 for any size for pleasure cars or $10.00 for the Truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send $6.00 for any size for pleasure cars or $12.00 for the Truck size.** ***Try it 10 days. If not satisfied, return it to us and we will refund your money.***

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Incorporated
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Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

·A·C·

(Continued from Page 50)

shoveling at a mass of churned earth. The two officers approached them.

"Dugout blown in, Herr Lieutenant," said the Unteroffizier in charge. The men looked up, their faces pinched and drawn, indescribably dirty and miserable. They shoveled doggedly.

Hofmeister asked a question of his guide.

"We have a company here flanking this area," replied Stein; "Oberlieutenant Schwarz in command."

Hofmeister glanced across the shell-torn stretch menaced by this ruined trench, ere they dropped into the depression and followed it. Encouraged by the diminution of the bombardment men were emerging from their holes of refuge, appearing mysteriously as from nowhere among the heaps of earth. They carried spades, and N.C.O.'s set them to rebank the parapet and to clear away the débris from machine-gun emplacements.

An officer approached. It was the lieutenant in command of the company. Hofmeister introduced himself.

"Can't you arrange to get up some kind of rations?" asked the company commander querulously. "My men are starving. They have had scarcely anything to eat for three days. How can they fight? It is scandalous, the way we are left—scandalous!" He glared at Hofmeister as though charging him with personal responsibility, careless of his superior rank.

Hofmeister promised to do what he could.

"The casualties too!" continued Oberlieutenant Schwarz. "Why is an effort not made to get them away? Come and see."

He led the staff captain along the trench to the entrance of a deep dugout. Hofmeister descended, found himself in a large excavated chamber lit by an acetylene flare—and recoiled suddenly. The stench was insupportable. The floor was carpeted with supine bodies, bandaged in all fashions. The doctor came toward him, stepping carefully among the stricken men.

"Ah! You have come to evacuate?" he cried. His face fell at Hofmeister's negative shake of the head. "No! But, *lieber Hauptmann*, this state of things is impossible—*unerhört!* We must get them away! Some of them have been here for four days. I have no more room. What will happen when the attack comes?"

Hauptmann Hofmeister shrugged his shoulders—*bedauerte.*

"Regret!" cried the doctor. "It is easy to regret! These men are dying—German soldiers, dying in their filth. Is this the glory that you promised them, the joy of dying for the Fatherland that you war makers prate of? I tell you"—he shook his fist in the staff captain's face—"you brought about this misery deliberately—you prolong it in your vain blind gamble for an impossible victory—it is your duty to relieve it—to relieve it at once!"

Overwrought, and No Wonder

"You are overwrought, Herr Doctor," said Hofmeister. "You want a rest."

"Overwrought?" The doctor laughed like a maniac. "Look at it! Look at it! I live in this night and day, and ever more are coming! A rest? Yes, that is what we all want, a rest from this fiendish murder you continue ——"

He clutched vainly at the staff captain's coat as Hofmeister shrugged his shoulders once more and went quickly up the stairs of the dugout.

"As if I was responsible!" he said to Stein, who had stood behind him. "As if I also am not sick to death of it all! I shall be glad when the Englanders attack. Perhaps there will be an end of it then."

The adjutant took him from point to point of the position, crawling and floundering from shell hole to shell hole. Here and there a short length of damaged trench was being repaired, but the major portion of the defense was organized in shell craters wherein lurked little groups of men about a machine gun. Some of these craters were open to the sky, but many were covered with circular lids of camouflage, imitating brown earth and sometimes water, that should baffle the eyes of the airmen spying out the defenses. One stumbled on these positions without remarking them, so cunningly were they devised. At the critical moment these lids would lift just a little and a machine gun would peep forth.

In this slackening of the bombardment a surprising number of gray figures, miraculously surviving in this featureless chaos of tumbled earth, could just be discerned, head and shoulders, upon the summit of the ridge, desperately at toil to cast up a better shelter for themselves against the fiercer storm that was surely coming. About their feet lay the bodies of those who had finished with war. The water in the shell holes, dissolving rust from submerged objects, was red as with their blood.

Cautiously in the gathering dusk Hofmeister and the adjutant crept forward to where the dense masses of rusty barbed wire lay beaten down from stake to stake. There had been a front-line trench here once—it was now obliterated in the complete devastation of shell craters linked rim to rim. Lookout men lurked in them here and there.

From one of these craters the two officers peered stealthily toward the English lines. The nearer part of the No Man's Land was freshly scarred with shells that had dropped short. Farther away the long rank grass still grew, was thicker as it approached the British wire, which it all but hid.

"Do you see?" said Stein, nudging his companion. "It is already cut. There—and there!"

It was just possible to make out where lanes had been cut through the entanglement, though the tall grass still waved above the stakes. Beyond it the rough earth and sandbag wall of the British parapet stretched in front of them, almost intact, following the contour of the land until it disappeared into the mist on the right and the left. It was quiet, apparently deserted. Far behind it a patch of green field was just visible in the fading light. A desultory cannonade from both sides boomed and slammed spasmodically. By contrast with the preceding bombardment the world seemed peaceful.

The Slamming of English Guns

A rifle spoke from the opposing trench. The two officers ducked. A machine gun commenced to hammer out short interrupted bursts of fire, traversing the crater field, its bullets cracking above their heads as they cowered in the watery mud of their hole. It ceased. With infinite precautions they crawled out and stole backward toward the battalion headquarters.

Ssss! Ssss! Ssss! Ssss!—a group of shells rushed to burst in quick succession on the ground about them. Another series followed ere the detonations of the first had ceased. From behind came the rapid slamming of English guns, merging far and wide into one long-continued thudding beat, half-obscured by near explosions.

"Hurry, Herr Hauptmann!" cried the adjutant. "The bombardment has started again!"

They ran, desperately straining to get over the soft ground. About them, in the failing light now fitfully intensified by faint flashes, they saw gray-clad figures dashing to cover. Crash after crash shook earth and heaven. Black smoke drifted over them. The reek of burnt explosive filled their nostrils, caught their breath. Wild flights of shells raced overhead, to burst far beyond, flight upon flight. Rockets, red and white, shot up into the sky from all along the ridge.

Panting, feeling their continued existence to be a miracle that might be at any moment terminated, they flung themselves into the trench and rushed for the headquarters dugout. They threw themselves into its aperture just as the adjacent earth went up with quick red flash and appalling roar.

In the dugout Von Förster and the battalion commander stood anxiously behind an artillery observation officer bent over the telephone instrument on the table. He was vainly trying to elicit a reply. Lieutenant von Waldow was absent.

The artillery officer straightened himself and sketched a hopeless gesture.

"The line has gone again!" he cried, his voice partially swallowed by the din. "All the lines are broken!"

Von Förster turned to Hofmeister.

"I have sent Von Waldow to try to signal back—these people must be relieved," he said. His face was haggard with anxiety, his hand tapped nervously on the table.

"Too late, Herr Oberst!" said the battalion commander, sinking limply onto one of the ammunition boxes. "This is the beginning of the end."

The Oberst ignored him impatiently.

"We must get back ourselves, Hofmeister. We must not be trapped here. We can do nothing—nothing unless we get back to headquarters."

"Impossible, Herr Oberst," said Hofmeister. "There is a barrage behind us."

"We must try—try at all costs! I wish Waldow would come back!"

At that moment the young lieutenant came slithering down the stairway.

"It is hell outside—hell!" he cried. "The signalers are all buried. The entire ridge is being blown into the air! The fire is worse than ever! I was buried myself—— Oh, I am wounded!" He finished in a cry of alarm. His left arm was dripping blood on the floor. He rocked on his feet, seemed about to faint.

Hofmeister ripped back the stricken man's tunic, produced a first-aid dressing.

"It is nothing," he said, bandaging the arm. "A scratch. You will be all right. A month in Berlin for you."

"We shall all be killed," gasped the young man, terror in his eyes.

"Just listen to it!" cried the artillery officer. "These Englanders do know how to put down drum fire!"

Outside, the viciously violent detonations followed each other without an instant's pause, deafening the ear, shaking the dugout with fierce double concussions, seeming to rend the earth to its core with each quickly reiterated shock. It was obvious that nothing could live in the open. The shelter of any dugout was precarious. They held their breath for the stunning roar that should terminate their existence. All were trembling. The candle went out repeatedly—could not be kept alight. Someone switched on his electric pocket lamp, kept it shining across the small dank cave. Darkness was insupportable. Panic lurked in it, beating on them with each new shock that crashed without. The sight of the heavy timber balks, of the roof intact, preserved a faint confidence, a hope that was scarcely more than a symptom of the desperate will to live.

The Oberst sank on a seat.

"I ought not to be here! I ought not to be here!" he cried, repeating a fixed idea. "What will the brigade say when the attack comes? I am away from my post! I am away from my post!"

"We shall all be killed! We shall all be killed!" moaned the staff lieutenant as he rocked to and fro, nursing his wounded arm.

"Silence!" shouted Hofmeister, glaring at him with exasperation.

"This is the end—the beginning of the end," repeated the battalion commander. "We ought to have been relieved long ago."

"Our batteries are certainly firing," said the gunner officer, feeling it incumbent on him to say something.

"How long can they keep this up?" the adjutant asked from the gloom behind the lamp.

"All night," replied the artillery officer grimly. "They will not attack before dawn, and they will keep it up till then."

The Beginning of the End

"Awful! Awful!" murmured the regiment commander. "They will walk right through. There will be nothing to stop them."

Hofmeister looked at his watch.

"In that case we shall have eight hours of it," he said.

None answered him. All relapsed into a silence while they listened to the incessant crashes, the continuous succession of near explosions that smote and rent. The earth shuddered. Fragments fell from the roof to the floor. There was an appalling, stupendous roar apparently exactly overhead, simultaneous with a fierce stunning shock that bludgeoned their senses and left them dazed. In the light of the pocket lamp they saw the supports of one wall give way, sink; a mass of earth bulged into the dugout. A glance at the roof showed it beaten down diagonally. They sat motionless and silent in the circumscribed space.

Hour after hour passed—a timeless, indefinitely extended period. Their ineffectual efforts at conversation lapsed. The acuteness of a fear in which they could do nothing for defense was dulled gradually into a vague hopelessness, the savage persistence of the bombardment hazing their senses with its monotony of thundering, riving menace.

At first tense, quivering, they relaxed to a limp exhaustion. Despite the violent concussions, the blasts of shattering noise, they dozed fitfully under the excess of

(Concluded on Page 55)

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(Concluded from Page 53)

strain. Flitting dreams passed over them, blending with wakefulness. Hofmeister found himself living through a recapitulation of the incidents of the day. He saw again the agony of fright on the face of the N. C. O. left with the ammunition on the wrecked train—the stricken ration party helpless under the drifting gas. He heard once more the querulous impeachment of the officer whose men were starving—gazed, with a horror surpassing that of the reality, on the hell of the first-aid dugout, felt himself wildly sharing the dementia of the overwrought doctor. Once more he toiled over the shell-churned ground where the haggard soldiers dug for dear life—saw the ominous lanes in the wire before the silent British parapet. Through all his visions he was oppressed by a sense of immense effort—immense futility under a cloud of inexorable menace. He woke with one of his own groans. The others were dreaming also, making strange noises.

They roused occasionally from these brief recuperations to the reperceived uproar, to the full realization of imminent danger never slackening in its threat. Then a cold fear gripped them as they sat deprived of any activity that could occupy their minds. The strain seemed more than could be borne. The electric lamp was almost exhausted—gave only a dull red glow. Hofmeister roused himself, shut it off and turned on his own. Crash followed crash outside with a fury that had neither hesitated nor diminished since its first commencement an eternity of time ago. He wondered dully whether any of the battalion were left alive, wondered that the dugout had so long sheltered him and his companions.

The artillery officer stirred.

"*Herr Gott!* But I am hungry!" he said.

Emergency Rations

The battalion commander, long utterly immobile, surprised them by answering. He had seemed asleep.

"I have had nothing to eat for three days," he said. "Nor my men."

Hofmeister quickened with an idea.

"But we have our emergency rations!" he cried. "Herr Oberst!" He roused his superior. "Let us eat—it will be something to do!"

"*Ja, ja!*" murmured Von Förster with a childish vacuity. A transformation had taken place in him. He was startlingly senile, mouth loose, eyes pouched and bleary, as he felt fumblingly for his emergency ration. He was merely an old, old man. All capacity for command had vanished. "Let us eat! For the last time!" He spoke apparently to himself, and chuckled with an imbecile and horrid mirth.

Lieutenant von Waldow slept, babbling in uneasy dreams. Hofmeister took his emergency ration without waking him.

The five of them—for Stein had roused himself from the corner where he crouched—ate the sausage and biscuit of the three rations. The imminence of death present to the consciousness of each as, now fully wakened, they listened to the everlasting crash and roar of the inferno overhead, they ate with that wolfish gluttony of those breakfasting for the last time in the condemned cell, the body imperiously asserting its craving to live, their nerves relieved to find a veil for terror.

Hofmeister produced his flask, portioned out mouthfuls in an enamel mug passed from hand to hand. Their faces, grotesquely illumined in high light and deep shadow as they clustered round the electric lamp throwing its narrow beam across the dugout, were stamped with the horror of the night.

"This is the end," repeated the major. "I marched with the first in August—fought at the Marne, Ypres, in Russia, on the Somme. Everywhere men were killed round me—all my officers. Time after time—I survived—miraculously. I believed—believed I had a star—something that kept me safe—and this is what it kept me for! This is the end." He stopped. "My poor little wife!"

"*Bitte*, Herr Major!" cried Hofmeister in expostulation. "We all have womenfolk. One dare not think of them on the battlefield!"

"Battlefield!" cried Stein. "I would not mind dying on the open field. It's being killed like rats in a trap ——"

"Killed uselessly!" The gunner officer took it up. "If only we had been able to make peace on our first victories! Now—now we are being bled to death to keep up the pretense that we have won."

"It is the beginning of the end," repeated the major.

The Oberst rose to his feet suddenly. He swayed as though in the gusts of the crashing detonations outside. He held the enamel mug in his hand as though about to drink to a toast.

"*Meine Herren*," he said, an uncanny wild solemnity in his tone, "we are dead men." He raised his voice to be heard amid a louder explosion. "You and I, major—we marched through Belgium in the long ago—there are not many of us left. I drink to our eternal damnation! Can't you see them? Can't you hear them—those mad women—shrieking at us—clawing at us? I have heard them all this night—beating on the roof to get at us—and I laugh at them as I laughed then!"

He burst into a shriek of crazy laughter that made the blood run cold. "I laugh at them all through hell—I used to laugh at them in my dreams—I could not prevent them haunting me. We laugh at them now, major—damned but *Übermenschen—Übermenschen* even in hell—*nicht wahr*, major? Ha! ha! ha!" Again his insane mirth mingled with the crashes.

The major hid his face in his hands. Hofmeister sprang up and pulled the old man down to his seat.

"He is mad!" he cried. "Don't listen to him!"

The old man sat and laughed evilly to himself.

There was an even louder crash outside, a more violent shock. They glanced toward the stairway, saw masses of earth rolling down it.

"The entrance has been blown in!" shouted Stein amid a series of terribly fierce explosions that was as the very heart of a storm. "Quick! Pick and shovel!"

He sprang to the tools. He seized one, Hofmeister the other. Someone snatched the lamp, shone it up the stairway, which was blocked with earth. Feverishly Stein and Hofmeister attacked it, flinging débris behind them into the dugout. They forgot all other dangers in the panic fear of burial alive as they hacked and shoveled at the obstruction. There were many feet of it to be cleared away. Hofmeister paused for a moment after a frenzied bout of toil.

Into the Open Again

"Listen!" he cried. "Listen! The fire has lifted! The attack has begun! Quick! Quick!"

With superhuman energy the two men delved into the mass of earth that crumbled about their feet on the stairway. Below them others, they knew not who, cleared it into the dugout. The pick smote right through. A few more shovel digs at the roof of earth above them and it collapsed onto their heads. They saw a pale gray sky. The crash of shells was a distant continued sound. The sharp, vicious hammering of machine guns was the dominant noise.

Somebody clutched at Hofmeister as he forced himself through the narrow aperture into the free air. He glanced back and saw Von Waldow, and kicked viciously. But the young lieutenant squirmed out behind him, overtook him as he ran along an unrecognizable trench. Hofmeister fell headlong over a heap of earth and heard a violent detonation close behind—another, duller explosion following it. Bombs! The dugout! His imagination half glimpsed the fate of his comrades as he struggled to his feet.

He looked up, to see a man, hooded like a familiar of the Inquisition, horribly unhuman with his featureless face, standing on the edge of the trench above him with a bomb poised to throw.

He heard a yell from Von Waldow, saw the young lieutenant spring at the man like a maniac, all oblivious of his wounded arm, snatch and wrench at the man's wrist, fling the bomb away after a moment of fierce struggle, in which Hofmeister agonized for the explosion. The enemy disappeared suddenly—how, he knew not. He was feeling queerly faint. Wounded! How? Where? When? Von Waldow seized him, dragged him along.

"Quick, Herr Hauptmann! Quick! I know a machine-gun dugout!" The lad was in a frenzy of excitement, utterly unlike the shrinking, frightened poltroon he had appeared in the dugout.

He dragged the staff captain a little way along the trench and stopped before a low entrance to a tunnel. They wriggled into it, hearing only faintly now the hammering of the machine guns, the thud of bombs. As Hofmeister crawled along the passage he felt his senses return to him. He was not severely wounded. Only a touch somewhere.

The Counter Attack

"There should be machine gunners here!" called out Von Waldow, scrambling ahead in the darkness. They emerged into an underground chamber dimly visible in a pale light that fell through a perpendicular shaft at the farther end. The place was empty. Both officers rose to their feet and ran to the shaft. A machine gun on a little platform rested on the bottom. The platform was a lift worked by an arrangement of pulleys and counterweights. Hofmeister sprang onto it.

"Pull me up!" he cried. Von Waldow seized a hanging rope.

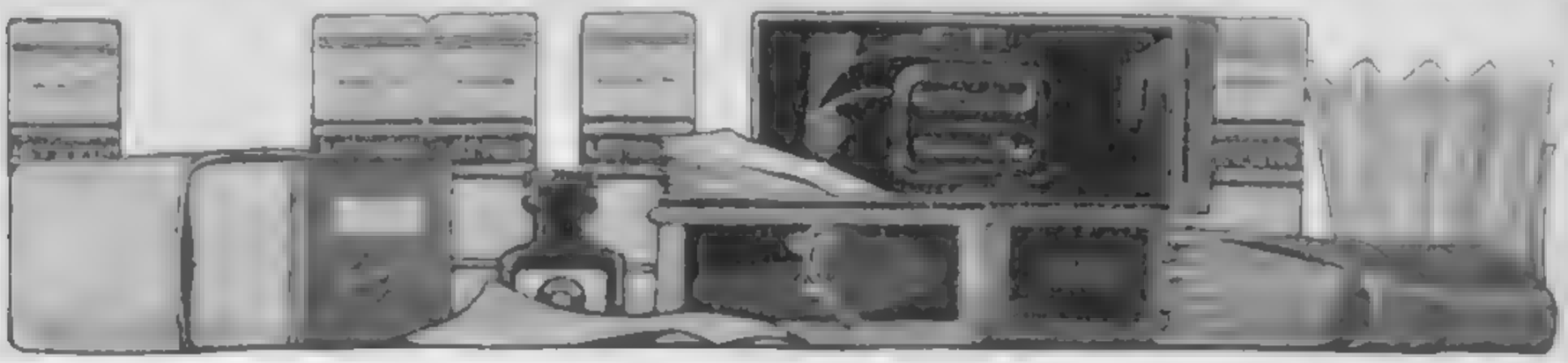
The staff captain, crouching by the weapon to adjust it for action, felt himself slowly mounting the narrow shaft as the lieutenant tugged jerkily at the rope with his one valid arm. The platform stopped. Hofmeister, looking over the sights of the gun, gazed at his foes.

Parties of brown-clad men were moving, disappearing and reappearing, amid the heaped and pitted desolation of the ridge. All were going in one direction—toward the German lines. A few ran at a slow jog trot. The most walked with plodding deliberation. All kept in their loose formations of little groups. Some had rifles, bayonets fixed. Others had only bags of bombs. All were hooded, featureless, under the flat helmets. Shrapnel burst above them here and there, but the shell fire was not much visible, though audible enough as the counterbarrages crashed and thudded just out of sight on either hand.

Hofmeister released the safety catch, traversed the gun, seeking for a bunch of the enemy. He saw a group carrying curious heavy firearms like old-fashioned blunderbusses fling themselves down in a rear shell hole, the muzzles of two weapons point at him. He slued his weapon with the instinctive quickness of a menaced animal, pressed on the trigger, crouching low. He heard only his first shot.

The groups of hooded men continued to stream across the German position, dropping bombs down suspected holes. One dropped down a shaft where a young lieutenant, with only one arm capable of use, was clinging to its side, vainly trying to climb the rough, absolutely perpendicular ladder.

The first counter attack was made in such chaotic fashion that the absence of higher leadership was manifest.



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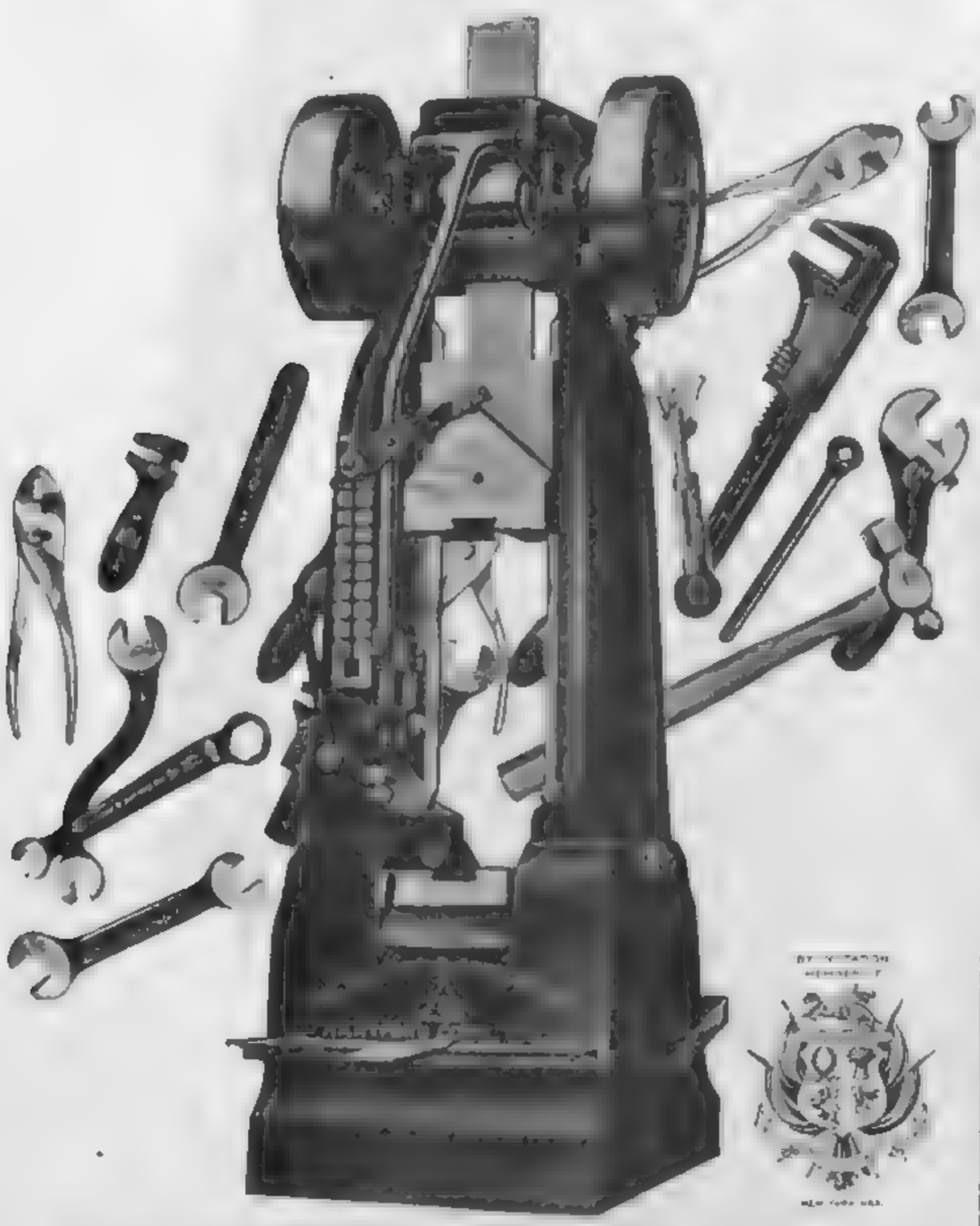

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Railroads Made Over

A Good Start—By Albert W. Atwood

"THE reorganized railroads are good if anything is," said one of the leading bankers in America late in August. "I especially have in mind the Missouri Pacific, which is the most promising of all the reorganized railroads; also the Wabash and the St. Louis and San Francisco. Of course nobody wants anything in the way of stocks or bonds just now, but if one did the securities of these railroads would hold out as great a promise as any."

To call attention to any class of investment at this writing seems to financial folk like serving a full-course dinner to a victim of seasickness, or talking opera with a man just run over by an automobile. The colossal program of government financing, bond issues and taxes overshadows all else. Naturally corporation bonds and many stocks have had a severe decline in view of the competition of billions of war bonds. We are being introduced to a new economic world, the nature and dimensions of which are as yet unknown or but dimly perceived, and until we have time to become better acquainted with our new surroundings it is almost impossible to stir up interest in economic or financial phenomena not directly connected with the war.

But I do not need to apologize for the subject of this article. The war must end some day, and railroads will be in operation long after it is over. Nor is there any reason to believe that people at large are without available investment funds for other than government bonds. Professional Wall-Street bankers and brokers, insurance companies, savings banks and the wealthy investors who lie awake nights worrying about supertaxes are almost tremblingly anxious about the new war taxes and new government bond issues. They are in no mood to consider other investments. But even with the vast program of war expense it is evident that the masses of people with moderate incomes still have, in many instances enough surplus funds for general investment purposes.

Here is another timely and pertinent fact: When any particular group of securities is in the doldrums through no fault of its own the investor's opportunity is at hand. If a study of financial history teaches anything at all it shows that over and over again securities have gone begging through no inherent defect, but because world-wide or nation-wide conditions withdrew buyers from the market. Such were the panics of 1907 and of the period immediately following the beginning of the European war. Securities in themselves strong were slaughtered, but those who purchased them reaped large rewards at a later period.

Bad Management Responsible

Emotional and psychological forces drive many persons into buying most freely in boom times, which are the wrong times. Railroad stocks that sold freely at two hundred dollars a share in 1905 and 1906 went begging at one hundred dollars in 1907 and 1908, though the same railroads were far better able to pay dividends commensurate with a share price of one hundred dollars than two hundred dollars. Just so the public bought wildly at inflated prices in 1915 and 1916, though they hold back at the drastically deflated prices now current.

Obviously the railroads have no great fear of war-profits taxes, because their profits never become abnormal enough for that. But their earnings have been steadily increasing for some time now, and despite heavily mounting expenses and almost stationary rates they are able for the most part to hold on to large net earnings. This is true of the recently reorganized railroads, including the Missouri Pacific.

Of all the reorganized railroads none had less excuse for becoming ill than the Missouri Pacific, or was more thoroughly operated upon when at last it did submit; and none is in a sounder condition now. The Missouri Pacific was naturally the richest of all the reorganized roads, and it appears to have been the most drastically overhauled. Thus it stands first in any such appraisal as is made in this article.

Twenty-five years ago it might have been difficult to tell whether the Missouri Pacific or the Union Pacific would turn out the more successful. Indeed, E. H. Harriman was credited with saying he would rather have had the Missouri Pacific to work with than the Union Pacific. Certainly it was not because the Union had a richer territory than the Missouri that it became a bonanza and the other a failure. Obviously the Missouri Pacific's seven thousand miles of road form a well-placed network over one of the country's most profitable areas. Obviously, too, the Goulds did not possess the ability to make any railroad succeed.

Because it could easily earn and pay big dividends in its fertile territory the Missouri Pacific was made the cornerstone and support for a visionary scheme of domination and expansion. While rival properties were being equipped with heavy rails, cars and locomotives and increased terminal facilities, the Goulds devoted their attention to far-flung schemes, apparently never dreaming that their old stand-by could go wrong. Yet it was loaded down with immense but unremunerative investments, and the wonder is not that it failed but that it kept going so long.

Too Many Bonds Wreck the Road

When the whole structure began to topple the Goulds struggled desperately to keep a hold on the Missouri Pacific and prevent its slipping into bankruptcy. But receivers were appointed about two years ago, and it emerged in June of this year practically free from Gould domination. As with so many other railroad disasters, the chief element of weakness lay in the excessive use of bonds for financing.

As long ago as the spring of 1914 Robert Fleming, one of the most astute and successful railroad investors in the world, foreshadowed the form that the Missouri reorganization would take. Fleming had directed more British capital into American rails than perhaps any other native of the British Isles, and his judgment for the last forty years has usually been right. In addressing the annual meeting of one of the many English and Scotch "investment trusts" that he helped to organize, he suggested an assessment of fifty dollars a share on Missouri Pacific stock and the issuance of six per cent preferred stock. He intimated that the chief weakness of American railroad finance, the excessive use of bonds rather than stocks, was due to the fact that speculative cliques could not so easily control these companies if more stock were used. He went on to say that a permanent uplift in the standing of American rails would take place if such cliques were eliminated.

Fleming's prediction of the fifty-dollar assessment was correct, and the amount of bonds was reduced by sixty million dollars. In their place was put a large issue of five per cent preferred stock. The fixed charges were reduced more than three million dollars a year. Whereas fixed-interest-bearing securities formerly constituted seventy-seven per cent of the capital, they are now less than sixty per cent. Since 1911 thirty million dollars has been spent on the property, including the laying of the heaviest rails on most of the main line, reballasting, new ties and the rebuilding of a great number of freight cars. Moreover, the net earnings have increased so rapidly that it is possible the property may continue to be improved out of earnings alone.

Fortunate indeed is the Missouri Pacific in having been reorganized without recourse to the deceitful and treacherous adjustment or income bonds. While every effort will be made to pay dividends upon the seventy-two million dollars of preferred stock, the pressure will never be so strong as it would be upon any form of bond. For the month of June, 1917, the last for which I have figures, the road earned more than one million dollars in excess of the fixed-interest charges for that month. If such earnings keep up it will be possible to pay dividends upon the preferred stock and leave a liberal surplus.

Besides the stock issues, the new Missouri Pacific has two important bond issues: the first and refunding mortgage fives and the general mortgage fours. Though several small underlying issues of bonds were left undisturbed in the reorganization, their total is not large. Thus the first and refunding fives are to all reasonable intents

and purposes a first lien upon most of the mileage of this great property. Ranging in price from ninety to ninety-four they constitute a six per cent investment that is beyond question secure. Very little speculation has taken place in these fives, however. The general fours, which are the bonds given to stockholders in return for their cash assessments, have received far more attention. Selling at fifty-seven to fifty-eight, they form a seven per cent investment, and though ranking after the first and refunding fives their interest is being earned several times over.

None of the bonds of the Wabash Railway, which was another link in the ill-fated Gould transcontinental system, afford any such high-interest returns as do several issues of Rock Island, Missouri Pacific and Frisco. Though the Wabash is naturally a less profitable property than the Missouri Pacific and perhaps even less so than either of the others, its first and second mortgage bonds were relatively very small issues, and so were left undisturbed in the reorganization. Moreover, the property has been reorganized longer, the receivers having been discharged in 1915, and it has had more time to prove that interest can be earned through good times and bad on its two bond issues. Both the first and second mortgage issues carry five per cent interest, and at current prices net the investor about five per cent and five and a half per cent respectively.

The Wabash was reorganized drastically enough, and its fixed charges were reduced by replacing a variety of bond issues—leaving undisturbed the first and second mortgages—with two issues of preferred stock. So far as the public has concerned itself with Wabash securities since the reorganization, it has been almost entirely with the preferred A stock. This stock has ranged between forty and sixty, now being about midway. It pays four per cent, and should continue to pay that dividend. But unless net earnings show a big increase in the second half of the present year the surplus above the four per cent dividend will not be large enough to warrant any increase in the rate. The present dividend is safe enough and the price of the stock low enough, however, to make it speculatively attractive if net earnings should at any time show a marked increase.

Some High-Yield Issues

Perhaps the most unusual and curious investment situation is that presented by the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, but recently come out of receivership. Its failure was due to a superb combination of bad management, high finance, ignorance of the fundamental principles of finance, bad judgment and overweening optimism and ambition. Its history is indeed lurid. It failed at last, and among those who attempted to put the Frisco on its feet after the old interests had been ousted were several railroad bankers of the highest repute and skill. But unfortunately nearly all the financing of the old company had been by means of bond issues, and the bonds had been sold in France. The Frenchmen would not consent to take stock in place of their bonds, and so it was necessary to cater to their prejudices by issuing adjustment and income bonds in place of the old mortgage bonds. It is true that in a strictly technical sense fixed charges have been reduced by some three million dollars a year. But the weak point is that though interest on adjustment and income bonds is not supposed to be paid unless earned, there will always be pressure to pay it and the company is in any case prevented from building up as large a surplus as it otherwise could.

Nothing can disguise this situation from the keen appraisal of the open market, and the adjustment and income bonds are selling at prices so low as to pay more than nine per cent and eleven per cent respectively on the investment. And the interesting fact is that the directors in August actually voted to pay the interest for the year. It is argued by bankers high in the financial world that with its present improved management the Frisco can stand its burden of interest charges. No railroad has a territory more certain to develop, and in the last few years the property has been greatly improved. Indeed it is difficult to say whether the remarkable increase in operating efficiency as measured by growth in revenue tons per train mile emphasizes the more strongly former mismanagement or present good management.

To analyze the investment or speculative merits of Frisco securities closely is a most baffling undertaking. The income bonds selling only a shade above fifty and paying six per cent certainly should appeal to those who can take a sporting chance. The six per cent adjustment bonds round sixty-five are a trifle safer and yet afford an almost exorbitant return on the money. As for the new prior-lien bonds yielding about seven per cent, they may be classed in respect to their price level generally with the Rock Island refunding fours and Missouri Pacific general fours—all three issues netting round seven per cent. But frankly the Frisco prior liens look much more secure than the other two issues. They are nearly a first mortgage on the whole vast Frisco system, being subject, or junior, to only about fourteen million dollars mortgage bonds and six million dollars equipment trust notes.

In November, 1916, one of the country's leading bond houses offered for sale a large block of Frisco prior liens at a price more than ten points higher than the present quotation. The firm recommended the bonds highly to its clients and presented many facts to show their strength. Nearly all bonds have fallen since November, especially new and unseasoned issues like those of the reorganized railroads; but intrinsically I do not see how Frisco prior liens are any weaker now, but rather they are stronger than before because of the continuance of good earnings.

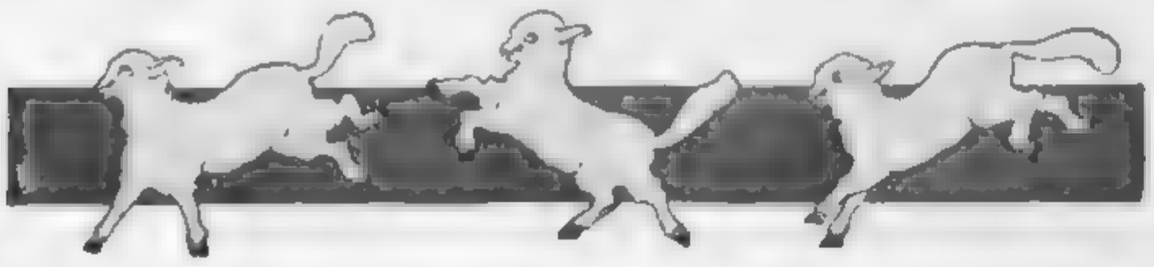
Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood on the reorganized railroads.

Snowshoe Harness

IF YOU use snowshoes and do not like to fasten these by the old Indian straps that most Canadians adhere to, you can find a very practical snowshoe harness described in sporting-goods catalogues. Though it never will be accepted by the old-timer as the real thing, really when well made it is of great comfort. I first saw a snowshoe harness of this sort in the Yellowstone Park in the winter of 1894. It was made in an Indian Agency harness shop by a young Yankee, and it worked so well that I began then to write about it. I am rather disposed to think that the current commercial article may be traced to its origin in this very source, though that perhaps is not the case. At any rate, if you snowshoe much, and care for your toenails, look about you a little bit.

This is also true if you use ski. You can get very perfect ski-boot harness nowadays that will give you very much better control over your ski than the loose toe strap used heretofore. Of course any man who uses] ski knows that control over them—that is to say, control sideways as well as backward and forward—is absolutely indispensable for happy travel. The first time a man mounts a pair of ski he will be surprised at seeing into what intricate patterns they can interbraid themselves. Some ski runners shoe them with a strip of horsehide, its grain pointing back. This kills some of the back-slip in hill climbing; and no good man should be a backslider.

In these military times one begins to see more and more the spiral puttee, which has been used in England and in the armies of the Continent for so long. One will see this more frequently in Canada than in America, where the ordinary canvas legging is still more generally used. A good spiral puttee legging is not to be sneezed at as a practical thing for out-of-door wear. Its great objection is that it is usually picked up badly by use in briers or chaparral. For straightaway walking it is very fine. It is rather a troublesome thing to put on and off, as it comes in the shape of a long rolled bandage, and is best adjusted after a little practice to get the knack.



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The Science-Vision of the

DEERING through massive telescope into illimitable space, Science, seeing no star, discovers one. Mathematics has visioned for Her some sun transcendent. It becomes our gift.

So, inevitably moving to the goal of what *should* be, Science accomplishes her miracles. So has she discovered synthetic materials for our thousand uses—for human sole-wear, to mention one. So was Neōlin itself created—the destined sole wear for the world today.

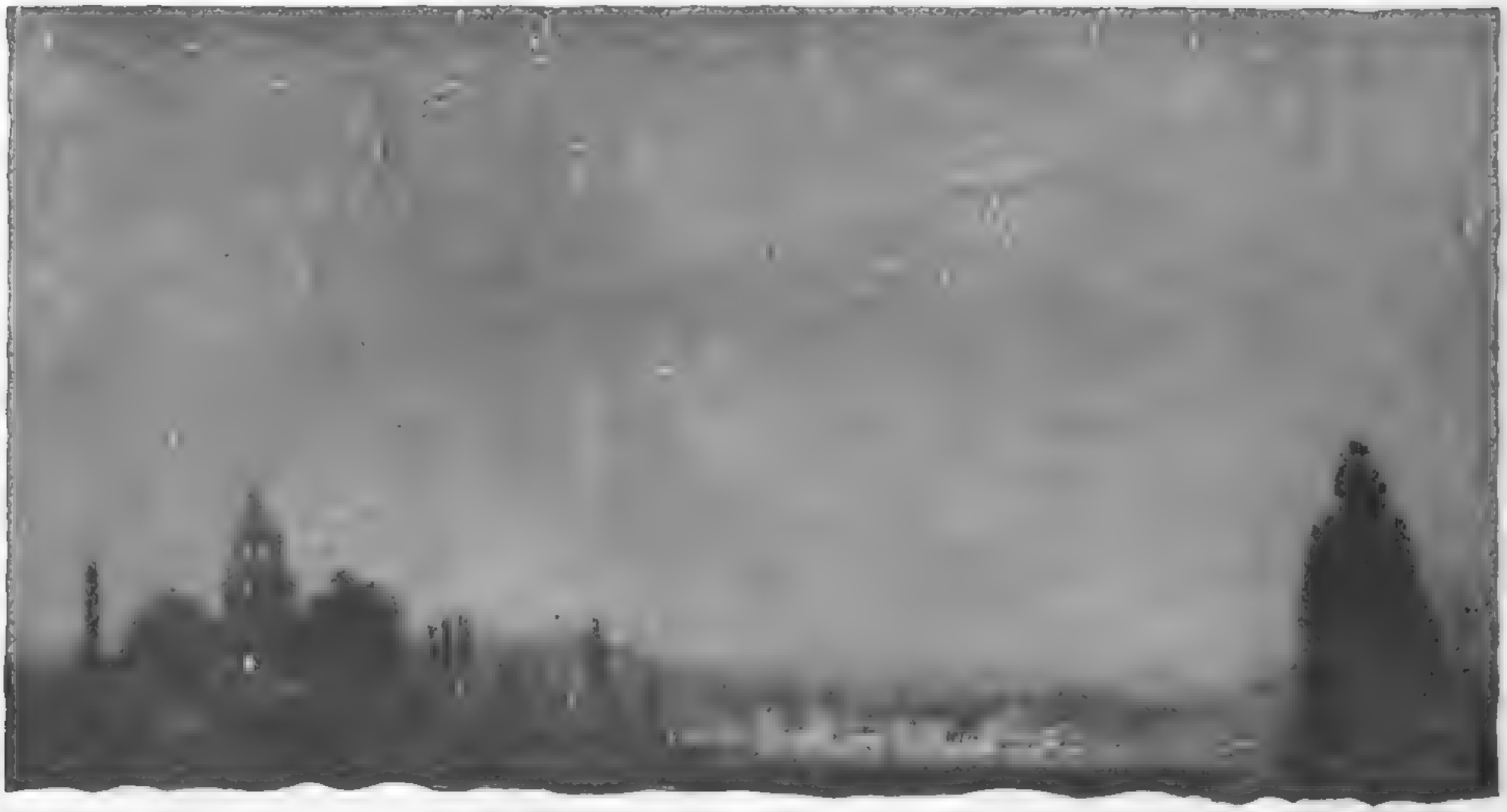
Why has Neōlin, this newer sole material set newer standards for our shoe-sole wear? Because Science, in fashioning it, knew at what to aim. She was not limited to adapting the hides of animals to the human foot. She aimed at what *should be*. So, by synthetic process she banished stiffness and water soakage and variable wear from the shoe-sole. Moving as to a target, she achieved the perfect sole.

Imagine a shoe-sole which, neither leather nor rubber, has shoe-sole qualities which neither can share. That is Neōlin performance.

Imagine a sole whose terrific long-wear virtues mean often the cutting of shoe-bills in half. That is Neōlin wear.

Imagine a sole so foot flexible that pavements are velveted and sole muscles developed from the first free flexing of its slipper-easy tread. That is Neōlin comfort.

Imagine a sole so foot-trim and water-proof that undressy looking rubbers seem



Perfect Shoe-Sole—Neōlin

largely unnecessary. Which will not let you slip on smooth, wet surfaces, nor scratch polished floors. And which yet provides dance-easy possibilities which Neōlin wearers remark upon. That is Neōlin utility.

Together they mark the goal of the *should be* in a shoe-sole. You should purchase it.

Save with Neōlin Soles. Give to your wife their comfort. See how decidedly they cut the shoe-bills of your scuffling sole-wearing youngsters. Wear them in all seasons and in all weathers. They come in various types and different sizes, on grown-ups' and children's new shoes or as re-soles. In black, white and tan.

Look for that stamp "Neōlin". Without that you have not bought Neōlin. *Mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

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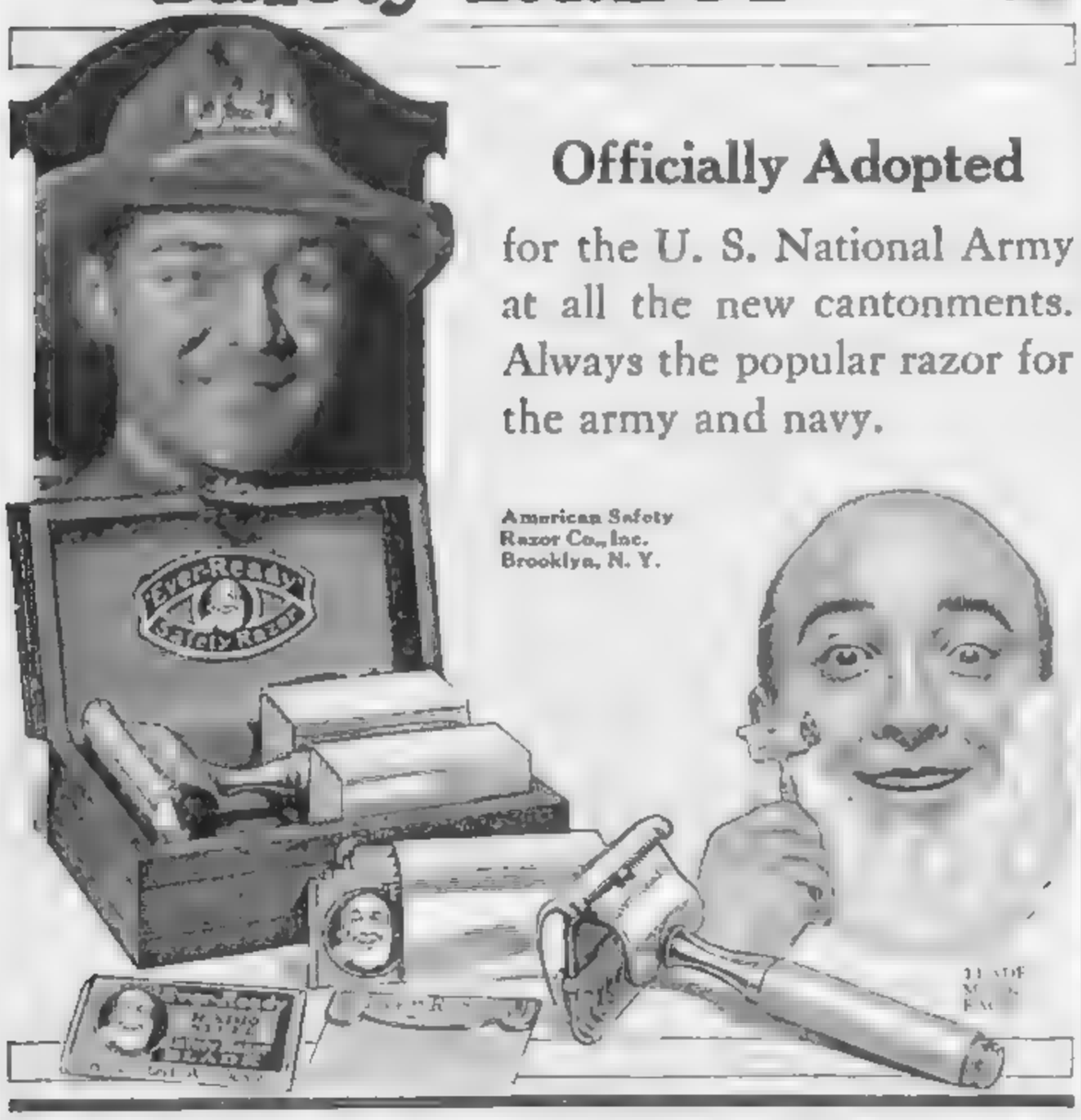
'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor $1



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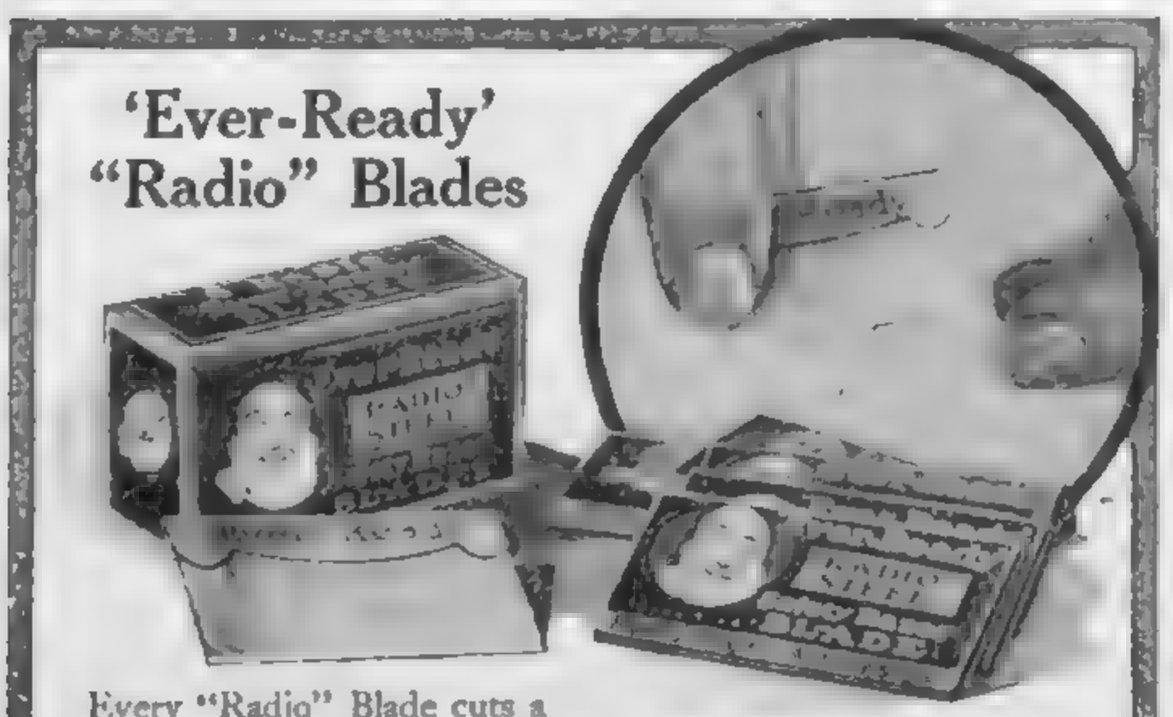

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Every "Radio" Blade cuts a hair before being wrapped in its moisture proof edge protector. This is the last of many tests which absolutely assures a keen-cutting edge to every "Radio" Blade—a quick, clean, caressing shave every time to every user.

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And "Radio" Steel holds this wonderful edge for many comfortable shaves. The process by which "Radio" Steel is made and tempered is the secret of the wonderful shaving ability of the 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor.

Soldiers and sailors can secure extra blades throughout England and France. Take an extra supply along for convenience sake.

Sold by dealers everywhere.

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The Poets' Corner

I Have a Son

I HAVE a son who goes to France
To-morrow.
I have clasped his hand—
Most men will understand—
And wished him, smiling, lucky chance
In France.

My son!
At last the house is still—
Just the dog and I in the garden—dark—
Stars and my pipe's red spark—
The house his young heart used to fill
Is still.

He said, one day: "I've got to go
To France—— Dad, you know how I feel!"
I know. Like sun and steel
And morning. "Yes," I said; "I know
You'll go."

I'd waited just to hear him speak
Like that.
God, what if I had had
Another sort of lad,
Something too soft, too meek and weak
To speak!

And yet—
He could not guess the blow
He'd struck.
Why, he's my only son!
And we had just begun
To be dear friends. But I dared not show
The blow.

But now—to-night——
No, no; it's right;
I never had a righter thing
To bear. And men must fling
Themselves away in the grieving sight
Of right.

A handsome boy—but I, who knew
His spirit—well, they cannot mar
The cleanness of a star
That'll shine to me, always and true,
Who knew.

I've given him.
Yes; and had I more
I'd give them too—for there's a love
That asking asks above
The human measure of our store—
And more.

Yes; it hurts!
Here in the dark, alone—
No one to see my wet old eyes—
I'll watch the morning rise—
And only God shall hear my groan
Alone.

I have a son who goes to France
To-morrow.
I have clasped his hand—
Most men will understand—
And wished him, smiling, lucky chance
In France. —*Emory Pottle.*

Constancy

PRIVATE PIPER, Company B,
'Steenth Illconsin Infantree,
Lay expiring where he fell,
Victim to a German shell
On a bloody field in France,
When his writhings caught the glance
Of a nurse expert but pretty,
Who knelt down in tender pity
To receive his parting word.
This—alas—is what she heard:

"Send a card to little Alice,
Down in dear old distant Dallas;
Tell her I continued true,
As I promised I would do.
Send a line or two to Thelma—
She's in Birmingham or Selma—
Saying only this miscarriage
Could have hindered us from marriage.
There's a little blonde in Cincy—
Family name, I think, De Quincey,—
That I used to kiss—or try to—
And would like to say good-by to.

Say to faithful Gladys Mary,
Pining out in Tucumcari,
That her hapless lover died
Thinking of his promised bride.
Say to ——"

Here the victim faltered,
And his whole demeanor altered
As he gazed upon the features
Of the loveliest of creatures
Who was kneeling, sweetly tearful,
To receive this tender earful;
Then, with utt'rance waxing thinner,
Quoth he:

"Say, kid, you're a winner!
But I'll bet that you ain't game
To supply me with your name.
Mine is Piper; dry-goods salesman,
House of Dibber, Dell & Dalesman;
Livest traveler out of Chi——
Say, you've got a melting eye!
Tell me, sweetness, do you think
You could ever like a gink
Met, like this, by accident?"

As his charmer smiled assent,
Private Piper, Company B,
'Steenth Illconsin Infantree,
Bravely went into eclipse
With a smile upon his lips.
—*W. E. Nesom.*

The Port of Williamsburg

I HOVE me anchor down in a port that wuz named for Old Billy Bedamn.
It's ninety knots from an 'yster bed and a hundred miles from a clam.
I've stowed me spars on the orlop deck, and me 'ammick nettin's full
Of grub and booze for an inshore cruise with a registered Holstein bull.

Now just I sets me an orchard out on a hill that's west by south.
I lines the trees so they takes the breeze and holds it in their mouth.
I lines 'em a leetle south of west, and they stands so snug and seem
Like a whaleboat sailing double reef with the wind on the quarter beam.

Then I hires a man to do the chores and I calls him the boson's mate,
By the sign that he's an amoosin' cuss and, withal, a little sedate.
"Now, Cap," sez he, "when I plant the corn, how fer from row to row?"
So I heaves the lead and then I sed: "By the mark three let her go."

I've got a cow with a red port side; and as I looked I seen
That, douse me lights fer a fight at night, her stabbord eye wuz green.
And so I sez to me boson's mate: "By rights I think you oughter
Swing a boson's chair from her nigh pin bone and milk off her stabbord quarter."

Then I takes a cruise in a light-draff drag in an alafalalfa field,
When across her bow drove a Duroc sow, the reddest that ever squealed.
I sez: "Holy Gee!" And me team of blacks comes up on the stabbord tack,
And we leaves that hog in the choppy wash of the light-draff harrer's track.

Then I sez: "Haw! Haw!" And we comes about and we beats it up to port,
Where I see a sight in an orchard lot 'twould make a gunner snort:
Two old gray hens wuz cacklin' there till they nearly bust their heads;
For they had hatched in an apple tree a brood of Rhode Island Reds.

Now, mates, if you chanced to be sailing north and looks fer a place to stop,
Take a list to port ere you reach the straits, and let your anchor drop.
Just drop your hook by a hillside green, where you'll see an old buck ram;
And as she sinks we'll h'ist a few drinks at the Port of Old Billy Bedamn.
—*Granger Whitney.*

Rising or Setting Sun in Mexico?

By CARL W. ACKERMAN

THE sun rises unclouded in Mexico City to-day, but by afternoon the clouds dominate the battlefields of the skies. It rains for a few hours, the dusty streets are washed, automobiles and coaches skid and race through the city, and the people go home or to the theaters. The next day they expect the morning sun to be as bright and warm as it was the day before. Because it is the rainy season now, they await the afternoon shower and are prepared for it when it comes.

In somewhat the same philosophic way they look at politics. They expect tomorrow to be as peaceful as to-day; but during the past seven years there have been so many unexpected revolutionary storms that when a change comes they act as they do when it rains in the morning, or when the sun shines all day.

To-day, however, there are a few people who would like to know whether Mexico is facing the rising sun of a new, prosperous era, or whether the sun is about to give way to the clouds of another troublesome period. *Quién sabe?* say the Mexicans. It is true, one never can tell.

A poor-rich nation is Mexico. Rich, because foreign intellect, foreign capital, foreign engineers and foreign business men developed her resources and made her so. Poor, because the revolutions have pestered the foreigners and Mexico in somewhat the same way that an army of Hessian flies destroys a wheat field. But to-day the revolutionists have discovered that the battle cry, Down with the foreigners who exploited us!—though it may win a revolution—does not help reconstruction. The old sign which was illuminated throughout the world under President Diaz—Welcome, foreigners!—is being put up again by timid hands; and it will not be long before it is lighted so brightly that it can be read in the darkest corners of the skeptical business world. This poor little rich nation wants to be as rich in gold as in natural wealth, and the government is beginning to realize that only the hated foreigners have the gold.

There is so much of the melodramatic in Mexican life to-day that one is apt to overlook what is going on behind the scenes. One hears about the autocratic rule of various states; one learns how governors and generals hold up foreign business interests, and about the inability of the central government to enforce its orders; one reads in the newspapers about the street fights and military duels; and one imagines that the whole community has nothing more to do. This is where one's imagination is not a safe prophet.

To-day the United States and the Allies are watching Mexico through a microscope. They delayed official recognition of Don Venustiano Carranza as president of the Republic. They were waiting to see whether the sun is rising or setting. They have recognized the de facto government; but their ambassadors and ministers are not at this writing accredited to the de jure government, which began on May first, when Mr. Carranza was inaugurated as chief executive. Between a de facto authority and a de jure government there is a Great Divide. The Mexican Government has not yet bridged it, though it is busy with the foundations.

The attitude of President Wilson to-day is similar to that assumed by the United States when Don Porfirio Diaz began his administration. When Diaz proclaimed himself provisional president of Mexico, America recognized the de facto government; meaning that his claim to supremacy was good, but that, "because of occurrences on the Rio Grande frontier," recognition of the official character of his government would be withheld until "it shall be assured that his election is approved by the Mexican people, and that his administration is possessed of stability to endure and of disposition to comply with the rules of international comity and the obligations of treaties." This is what Secretary of State Fish wrote to the United States minister in Mexico City in 1877.

The New Constitution

Though I do not know what instructions the State Department has given Ambassador Henry Prather Fletcher, I do know that neither England nor France has recognized the official status of the Carranza government. Mr. Fletcher was sent to his new post before President Carranza was inaugurated, and Señor Bonillas, the Mexican ambassador at Washington, was received by President Wilson before the first of May, the inaugural day in Mexico City.

"It goes without saying," writes John Bassett Moore, former counselor of the State Department in his International Law Digest, "that a state may be recognized as a sovereign state without being recognized as a member of the society of nations."

This is the situation to-day with regard to our neighbor on the south; and there are divers reasons for it:

The new constitution of Mexico, adopted at Querétaro in January of this year, contains two articles that foreign governments consider confusing and equivocal. There is a possibility that Article Twenty-seven may be enforced to the extent that every foreign property in Mexico shall be confiscated by the government. Many millions of dollars invested by foreigners are in the hands of the government. Since January first, for instance, the Mexican Government has taken, through so-called forced loans, thirty-seven million pesos in gold from the banks of Mexico City, Monterey, Vera Cruz and other cities.

In some cases the government has given receipts. In others the French, English, Canadian and American bankers and depositors have no records. The government has been compelled to take this step because of the financial crisis that faces the nation. There is no paper money in circulation. Gold and silver coins are the only medium; and the expenses of the government and the requirements of business are so enormous that money must be had, no matter what measures are necessary.

There are some Mexicans who declare that the banks will be reimbursed; but the time when this will be possible depends upon how soon the government obtains foreign financial aid.

Mexico is endeavoring to obtain, through agents, a loan from New York bankers or from the United States Government. Early in August a report reached Mexico City that the United States would veto a loan if the bankers floated it. On August twentieth the White House announced that, in the opinion of the United States Government, a loan would not be looked upon with disfavor. This was done to assure the Mexican Government that the United States was not trying to hinder Mexico in her financial aspirations; but as the dispatch appeared in the Mexican newspapers it gave the impression that the United States Government had sanctioned a loan, and that all Mexico had to do was to send a ship to New York for the money.

The biggest financial obstacle is the army. Nearly seventy per cent of the annual budget goes to the army and navy. Since there is no navy, this is purely an army expense. The pay rolls contain nearly one hundred and fifteen thousand names; but, according to conservative estimates, there are not fifty thousand soldiers in all the government's forces. The army of dead men is so great that this form of graft is considered as contraband of the revolution.

Plenty of Easy Money

Generals are not the only ones who are becoming millionaires, measured in pesos. In Pachuca, the largest silver and gold mining city in the world to-day, one government official has deposited, through an American firm, seventy-five thousand dollars in a New York City bank since January first of this year. Besides, he has purchased considerable property in the capital. The government and the foreigners are sure that this man is dishonest; but his method of grafting has not been discovered.

In Monterey a nephew of one of the highest officials in the government offered local merchants a proposition of importing articles from the United States free of high import duties, provided they would pay him from fifty to seventy per cent of these duties for his work, which consisted in getting the goods across the international border.

Fifteen years ago there thrived in Mexico City what was known as the Thieves' Market. Property stolen by maids, pickpockets, house servants and others was placed on sale every Sunday morning; and Mexicans and foreigners went there in search of missing articles and bargains. It was easier to obtain them in this shop than to start criminal investigations.

Though the Thieves' Market is still doing business, it has competition now in the antique shops and curio stores. The revolution has turned many a church and palace inside out. Saunter through these places to-day and you will find church ornaments, silverware, jewels, Chinese silks, Japanese idols, church bells and bishops' gowns for sale. You can purchase pieces of the silk wall paper with which Emperor Maximilian covered the walls of the National Palace when he ruled the Mexican people. Some day Mexico will be a rich field for collectors.

(Continued on Page 66)

Speaking of Wonderful War Inventions!

Willard STORAGE BATTERY

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation

Service that Prevents Battery Trouble

Don't wait till something goes wrong with your battery before you make my acquaintance.

The trouble-preventing side of Willard Service can give you, *now*, the knowledge which saves many a dollar in repairs.

My very first duty is to help you to a thorough understanding of your battery and its relation to the rest of the electrical system

To show you:

How to easily avoid things that put unnecessary strain on your battery, that starve it, overfeed it, overwork it, overheat it or otherwise shorten its life.

How to do the two simple things, filling and testing, that keep it in top-notch condition—or, if you like, to do them for you.

Service that Cures Battery Trouble

I hold my job as a Willard Service Station Man first, foremost and all the time as a qualified battery expert.

I have the knowledge and equipment to handle any battery work thoroughly and promptly.

Your battery may need only a prolonged charging or a tightening of connections. On the other hand it may need re-insulation, or, again it may be so old or so seriously injured that it's cheaper for you to buy a new one.

Don't let an amateur tinker with it—come to me and have the right thing done and done right.

And I'll supply you with a rental battery while yours is being fixed.

The Willard Service Station Man

Service

Service that Begins in the Factory

I couldn't do my job so well, if you didn't have a thoroughly good battery to start with.

So Willard Service really begins in the factory, with good plates—*and proper insulation between those plates.*

For years Willard Batteries have been used by the vast majority of car builders because of this excellence of material and construction.

Many times in the past Willard engineers have made notable contributions to battery improvement, and one of the greatest was announced in August, 1917, as the

Still Better Willard—with Threaded Rubber Insulation

This represents the first automobile starting and lighting battery in which it has been possible to get all the advantages of the well known insulating properties of rubber without either decreasing the voltage necessary for cold-weather starting, or increasing the size and weight of the battery beyond ordinary limits.

It means still greater protection against battery troubles, still further assurance of *continuous* operation, because *battery insulation protects the source of life of the whole electrical system.*

Two years' successful operation, which still continues, on 35,000 cars, preceded the announcement to the motoring public. The Still Better Willard has proved, and is proving itself even better than we expected and is now on sale by car-dealers and all Willard Service Stations and factory branches.

Come in and I will tell you more about Threaded Rubber Insulation and Willard battery service.

The Willard Service Station Man

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Goodyear Motz Tires Now Are 37% Lighter and More Efficient

For motor delivery and other commercial cartage calling for tires capable of sustaining moderate loads at fairly high speeds, the Goodyear Motz Cushion Tire, deservedly, has been regarded as the most efficient tire.

It cannot puncture, lasts through astounding mileage, and approximates the pneumatic tire in resilience.

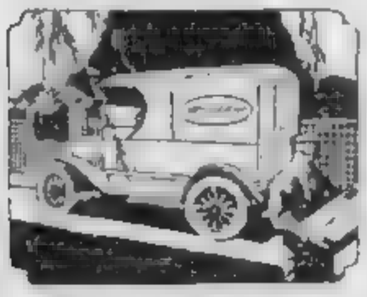
Now Motz is better than ever. Goodyear engineers have developed for this tire a new compound 37% lighter than the old, and far more resilient than the type of Motz formerly sold for commercial uses.

This new tire actually has as great cushioning power as a pneumatic tire inflated to carry the load for which this tire is designed. And it is absolutely trouble-proof.

Moreover, its new lightness makes it more than ever an economizer of power.

Have you tested Motz in your delivery service?

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio



GOODYEAR
AKRON

(Continued from Page 63)

This is part of the melodrama; but the government has already interfered in this business. There is an embargo on the shipment of any church property out of the country.

In London, Paris, Washington and Rome there are, on file with the various governments, claims of their citizens against the Republic of Mexico. Until the Mexican Government determines upon a definite policy in dealing with foreign interests, and in settling these claims, recognition of the de jure government will be withheld. President Carranza has been informed that some day there will be a reckoning; and this is one of the chief problems he is trying to solve.

Interwoven with this question, like a black thread in a piece of white cloth, is the question of neutrality. To-day Mexico is not even a passive belligerent; and the hope of the United States Government, judged by its policy, is that Mexico will adjust her internal affairs so that it will not be necessary for America to divert her war energies from the European battlefields. One day, while talking to Don Luis Cabrera in the Treasury Department, he remarked that, because the sentiment in the Chamber of Deputies was so strongly in favor of neutrality, the government would not change its policy; but, despite the statement of Mr. Cabrera and the official attitude of Washington, neutrality remains in a variable state.

It is not the attitude of the United States or Mexico today that is important. It is the position the two nations will assume when Mexico has to decide ultimately what she is going to do.

The sentiment among the Mexican people, so far as one can judge, is one with the motto "I don't care!" The opinion of the Intellectuals, the influential leaders back of the government, and of some high officials, is different. These men are pro-Ally because they are pro-Democracy in Mexico and Europe.

Satan's Spring Housecleaning

One Sunday afternoon an American banker gave a party at his home in the suburbs. One of the chief members of President Carranza's cabinet was present. His reputation as a master of anecdote had grown into fame since his visit to the United States, where he had learned to speak English.

"It was house-cleaning time in Hades, began the secretary, looking round the room, into the eyes of every woman and man present, to see what impression his first remark had made. It delighted him that his audience was international. There were present foreign diplomats, anti-Mexican Americans, anti-American Mexicans, and myself.

"No. It is not shocking, as you say in the United States," he added with a smile. The guests smiled politely, too, so as not to discourage him. "Satan," he continued, "ordered his servants to dust and clean all the corners and rooms of his palace, which stood at the entrance to his estate." He spoke slowly, so as not to make a mistake in his youthful English.

"It was evening when Satan made his inspection. He saw that everything was perfectly clean inside; and then he looked at the"—he paused for the word—"exterior. Above the gate Satan read the old worn inscription: 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.' And Satan said: 'I must have a new sign. That one is not modern. It is not up to date'—as you say in New York.

"Satan thought a while." The secretary paused and puffed his cigar. "He consulted some of his chief advisers."

"You mean his Cabinet," suggested an American.

"Ah, yes," replied the secretary; "Satan consulted his Cabinet. And the next day the new inscription above the gate read: Made in Germany!"

Though the secretary told this story with the same enthusiasm as if he were the author, I imagine that it was one he heard in the States. It served the purpose at this gathering, however, of crystallizing an opinion held by many influential Mexicans. It would not be fair to give this minister's name, or to conclude that, because he is anti-German, the government is about to change its policy toward the belligerents.

Mexico is awaiting a provocation. Perhaps it would be better to say that it would not be wise for Germany to provoke her. The famous Zimmermann letter, revealing the German opinion regarding annexation, has been forgotten; but Germany is again playing with neutrality by her growing intrigues in Mexico. The I. W. W. are becoming as active here against foreign interests as in the United States; and the money they use is called marks.

President Carranza's authority is, in some states, only nominal to-day. A few governors, especially if they are military leaders, interpret and obey his orders as they see fit. For this reason the Chief Executive is commonly called the Easy Boss; but what Mr. Carranza is becoming is a Calm Dictator. He is accomplishing some reforms so quietly that even the men deposed are unaware of his object.

When Señor Carranza first took office he had to appoint his popular generals to Cabinet positions. To date he has eliminated most of them, and with great skill. One man, who was thought to be dishonest and who was anti-foreigner in every policy, demanded a certain Cabinet berth—the Department of Fomento, or Public Works. Mr. Carranza could not remove him, so he wrote a decree changing the duties of this department, taking all the important foreign work out of his hands. The foreigners were delighted; and so was the Cabinet officer, because he had other things to do. He didn't care to deal with foreigners, anyway.

A year ago ex-President Diaz was regarded as having been the worst dictator and boss Mexico ever had—by the Mexicans. To-day he is being considered in a different light, though his evil acts have not been forgotten. Fifteen years ago, when a list of ten names was placed before Diaz so that he might select a senator from Coahuila, he picked the ninth, that of Señor Carranza. To-day this senator is Diaz's successor, and he is developing many of the qualities of leadership the old Indian had. Mr. Carranza's friends say that he is developing a Democratic dictatorship in Mexico; but the foreigners add: "By his acts we shall judge him."

Still, the question is asked: "Was Diaz a prophet too?"

Because of the universal lack of education among Indians and Mexicans, a representative government such as exists in Mexico to-day is, in fact, only a representation of the strongest parties and elements supporting Carranza; but Mexico remains more of a nation over Mr. Carranza than under him. He dominates the Central Government and he holds the nominal support of his old military chiefs; though, very often, they take matters into their own hands, such as taxation of foreign mines and ranches. Though the President has compelled some of these men to resign, the task is so enormous that it cannot be accomplished between sunrise and sunset, or between the first and the thirtieth of September. *Mañana* is a famous expression in Mexico when one asks how soon something can be done; and, though *mañana* means to-morrow when translated into English, it signifies a much longer period when applied to work.

The iron policy in Mexico, if one may call any act here by that term, belongs to the military chiefs. There is no lack of firmness when they act.

A Military Conference

For many months the Marquez brothers and their army of bandits terrorized the State of Jalisco, murdering farmers, stealing cattle, burning houses and holding up trains. The governor of Jalisco decided he might succeed in stopping the outlaws if he held a conference with them to learn their terms; at least, that was what he said. But one day the Mexican newspapers announced that the Marquez brothers and their army had been thoroughly defeated in an engagement lasting from early one morning until afternoon. It was a long Mexican battle.

The government was delighted with the news; but a few days later the story of the real engagement reached the capital. The governor invited the brothers to a conference at Ocotlan, Jalisco. The two bandits, with fourteen staff officers, rode into the city for the meeting. From concealed positions the Constitutionalists opened fire. When the shooting ceased there were sixteen dead men and as many bleeding horses lying in the street. The conference was a military one for which the Marquez band was not prepared.

This is another act in the melodrama; but one must not overlook the work the managers are doing.

Don Luis Cabrera, former Secretary of the Treasury and now government leader in the Chamber of Deputies, is considered the intellectual leader of the country; but one of his hobbies is the hunting of ducks. Still, this story is not to be about a duck hunt. More interesting than such excursions are his activities in Parliament.

A few days before the session adjourned, in August, some members objected in uncensored terms to the presence of Americans in Mexico City as members of a financial commission upon the invitation of the government. Their activities were due more to Cabrera's initiative than to any other official's.

Two American authorities—Professor Chandler, of Columbia University, and Professor Kemmerer, of Princeton—had just reached the capital. A member of the Deputies declared he thought their presence ought to be investigated, and that the government ought to be questioned about such an important matter. He denounced Americans in general and the government more particularly.

Cabrera, who is always on hand to support the government, saw the members supporting the speaker and in a clever speech stated that he thought the government ought to be interrogated. The investigation was set for the next day.

The next day he appeared in a different rôle. Cabrera defended the government! A member asked whether there were no Mexicans capable of doing the work the Americans were asked to do; whether Mexicans could not audit the government's accounts. Certainly, replied Cabrera in substance; but unfortunately most of these Mexicans are out of the country. Señor Limantour, who is in Paris, could do it—Limantour was Secretary of the Treasury under Diaz.

Mr. Fletcher's Diplomacy

The opposition would not be quieted and Cabrera began one of his famous orations. "Because Thomas A. Edison, an American citizen, invented electric lights is no reason why Mexico should burn candles," declared Cabrera in part. These experts, he added, had been consulted by the United States and foreign governments; and Mexico, desiring to obtain the services of financial authorities, had invited them as any other government might.

Cabrera's address and his knowledge of parliamentary rules won the day for the government, and the speaker escaped without a challenge to a duel.

He has been challenged more than once; but his opponents know that he is a crack shot at ducks.

The presence of this American commission and the growing tendency among officials to be more friendly to the United States are the hopeful signs in Mexico today. The financial experts are charged with the duty of investigating the receipts and expenditures of the government departments, with the object of making recommendations to establish efficiency and honesty. A giant's task it is.

By many this is interpreted as the initial step by the government in a new policy toward America and outside interests. Be that as it may, the Carranza Government is much more friendly to the United States than it has ever been. The Chief Executive time and again has ignored the protests of the German Minister because American warships are in Mexican waters at Tampico. This form of friendly neutrality is not agreeable to Herr von Eckhardt. What friendship there is to-day is due to Ambassador Fletcher. He was hissed on May first when Carranza took the oath of office, and Von Eckhardt was applauded. If there was a celebration to-day the honors would be reversed. That much the ambassador has done in four months. By New Year's Day he may have the Mexicans cheering Uncle Sam's troops in France. One never can tell what diplomacy may do next.

One of the needs of Mexico is an efficient railroad system. For seven years practically no repairs have been made on any of the lines—either those owned by the government or those owned abroad and operated by the authorities. In Monterey there are the wrecks of four hundred freight cars, burned by General Villa as a sacrifice to his legions when they made their last march through the city.

(Concluded on Page 69)

The RESPONSIBILITY of ADVERTISING

This is a copy of a letter sent July 10th to every employee of the California Packing Corporation

Del Monte Bulletin

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Miss Allie Robinson,
Plant No. 11,
Sacramento, California.

Dear Miss Robinson:-

We have recently commenced a powerful and concerted campaign of national advertising on our DEL MONTE Brand of canned fruits and vegetables.

With this letter, I am handing you one of these advertisements. Note what we are saying to the public —— that the DEL MONTE Brand is not merely a trade-mark, but, in fact, a guarantee of the quality of DEL MONTE Products —— a guarantee printed over the company's signature, and backed by its good name and reputation.

We are proud to be able to do this. We are proud of the products which make this an honest claim, and proud of our men and our women who make DEL MONTE quality what it is.

We deeply realize the great responsibility put upon us by this advertising —— a responsibility to the consuming public —— to every man or woman who buys DEL MONTE. We intend to meet the responsibility by keeping DEL MONTE Products equal to the claims we make for them; and ——

This is up to you and to me —— to every one of us, whether a fruit buyer or a general manager, a superintendent or a forewoman, or one of our many girls at the canneries who have already contributed so largely toward our success.

And so I have addressed this letter to each employee of the company. I urge you to continue your work with a full sense of the great opportunity and responsibility we now have before us. Your own success will depend largely on the zeal with which you guard DEL MONTE quality, and I am confident the success of our business is assured so long as we continue to pack products in which we can believe —— the way we believe in them today.

Most sincerely yours,

H. Murphy
President,
CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION.

July 10, 1917

DEL MONTE PRODUCTS

Peaches, sliced peaches, apricots, pears, cherries, grapes, plums, loganberries, blackberries, Hawaiian pineapple.

Catsup, tomatoes, tomato sauce, artichokes, asparagus, spinach, peas, beans, pumpkin, beets, pimientos, chili peppers

Olives, preserves, jellies, jams, Maraschino cherries, honey, prunes, raisins, and many other varieties.

Most Americans Wear Shoes Made For *Deformed Feet*

Read This Bulletin Issued by the New York State Department of Health

"AMERICANS practice the ancient Chinese custom of foot binding to a far greater degree than they realize. *The feet of most of them are pressed into shoes that are not made for feet of a natural shape*, but for those deformed by confinement in shoes that conform to an artificial standard of fashion.

"The elementary principles of shoe fitting are few and simple. Stand with the feet placed closely beside one another and notice three things:

"First, *that the longest part of the foot is from the great toe to the heel.* Second, *that the great toe points directly forward in persons whose feet have not been deformed*, *and* Third, *that the inner edge of the foot from the heel to the outer end of the great toe is straight.*

"These three points determine that the proper shape for a shoe is that, first, its tip shall be at its inner edge and not opposite its middle part, and, second, the inner edge of the front half of the sole shall be straight so the great toe may point directly forward. If the inner edge and tip of the shoe are properly shaped, the further problem in fitting the foot merely consists in seeing that the shoe shall be *broad enough to avoid pinching the foot just back of the toes.*

"Put a stylish shoe on the foot and notice, first, the tip of the shoe is opposite the middle of the foot, and, second, that the inner edge of the shoe curves outward, pushing the great toe with it and the whole foot against the outer side of the shoe. The result is a deformity of the foot by which the toes are crowded together until the tip of the foot is no longer at the great toe, but at the two middle toes.

"Pressure of the flesh against the toenails produces what are called *ingrowing toenails.* Rubbing the toes together and against the side of the shoes *produces corns.* Twisting the joint of the great toe causes *a bunion.*

"All these painful conditions of the feet will cease if *broad shoes with straight inner edges* are worn. * * * Manufacturers are now beginning to use lasts of *hygienic shape*, making shoes whose lines are as pleasing to the eye as is their comfort to the wearer."

CAUTION:—It is not an Educator shoe unless stamped thus. There can be no guarantee stronger than this trademark, for it absolutely guarantees the whole shoe—every part the shape—the material—the workmanship.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PARENTS: GET THE WHOLE FAMILY INTO EDUCATOR SHOES

For this bulletin tells what we have been preaching for years—namely, that Educators are, and have always been, "broad shoes with straight inner edges." They are built scientifically to "let the feet grow as they should," allowing Nature to relieve or abolish bent bones, corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, falling arches, etc.

But not every broad-toed shoe is an Educator. Therefore, always look for EDUCATOR branded into the sole.

SEND FOR "BENT BONES MAKE FRANTIC FEET"

a free illustrated book for foot sufferers and those who are responsible for the care of children's feet. Advice by orthopedic experts. Tells How to Walk Correctly; How to Have Healthy, Straight-boned Feet, etc. Write for copy today.

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC., 14 HIGH ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Makers also of All-America and Signet Shoes for Men, and the Mayfairs for Women

Dull calf blucher Educator for Men. A similar pattern for Boys. Educators are also made in a wide variety of patterns and materials for Women, Misses and Children and Infants

TO RETAILERS

Write us and we will tell you of the opportunity in your city for a profitable Educator business. 12,000 leading merchants in the United States are selling Educators with satisfactory results to themselves.

(Concluded from Page 66)

A government official has inspected other lines and found four thousand cars that can be repaired; but money, laborers and materials are needed. The first and third can come only from the United States. And it has been explained to the government by private parties that, even if Mexico had the money to purchase engines and car-construction material, it would be three years before they could be delivered, unless—there is always a way to evade contracts—Mexico were an ally of the United States. And in that case every effort would be made to aid her. Allies always have the first call.

Multiply the task that faced Diaz when he was struggling with the conflicting elements of Mexico in 1877 by the increase in population in Mexico, and by the increase in foreign capital invested, and you will have an understanding of what faces Señor Carranza. Forty years ago the United States would not recognize the official or de jure government of Diaz, because he was struggling with the same tasks and inactions of the present day, but on a smaller scale.

Whether Señor Carranza will adopt the same attitude toward foreigners that Don Porfirio did, and whether he will try to reconstruct Mexico with the assistance of outside brains, are questions which events will answer. Señor Carranza has the same opportunities. So far as the United States is concerned, one might judge from the former policy of President Wilson that he was willing to help the Republic get on its financial and reconstruction feet, even if the alignment of Mexico on the side of the Allies were a temporary burden. The United States is endeavoring to help the nation by advice and counsel.

One suggestion which has been made to President Carranza is that he shall abolish the decree fixing an artificial value in exchange for American money. Formerly one dollar was equal to two pesos in Mexican currency. To-day, by a government order, a dollar is accepted by the government as equal to but 1.85 pesos in gold, or 1.75 pesos in United States bank notes. If the Mexican Government would agree to the old standard—so it is stated—American gold and silver would be used in exchange and increase the amount of available currency. But the government has not acted. It is claimed that an official is benefiting by the present arrangement; and he is apparently strong enough to prevent a change. But perhaps not! The government may not be convinced.

The mint in Mexico City is coining fifty thousand dollars' worth of silver fifty-centavo pieces every day, and much more gold. But no machine or collection of machines can make money as fast as a wasteful Republic can spend it. I doubt whether one machine can make money fast enough to pay the salary of a general who, by chance, may be a governor, an inspector, and something else too. One man in Mexico is not necessarily made for one job.

During the past few months there has been a change in the attitude of certain foreign investors toward the Carranza Government. There is an inclination to work with the officials. Canadian and American merchants are again looking after Mexican business. So are the British. Some of these people are already discussing claims with the government, and some believe they will be able to agree with the officials. This is shocking those who believed there was no chance of the Carranza Government's continuing so long.

Since I have been in Mexico, talking with a large number of foreigners, I have found that those who are showing a willingness to coöperate with the authorities are not only being encouraged by the results but they believe it will be profitable.

"Concessions" is the most hated of all words by the revolutionists, because it was said that foreigners robbed Mexico with concessions; but that word is actually being used to-day to describe what the present government is doing. I met an American who obtained a water-power site near Mexico City this summer. Engineers calculate that the falls will develop twenty-four thousand horse power. This is a concession; and it has been granted by the government that was opposed to such things when it began

Hated, cursed, vilified and condemned, Venustiano Carranza remains the strongest political figure in Mexico, and the only man who can guide the fateful and fretful destinies of the Republic to-day. All agree about this, Mexicans and foreigners. Carranza or intervention!

There is no organized revolution to-day. Bandits are deserting Villa. About the middle of August three hundred Villistas strolled into Torreon, and then out to an American ranch, where they informed the manager that Villa had discharged them. Perhaps there is no more loot! Perhaps Carranza is an easy boss. It may be that this is the only kind of dictator the Mexican people will follow now.

But despite all this, the puzzle of the Mexican Sphinx remains: What Will Mexico Do? How will the government interpret the constitution? Will the authorities return confiscated property? Will the government adjust foreign claims? Will the banks be reimbursed?

Sphinxes are not found in many parts of the world, but there are two in Mexico. Standing at the corner of Calle San Francisco and Avenida Juarez, looking toward Chapultepec Park one can see, on the right, the National Theater, the so-called White Elephant, with its incomplete marble walls glistening in the sunlight like a giant's heliograph. In the distance towers the rusty steel skeleton of the proposed House of Parliament. The Mexicans call it the Black Elephant.

These are the Mexican Sphinxes—the symbols of Mexico to-day. Whether these structures are completed and transformed into modern architectural monuments depends upon the answers to the questions facing the government. Whether they rattle to pieces or wear away unused depends upon the replies Señor Carranza makes to the questions the world is asking. These two buildings, or parts thereof—just as Mexico itself—contain possibilities for success or failure. But the question their bleak walls and iron bones ask is answered with the echo:

"What will Mexico do?"

Aristotle once remarked that, to be complete, things must have a beginning, a middle and an end. How simple; and yet how informing! This article, so far, has only a beginning and a middle; therefore, it is not complete.

I began by asking whether the sun was rising or setting in Mexico. I shall answer: The sun is rising; but I cannot tell whether there will be rain to-morrow.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Things You May Have Overlooked

THAT the locker or gun room or gun closet of the average sportsman has in it a greater variety of objects of greater or less usefulness than any other room in any sportsman's house, has been said so often as to need no repetition. The really curious thing is that no matter how full a sportsman's gun room becomes, it never is quite full enough.

When Jones visits Smith and Smith shows Jones the contents of his gun closet, which of course he is bound to do, Jones' eyes fill up with envy as he ponders upon the total inadequacy of his own equipment. He departs and adds considerably to his own store. Then when Smith comes over to see Jones it is his time for misery—Jones has so many things that he himself has not yet found.

I once said in my haste that my own gun room contained a working outfit for any sort of sport in any part of America. That, however, is a very large order, and no such statement should be made without abundant reservations. Indeed, ignorance were far the greater bliss in all these matters. When one begins to read sporting-goods catalogues and sporting magazines his mental unhappiness takes on immediate increase. There are a few things that have been overlooked in one's collection. Is it thus with your own?

There is not space in the average locker room for an automobile trailer and the complete camp outfit that commonly goes with such a trailer. And yet, in these days when gasoline enters so very largely into sport, it almost may be said that no man's outfit is complete which has not a little two-wheeled cart to go on behind his motor car when he tours the country.

There are some dozens or scores of these trailers put out by enterprising and energetic outfitting companies acquainted with the automobile trade. Most of them boast that it takes no more than five minutes to establish a complete camping home, with table, chairs, beds, cooking outfit, provisions and all, once one has pulled up at his stopping place. Some of these outfits include spring mattresses.

Of course it has been discovered that the motor car itself is a very poor sort of luggage vehicle—its human occupants nearly always fill it up. I have, however, seen a double-deck sleeping berth rigged on a five-passenger touring car, and carrying receptacles rigged alongside for the cooking utensils. These bunks were rather low, for the auto top furnished the tent. A much more elaborate arrangement is possible when one has the trailer trundling merrily along behind, with its complete outfit ready to be jerked into shape at a moment's notice. As to the price of these things, one can go as far as one likes. True, the trailer and its appurtenances must be stored in the garage, and not in the parlor or dining room. There even are some persons who have insisted that their husbands ought to take all their sporting outfit into the garage.

Another interesting but useful gasoline appendage for sporting locomotion is the outboard motor, which you can carry gracefully in one hand and attach to the stern of almost any skiff. There are a number of different makes of these outboard contrivances, and the principle has been so well perfected since they first came into use that to-day such a motor may be considered perfectly reliable and perfectly efficient. Just as the automobile has extended the horizon of sportsmen on land, so does the outboard motor open up to him a new world upon the water. A ten-mile row for a day's fishing is no such happy experience for the average man. The motor simplifies that. There are hundreds of thousands of these handy gasoline propellers in use all over the country, along the seaboard and on the inland lakes and streams. This contrivance also is a trifle expensive to the man who has not yet purchased his motor car. In time, however, we all must have one. Like all gasoline contrivances, they make life pleasanter.

Have you, perhaps, a little can of marine glue in your sporting closet? If so it is best to keep the top screwed on tightly, as elsewise it might mix things up. If you never had your bottle of shellac get loose in your tackle box you still have an experience that will test your moral fortitude. As to the marine glue, you will find it useful if you have anything to do with boats. It is essential for patching your canoe—if you are a canoeist you should take along some bits of canvas and other properties for mending your ship. One interesting writer describes how he has entirely waterproofed his rowboat by putting over it a coat of thin drying, and on top of that a heavy coat of marine glue ironed in by the use of a hot iron. He declared that this ended all leaks for that particular boat. Perhaps the little pot of marine glue may be useful for you to keep out in the garage with your trailer and your outboard motor. It is not a suitable parlor ornament.

All Roads Lead to Chicago—and

Hotel La Salle

A central point from which all Chicago's activities radiate

IN the heart of Chicago, "the great national terminal," stands Hotel La Salle—justly representative of its progress and adequate to its demands. Here, every day, you may meet men and women prominent in world-affairs who appreciate the extra refinements of service found here—at

Chicago's Finest Hotel

La Salle at Madison Street

RATES

One person	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath	$3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4.50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
Two persons	$5 to $8
Three persons	$6 to $9
Four persons	$7 to $12

1026 rooms—834 with private bath

Ernest J. Stevens, Vice-Pres. and Mgr

The only hotel in Chicago maintaining floor clerks and individual service on every floor.

"I'll put FLEXOAK Leather Soles on these shoes and save money"

HE will save money because, by resoling with FLEXOAK Leather Soles, he will have extra long wear, dry feet and comfort.

FLEXOAK Leather Soles are genuine leather of extremely high quality. They get their long-wearing quality in two ways: The steer hides are especially selected for shoe sole purposes, then converted into sole leather by a process of sole-leather tanning—the FLEXOAK process—perfected through forty years of labor, research and experiment.

FLEXOAK Leather Soles are flexible and yielding to the foot, giving a pleasant sensation of firmness when walking. No danger from slippery sidewalks. It is a well-known fact that leather allows the feet to "breathe" because it is *not* air tight. For this reason, FLEXOAK Leather Soles do not heat, sting or draw the feet. In addition, FLEXOAK Leather Soles give you a better finished job than any other material.

FLEXOAK Leather Soles give twice the wear of the ordinary leather sole. FLEXOAK Leather Soles mean economy. Economy in shoe soles is imperative these days. It is an economy that helps the nation and helps your purse.

With FLEXOAK Leather Soles on your shoes, you will know you can go no higher in the selection of a shoe sole. Everyone can be accommodated with FLEXOAK Leather Soles. (See "How To Buy FLEXOAK Leather Soles" on next page.)

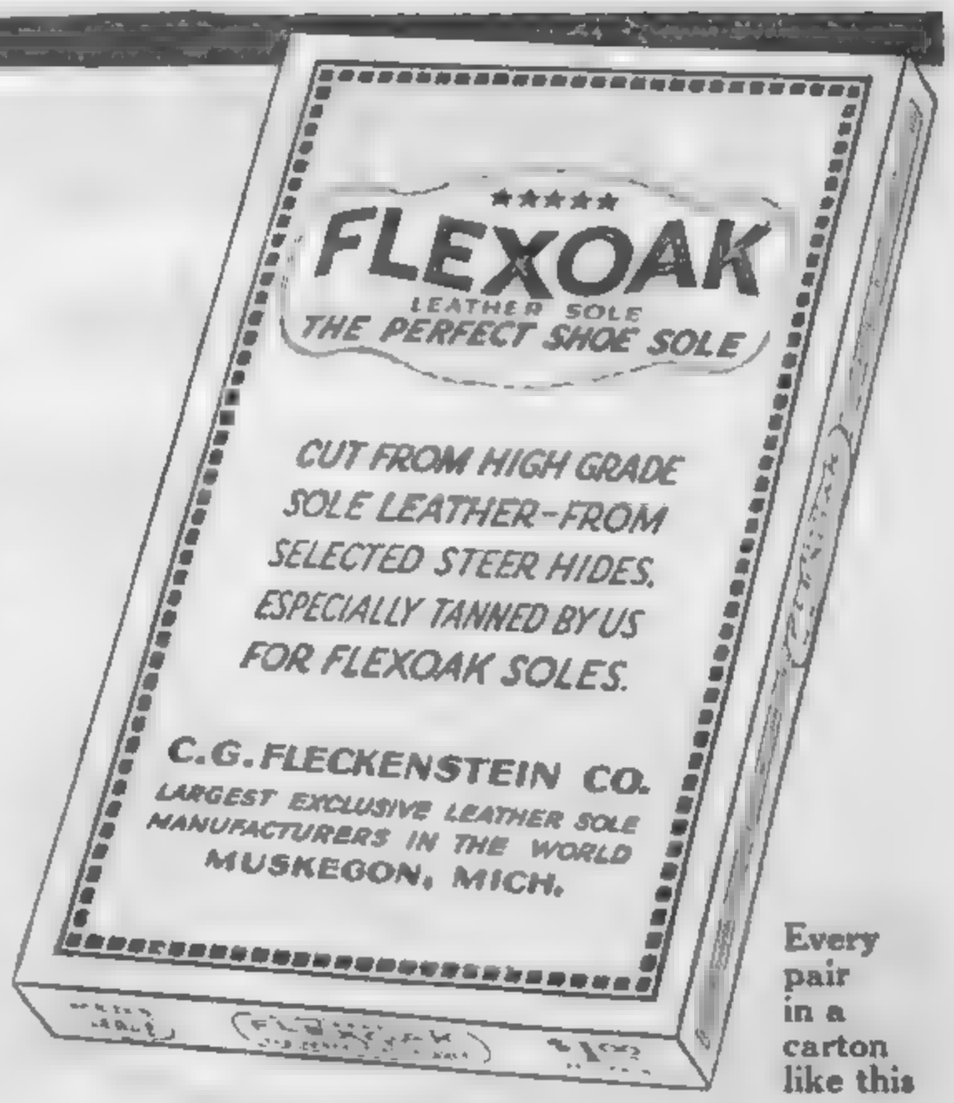
The next time you buy new shoes, look for the FLEXOAK trade-mark on the sole. When you see it, you may be sure that you have *the perfect shoe sole.*

Be sure you see this TRADE MARK

The Standardized LEATHER SHOE SOLE

The buying of leather shoe soles is no longer a hit-or-miss performance. We have standardized them and given them the name—FLEXOAK. This means that at last there is a dependable shoe sole—one that is uniform—in wearing qualities and appearance irrespective of when or where you buy it. This marks a decided advance in the making of shoe soles—the culmination of a dream of many decades.

Every process through which FLEXOAK Leather Soles pass—from the selection of the raw hides to the placing in the carton in which you receive them—is standardized. Standardized with the one object in view of producing a leather shoe sole that can always be relied upon to measure up to the high standards of wear and appearance, originated and fixed for FLEXOAK Leather Soles. Every one of these processes is performed in the one plant and under one direction.


★★★★★
FLEXOAK
LEATHER SOLE
THE PERFECT SHOE SOLE
CUT FROM HIGH GRADE SOLE LEATHER—FROM SELECTED STEER HIDES, ESPECIALLY TANNED BY US FOR FLEXOAK SOLES.
C.G. FLECKENSTEIN CO.
LARGEST EXCLUSIVE LEATHER SOLE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD
MUSKEGON, MICH.

Every pair in a carton like this

Remember the name. Ask for them by name.
It is stamped on each sole—for your protection.

How to Buy FLEXOAK Leather Soles

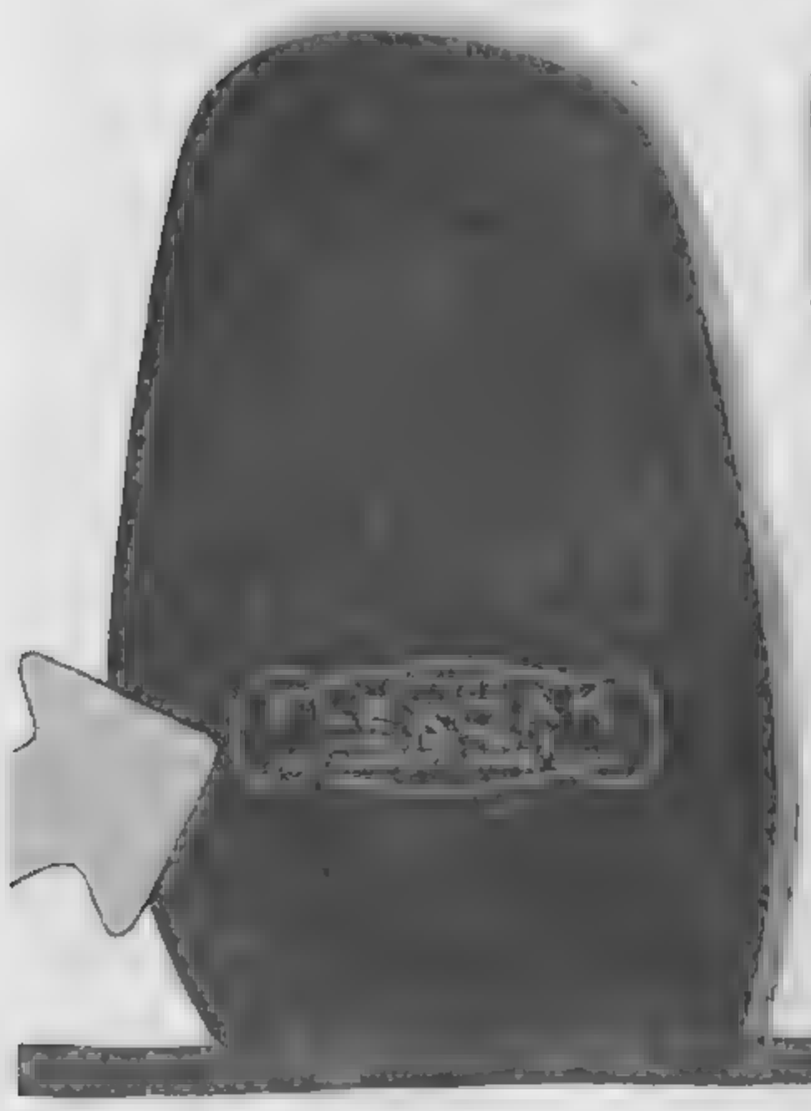
The dealer or repair man will be glad to sell you FLEXOAK Leather Soles. He knows that now he can offer you a sole that eliminates for all time, the guesswork in the selling, and for *you*, the buying of leather shoe soles.

There are three members of the FLEXOAK family—each at a different price—each the utmost value for the money. There is a price to fit every purse—a sole to fit every shoe. The finest of these is the five star (Marked thus—★★★★★ on the sole and on the carton). Two colors—Black and Tan.

SPECIAL OFFER. If your dealer or repair man has not yet been supplied, we will gladly send a pair of men's five-star, postpaid, upon receipt of a dollar bill. Mention color and size of shoe.

FLEXOAK Full Soles have "backbone." They support the arch of the foot—preventing Flat Foot. For all sizes of men's shoes. Two colors—Black and Tan.

Heels—Everything said here about FLEXOAK Leather Soles can be said with equal force about FLEXOAK Leather Heel Treads. All sizes; two colors, Black and Tan.



FLEXOAK

LEATHER SOLE

THE PERFECT SHOE SOLE

Made by

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Largest Exclusive Leather Sole Manufacturers in the World

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Columbia Batteries

Power-demand big, power-demand small—to ring a bell or speed an engine—to run a truck, a tractor or a toy—choose Columbias, the battery that "costs no more, lasts longer" in every service!

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., Cleveland, Ohio
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Fahnestock spring-clip binding posts, no extra charge

THE FIRM

(Continued from Page 12)

Teddy Hall, though now kotowed to by his father like a young prince, was permitted scarcely an unobserved step. He was guarded as if he had had the Burnham fortune upon his very person; hands to catch him, lest he should start to fall, literally attended him from the moment he got out of his bed in the morning until he was back there at night.

Elsie was likewise stealthily surrounded. Ezekiel Hall's wife practically took possession of the girl; none but the trusted were allowed near her; while the elder Hall nursed his fears, she became a virtual captive through the hours of her betrothal; and, blinded and bound, the child was hauled toward her fate. When looked at in its raw truth it was not an engaging picture of the firm; nor was it made the more engaging by the outstanding fact that her sole chance of rescue seemed to rest with Anthony Carver and some plot which his hate and terror might devise.

But his hate and terror, no matter how intense, seemed somehow to have failed the treasurer of Burnham & Wadley. Without the vestige of an illusion he saw himself, at no distant time, first trampled upon and then booted into the street. Already he was suffering embittering stings. Even now it was for Hall that the knowing underlings had their oiliest smiles, and it was to his desk that there came the patter of the most ready and anxious feet.

Carver's gall could not have been diluted, either, by the daily defection to Hall of the men whom he had raised from nothingness and for years had permitted to make themselves big with the bigness of the firm. But day followed day and the great hour for Elsie's marriage nervously approached, without the launching by Anthony Carver of any scheme to deliver the girl from the shackles of Ezekiel Hall and to save himself.

As the date grew nearer I would groan as I regarded her there, so clean and fine against the murky background of her life, and as I considered the cruel and base uses to which the girl's mistaken love would presently be put. It all seemed horrible; and I cursed Judge Methuen, who now, with an eye to business, fairly danced attendance upon Ezekiel Hall, for letting the outrage proceed. But there seemed no savior in sight. Carver apparently continued to sit impotently by. It was not like him. For the stake of the firm he would have fought to the final rim of eternity, I knew; as well I knew the treasurer for a hard man to beat; and yet he did not strike. I was puzzled at the seemingly unnatural forbearance of that disciple of the firm.

The church had filled. It was a gorgeous June day, almost exactly a year after Elsie's return to Treadwell. The girl, the most tender of brides, and as fresh and stainless and exquisitely soft as she had been twelve months earlier, had passed, to the organ's solemn strains, up the aisle on the arm of her guardian. Her shameless bridegroom, smirking self-consciously before the throng, had met her at the altar, and presently the minister's voice had begun intoning the words of the service. It was for Elsie, of course, the highest and most sacred hour of her life.

Anthony Carver was in a pew well to the front. There was not a hint in his face of the immense disaster that confronted him; but, as if seeking some avenue of escape from his impending tragedy, his buttonlike eyes kept shooting here and there with hunted glances. Finally I observed them to remain steady and fixed. I saw the faintest light steal into his plump, round countenance and I noticed his thin, whitish brows contract suddenly in a small concentrating frown. The frown instantly passed and left him again beaming with the glad spirit of nuptials.

I followed what had seemed the path of his vision, and just beyond the high ogerish form of Ezekiel Hall I espied, even as Elsie Prescott's vivid girlish lips were whispering the promises that made her the wife of Teddy Hall, the trim and pleasing figure of Norman Dane.

III

AFTER Elsie Prescott's wedding Norman Dane did not return to New York, save only for long enough to pack his belongings and to turn over the Eastern office to a successor. He had been persuaded by the suave Anthony Carver that a great future lay before him as an assistant treasurer of Burnham & Wadley. I recall well the day when Norman entered the office and took his desk at Carver's elbow. In his clean, hard, youthful strength he was like an invigorating dash of spray—a burst of fresh honest life in that vast room where there now seemed to be death and moral decay positively hovering above the funereal black-walnut desks, along the shining brass rails of the passageways, and even about the cypress-green lamp shades depending by rows of cords from the ceiling. The office had become a cave of vile creeping passions, into which Norman brought a suggestion of sunshine and purity. It was good to see his erect, sleekly combed-back head among the old ones, cringingly lowered or bowed in defeat.

Ezekiel Hall had greeted Dane's appearance without concern. His son Teddy had been got safely to the altar, the knot had been tied, and such knots were not easily undone. Furthermore, no great while remained before Judge Methuen could be ousted and he could step into the president's room, and therefrom proceed with Carver's decapitation. Small chance there seemed, doubtless, to him of anything disastrous occurring within that time.

And then, besides, it is possible that he failed to fathom Carver's mind and, with his sense of security, did not perceive significance in the circumstance that Norman Dane promptly became, not only a mere assistant to the treasurer, but more—a supreme favorite, a chosen protégé; in point of fact, a second son.

That was what had come about. As the story later shaped itself, Anthony Carver, perhaps upon the very evening of Elsie's wedding day, had had a talk with Norman Dane in which he had suggested the move from New York; had reminded Dane, as an evidence of his special friendship for him, that it was he who had originally secured the young man's services for the firm; and had pledged himself to expedite in every possible way Dane's already most promising career. Norman, who had had no sense of the contest that had been played out, had readily and innocently agreed and, with buoyant hopes, had literally hurled himself at his new job, which he was now, some months later, performing with conspicuous success.

Norman was quite uncontaminated then. He was the same young man he had been, made perhaps a little harder, a little leaner by work. His countenance was as open, his eyes as level, his smile as boyish and contagious. He was still, you may calculate, a most admirable and engaging young man. His ambitions, which had always been considerable, were still considerable. But he was not smitten with cravings so inordinate that he was indifferent to turpitude. Nor had he yet become initiated to the ways of men like Hall and Carver. His view of their sort was the absurdly credulous view of people in general; he saw their abilities; he assumed their integrity, uprightness and respectability; he had yet to learn their souls and the heat of their passions and desires. But his own private vision of a stupendous future for himself—a future of wealth, power and honestly won attainment—made him susceptible in his new environment.

All this, of course, Anthony Carver had carefully reckoned upon. Far too shrewd immediately to expose the shockingness of his project, he sat back and for a time did nothing, so far as Norman was concerned. None knew better than he the power of the firm's malignant lures and how truceless it could be in its dealings with human hearts. He had not to lift a finger; he had merely to observe the poison at its sure daily work.

You must not be too hard on old Carver. Already his dignity, his pride and his prestige were suffering daily tortures at the hands of Ezekiel Hall, and he saw himself, if his project did not succeed, a doomed man. The thought of Ezekiel Hall's triumph, too—the hourly sight of that dark hating face, aglow with murderous anticipation, across their narrow passageway—must have been harrowing to him. Besides, Carver was a very old servant of the firm.

Norman Dane paused on the steps of the Hundred Club, hesitating.

(Concluded on Page 74)

The new way to manicure

Don't cut the cuticle. Read below how to give your nails the well-groomed shapeliness you've wanted so long.

Cuticle cutting is dangerous! Over and over specialists advise "Do not trim the cuticle." "Under no circumstances should scissors or knife touch the cuticle." "Cuticle cutting is ruinous."

Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, softens and removes surplus cuticle without cutting: does away with tiresome soaking of the nails: takes half the time heretofore required.

Cutex is *absolutely harmless!* It was formulated to do away with the cutting which specialists agree is so ruinous.

Mar Nah, whose recent acting in New York's most successful play, The Man Who Came Back, was acclaimed by her admirers of the great emotional depression says: I don't see how I ever tolerated ragged nails as I did Cutex makes it, with such a much better

You will be amazed to see how easily you can give your nails the shapely, well-kept appearance of the perfectly groomed man or woman.

Just how to do it

First file with steel file until your nails are the proper length. Manicurists who have the most fashionable New York clientele say that it is now considered good form to give the nail an oval shape; that is, to have it conform to the shape of the finger tip—never pointed.

Open the Cutex package. In it you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle.

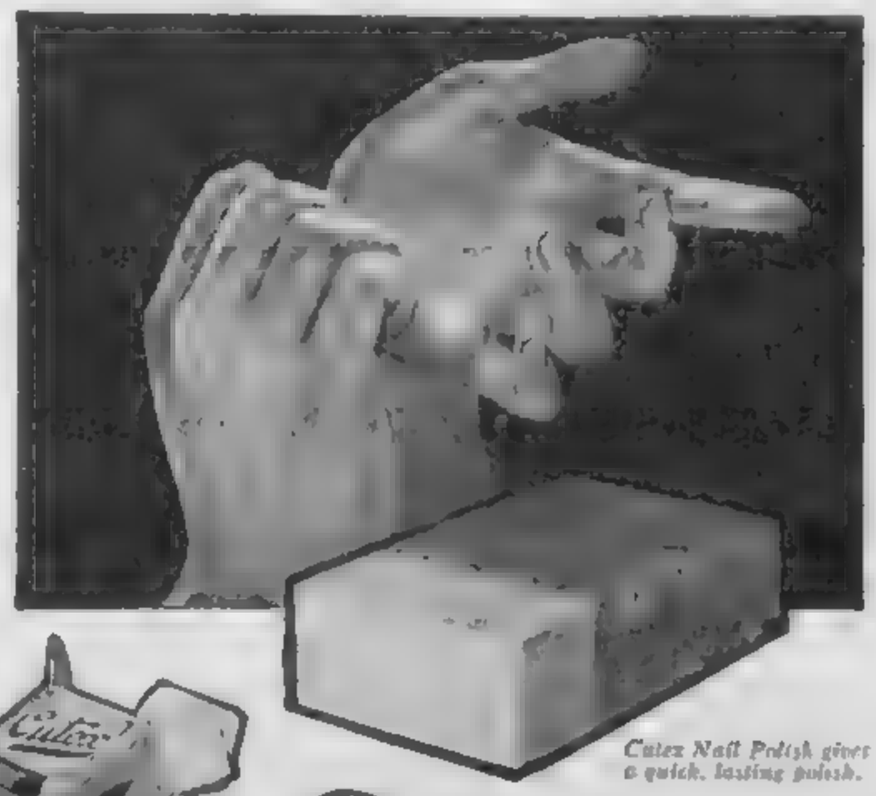
Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find that you can wipe off the dead surplus cuticle. Rinse the hands in clear water.

Finish with a touch of Cutex Nail White. It removes any stains from underneath the nails and leaves them clean.

Cutex Cake Polish rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed quickly over the nails gives them a delightful polish. If you like an especially brilliant, lasting polish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cake Polish.

With Cutex, gently work around the base of the nail, pushing back the cuticle—leaves a smooth, even base.

A touch of Cutex Nail White underneath the nails makes them absolutely clean and snowy white.



Cutex Nail Polish gives a quick, lasting polish.

This complete manicure set sent for 14c.

One application makes a decided improvement

Until you use Cutex, you cannot realize what a great improvement even *one application* makes, you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.

After a few applications Cutex makes any nail look shapely and symmetrical. It quickly removes overgrown cuticle, does away with hangnails, dry, rough skin—all the nail troubles rapidly disappear. Try it. See for yourself. Notice how quickly it gives your nails the shapeliness that everyone admires.

Mar Nah, whose recent acting in New York's most successful play, The Man Who Came Back, was acclaimed by her admirers of the great emotional depression says: I don't see how I ever tolerated ragged nails as I did Cutex makes it, with such a much better

Start to have exquisite nails today

Ask for Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, wherever toilet preparations are sold. Cutex comes in 50c bottles; introductory size, 25c. The 50c size is much the more economical size to buy. It will last three times as long as the 25c bottle. Extra large size bottle, $1.00. Cutex Nail White, which removes discolorations from underneath the nails, is only 25c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder or liquid form, is 25c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort for sore tender cuticle is also 25c. If your favorite store has not yet secured its stock, write direct.

Send 14c for complete manicure set

Don't think you can get along with old-fashioned cuticle cutting—not even for another day! Send at once for the Cutex set illustrated below and know the difference. Tear off the coupon now before you turn the page. Fill it out and send it today with 14c (10c for the set and 4c for packing and postage) and we will send you a complete manicure set, enough for at least six "manicures." Address

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 1802, 9 West Broadway, New York

If you live in Canada, send 14c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Ltd., Dept. 1802, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, for your sample set, and get Canadian prices.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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Name _____

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A keen edge always

The cutting edge of a *Genco* Razor is put there to stay.

It has the kind of steel in it that takes an edge and keeps it—it has the kind of master-cutlers behind it that know how to give it that edge.

You'll find that a *Genco* will give you years of smooth, cool, satisfying shaves. It's guaranteed to do that.

Genco Razors

Must Make Good Or We Will

You take no chances in buying a *Genco Razor*.

Every Genco is hand-forged, hand-ground, scientifically hardened and tempered in our factory.

While it is not claimed that razors as good as the *Genco* have never come from abroad, it is a fact that Genco Razors are *uniformly better* than the best of the imported blades.

How to get a Genco Razor

Your dealer probably has Genco Razors and will be glad to help you select just the right Genco for your particular needs.

If your dealer cannot supply you, or if more convenient for you to order from us, send us $2.00 direct. If your beard is wiry or your skin tender, better send us $3.00 for the heavier, extra full concave Genco Razor and leave the selection to us.

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We are [illegible] every Genco [illegible] to [illegible] a [illegible] Repair [illegible] with [illegible] by [illegible] Write [illegible] today.

GENEVA CUTLERY COMPANY
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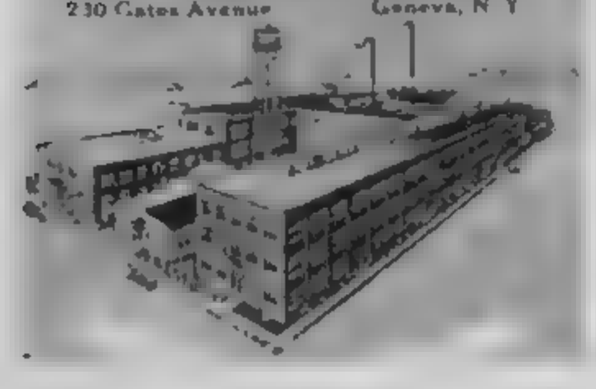

(Concluded from Page 72)

It was a hot September evening; Elsie had been married a little more than a year; the annual meeting of the corporation at which Ezekiel Hall had planned to accomplish the extermination of Anthony Carver was only a few weeks off. During that afternoon Dane and Anthony Carver had sat long in talk. There had passed back and forth between them certain documents which both of them had known full well would pierce the stout little heart of Elsie Hall, making her loyal fight for happiness in Brunswick Place; but which, if placed in her hands with convincing artifices of tender and loving concern, would almost certainly hinder Ezekiel Hall from voting the Burnham stock at the forthcoming meeting. She would be at home and alone; Carver had seen to that.

The papers now reposed in Norman Dane's inner pocket. He had not finally determined what he should do. However, he had promised Carver either to see Elsie or to telephone the treasurer, waiting in an agony of uncertainty in his home, before eight o'clock. It was now seven-thirty.

Ever so slightly the documents seemed to burn within his coat pocket. To Dane they were emblems of a disgraceful proceeding. The plot had been hatched out under his very eyes, and hence he knew. A little more than a year before, and shortly after Elsie's return from her honeymoon, it had begun. Paul Carver, already demoralized by the abundant pocket money and condoned office hours of the period of his unsuccessful courtship, had been Anthony Carver's chief tool. At the instance of his father, and even while Elsie had been hopefully, prayerfully, eagerly settling her home, the young man had patched up anything in the nature of a quarrel he may have had with Teddy Hall, and the thing had begun.

Paul had then instituted for both a life that had made the two young men comfortably saturated by three o'clock in the afternoon, thick in speech by dinnertime, and unsteady by bedtime; and had given Elsie a knowledge not only of what it was to assist a drunken man to the room she shared with him but also of what it was to pass days not knowing what to believe and, more especially, wondering how much her pride as a wife and woman would permit her to disbelieve.

Well, thought Dane as he passed down the steps, the documents in his pockets would settle all her doubts.

But to use them was an ugly thing. No getting away from that, the young man told himself as he walked along through the thick dust. Elsie did not want to know what those papers would tell her.

Also, the whole matter was none of his business, anyway, he reflected. He had not had a syllable of a request from her. Her home was her home, and her right her right; if she desired to investigate Paul Carver's roadhouse parties she had the money and could discover the means. Regardless of how lacking in honor Teddy Hall had become, for him—Norman Dane—to plunk those sordid papers into Elsie's lap was not a gentleman's trick.

But something must be done, the young man remembered, if Anthony Carver was to be saved. And it was everlastingly important that Carver should be saved! Think of what Carver had already done for him—put him under obligations that never could be fully discharged! Think more particularly of what Carver would do for him—draw him up in his wake to an ascendancy in the firm! Never, Dane told himself, could he hope to reach that which had now become his firmly seated ambition, his abiding vision—the desk in the president's room—through that archenemy of Carver, Ezekiel Hall. No; something must be done, and done soon! And to blast Elsie with those papers would forever unsaddle Hall.

He moved on, and presently found himself abreast of Ezekiel Hall's house. What a ghastly old man Hall was—cruel, treacherous, hating beyond words! Norman loathed the thought of him. But, after all, was he a whit more contemptible than Dane's business foster father, the man who had constituted himself guarantor for Dane's career? Not a shade! Not a hair!

What had they not done with her? They had gambled with her affections; made her a laughingstock, an object of pity, a miserable and neglected wife. They had blighted—yes, Norman had come to realize what might have been—an honest romance for her; they had married her to a libertine; they would hastily unmarry her now, and—this, also, Dane knew—marry her again.

The entire scope of the nefarious project conceived by Anthony Carver, even while Elsie had been pledging her life to the son of Ezekiel Hall, was now clear in Norman's mind. He understood why Carver, in his speculations with young flesh and blood and destinies, had fetched him on from New York. It had been an audacious thought; its brutal boldness half appealed to Dane, even if it had been with him that the treasurer, for the moment, played. It had been, of course, all very well to push the weak, yielding Teddy Hall into moral slime; but that achievement in itself served no useful purpose. The object of the game was to capture Elsie; and that, Paul Carver having done his work, was what he—Norman Dane—was for.

The young man knew. He also knew that he did not love the girl. He had searched himself on that score. He may once have loved her, he felt—or, at least, have very nearly loved her. But now he loved no one; there was no such thing in his heart as love for a woman. He had but one love now, and that was for the firm. Carver, manipulating Dane's soul, had been at pains to instill that!

But, quite coldly and cynically, Norman, ambling thoughtfully on and now nearing Brunswick Place, reflected that that circumstance did not make the Carver scheme for eventual triumph impossible. Elsie, once she was no longer another man's wife, would not be unattainable for him.

There had been no passages between them. When he had returned from New York, and she was already a wife, she had at their first meeting a blush and a smile for that—whatever it had amounted to—which they had had between them a year before. No word had been said then or since, but all through the time during which she had been tearfully and gallantly battling against Anthony Carver for her home, and even before, when she had not been actually unhappy and Teddy Hall had been with her, sober of evenings and kind, there had been for him certain silences, vague hints of restraints—mere wisps, but convincing of a power in him if Elsie were less noble or had become honorably free.

It would be a dastardly act, cogitated Norman, deliberately to cheat the girl in a second as well as a first venture with love. He would have to lie to her to win her, he knew; once won, he was sure to a certainty that he would neglect her for the firm.

And then, too, Carver, by whose good will depended all things, might require the service of him. A second marriage was the top piece of the weird plan those papers, bulging within his coat pocket, would launch. Yes; if he began, gave the papers to Elsie that night, he would doubtless see the bitter undertaking through to Elsie's last tear. But it was a cruel part that had been designed for him! It would seem that she had suffered enough! He thought of a look that was sometimes in her eyes. At remembrance of that look Dane's heart contracted ominously and more hotly than ever Carver's vile documents burned.

The young man shook himself from his reverie and took account of where he had come in his stroll. He was close upon the entrance to Brunswick Place; his steps carried him uncertainly forward; a brief way down the street at hand he could see Elsie's house; windows had been flung wide for the air, and from a room of the lower floor dimmed lights glowed out into the heavy evening. Norman advanced, peering. He could see Elsie within the room. She was beside a table, a book lay in her lap; she was not reading, but she was alone.

Her face in repose was tired, all joyous radiance gone. There was nothing stolid in her look, but there was suffering and pain, and the traces of sleepless nights and anxious vigils until close upon dawn. The corners of her tremulous young lips seemed to plead to Norman with their saddened droop. Her head was lowered and the curves of her frail shoulders cried out to him of the rocking and mangling she had received. Ah, but it had been remorseless so to trample and bludgeon that fragrant, wondrous, flowerlike thing that had been Elsie!

A rush of anger swept Dane as he stared in at that victim of the insane passions of the firm and of the hates and greeds and fears of Ezekiel Hall and Anthony Carver.

He turned away, heart-rent and in disgust, and retraced his steps toward the corner from which he had come. He sauntered a few paces, back and forth, back and forth, the vision before him of that crushed and broken child, alone in the home that she with such high courage had made, weeping, praying, wondering what it—existence—might be about. A lighted clock tower told him it was five minutes before eight. He thought of Carver, pacing the library of his home, his life in a balance between triumph and ruin.

Should he telephone that the deal was off? Suppose he did? Suppose he should fling back the papers at that old man whose soul was the soul of a whitish, sickly worm? There was nothing then—nothing; no present, no future, no firm.

Suppose he didn't? Suppose he lent himself to the degrading bloodthirsty scheme and took part in this fresh barter with Elsie's life; dealt the girl, whom the firm had stolen from him as a wife, another ugly cuff? Just suppose ——

Doubtless it had been rendered inevitable that Norman presently, with obvious purpose, should have wheeled into Brunswick Place, and that, after he had given Elsie the papers, should barely have heard her sobbing as he went out.

IV

AND have I now come to the end of the sordid memoir? No; for the full tale of a personage of business—which is life—a firm, is never told. Its end ripples off to the most distant reaches of time. However, there is a bit more that I can tell:

In due course the fateful meeting at which Ezekiel Hall had planned to vote the Burnham stock, boot his old friend, Judge Methuen, out of the way, elect himself president, and annihilate the man by whose side he had sat for a lifetime, was held. Hall, however, did not have the Burnham stock to vote, and without it he could not partake of either triumph or revenge. Carver gloated then, even as Hall had before. Hall, however, never budged from his desk; and so, for many years—until Dane had completed the next twist in Elsie's life—they sat at their desks, as always, with their ardent daily prayers, each for the other's death or any calamity to remove the other from the scene.

And then one day came an occasion when I had been especially observing them thus, in that great gloomy room, and the horror of it all was much on my mind. I went out; and their countenances, smeared black and hard by the hand of the firm, were vividly before me—Hall's mouth and chin, emblems of his cruelty; Carver's eyes, insignia of his cunning; and the sinister overcasts upon the faces of both the old men. A loathing for Burnham & Wadley filled me as I reached the street. What an inglorious and debasing creature it had been!

I was still much in the mood when by chance I turned into the shop of a photographer who was a friend of mine. I found him at a rear counter, thoughtfully sorting a stack of old prints which he had dug up from a dusty region of his establishment. One by one, after he had glanced at them, he tossed them over to me—faded reminders of days long gone and lives long departed. Half a dozen, maybe, had passed into my hand, each to be laid aside promptly with unstirred interest. At length, however, there came one at which I paused. For a good moment it held me fascinated, shocked.

It was a photograph of a baseball nine, organized among Burnham & Wadley employees of the earliest days. In the rear row were three figures. The young men wore gay blazers and old-fashioned striped caps with high rounded crowns. All three of them had wholesome, clear, open faces which seemed, despite the fading of the picture, to look out at one in the most jolly and kindly fashion. The young chaps were standing, and you would have known them for friends because their interlocked arms were wound about each other's shoulders in affectionate embrace.

There was no difficulty in making out who one of them had been. The young man in the middle of the smiling trio, the one so fondly encircled by the arms of the others, had been poor Stephen Prescott, Elsie's father. I spotted him without difficulty; but it was only by some freak of perception—by a *tour de force* perhaps of supersight—that I was enabled to recognize at all the frank fair countenances of those two. As I did so the photograph shook in my hand; and it was with a sense of futility in life that I thrust it into the pile with the other paled mementos of the past I had already seen.

The two young men whose dimmed likenesses I had just chanced to identify were—had been—Ezekiel Hall and Anthony Carver.

Sealy Triple Guarantee

1. **We Guarantee** the Sealy to be made of Pure Long-Fibre Cotton, without Linters or Mill-Waste.

2. **We Guarantee** the Sealy for Twenty Years against becoming Lumpy or Bunchy.

3. **We Guarantee** that after Sixty Nights' Trial you will pronounce the Sealy the most Comfortable Mattress you have ever used, or your money back.

Should the Mattress fail in any one of these conditions, when subjected to ordinary use, on presenting this Contract, we will replace the Mattress or refund the purchase price.

Sealy Mattress Co.

When You Buy This Mattress You Are Making a Twenty-Year Safe Investment

IN this economic period mattresses should be bought with the same care and thought as is given any other important investment.

Because SEALY Sanitary, Tuftless Mattresses are made of pure long-fibre cotton, air-woven by our patented process, they are a safe and permanent investment. The first cost is the last cost and we back this up with a twenty-year guarantee.

Before you buy your next mattress insist on knowing what materials are used in its construction. This is the only way to judge a mattress.

The Sealy Sanitary Tuftless Mattress

Luxuriously Comfortable—Economical

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SEALY MATTRESSES are made in the heart of the cotton belt. They are sold by dealers throughout the world and are backed by the liberal guarantee of the manufacturers who have produced the SEALY MATTRESS for thirty-five years.

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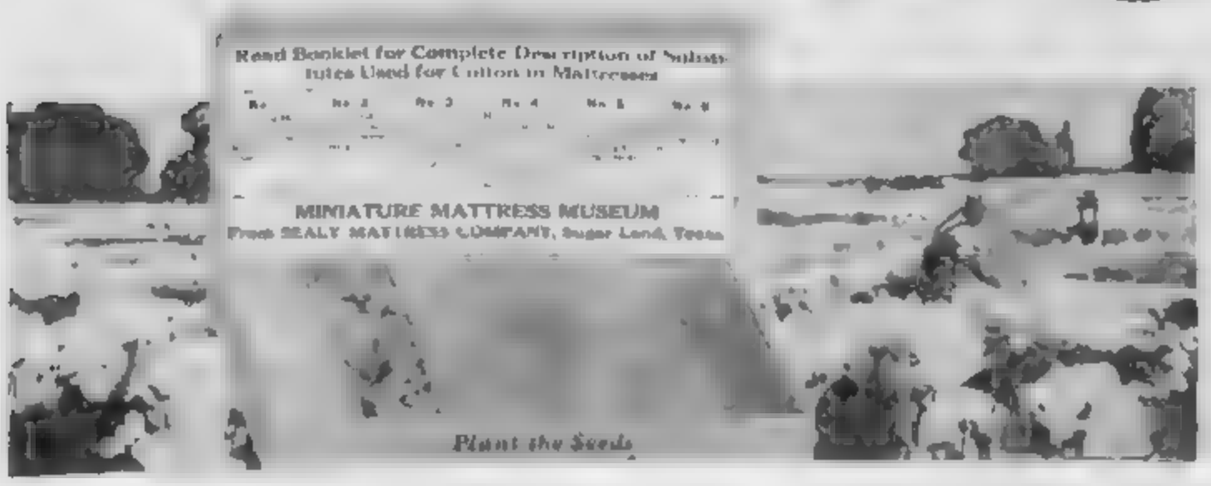
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Please send me name of your local dealer and free box containing samples of cotton and cotton seed.

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Street and No.

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500% Earning Power!

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SUNSET

(Continued from Page 4)

"Please! I won't stay only a minute! No, sir! Lemme take ye, John! I'll git out my bettermost duds, too, an' we'll dress up together. We'll show 'em somethin'! If you 'nlist there'll be a slew of 'em. You start the ball rollin' an' there'll be a platoon foller ye. You talk, an' they'll crowd up like maggots. Sunset's dreamin', John; waitin' for a man like you to lead it. Don't you let little Cherry git wrong idees don't you let her! We'll go up there with our uniforms on, you'n' me, John—won't we? She'll think diff'rent when she sees ye in regimentals. She ——"

Clement motioned imperatively to him and the major's sentence was left dangling. There was a long silence in the office: the lawyer still stood by the open window, and the major, after bending perilously sidewise to catch a glimpse of his expression, backed gingerly to the door and opened it, and slipped quietly out into the corridor. He had learned, from decades of observation, that a man who has once been made to think seriously can safely be left to think a while in solitude.

As to the feasibility of the major's commercial venture, it is necessary only to recall that the Fourth of July parade forms at the Town Square, marches to the Fairgrounds for antiques and horribles, the baseball game, the races, the speeches, and the reading of the Declaration; and that virtually the entire population of Sunset is somewhere in the immediate vicinity. The parade takes fully ten minutes to pass any given point, and that point was destined to be the exact location of the major's booth. Analyzed according to the theories of modern economics, the conception was without a flaw.

And the major's credit proved, on trial, to be as flexible as the rubber band round his wallet. The Sunset Hotel agreed to supply him with sandwiches at the lowest possible quotation, and took his order for twenty dozen—an estimate based on the conservative assumption that one patriot in five would suffer hunger at the given point. The Owl Lunch, where the major customarily dined, contracted to provide three two-gallon freezers of pink ice cream and to bill the major for them at twenty-four hours net; and the local Five-and-Ten included a gross of paper napkins and lace doilies, with a job lot of glasses and spoons, and threw in a lemon squeezer gratis. Were there any factors missing from the great equation?

There were, of course, a few in Sunset who doubted the major's ability to engineer the mighty undertaking; but when a cartload of lumber—a foot high if it was an inch—rattled down Main Street on July second, the major complacently atop, even the dependent warriors on the grounds of the Soldiers' Home abandoned their predictions of misfortune and frankly envied the power of capital. And the major, riding in triumph past the Soldiers' Home, grinned in anticipation of his coming glory and wrinkled his nose in exultation at the barracks.

But toward the end, when the booth was built and the supplies requisitioned and two small boys hired as assistants, the major began to waver in his judgment. His faith had been affected just before the public verdict shifted to his side; he had been listening to narratives of all the colossal failures in history, from the South Sea Bubble to the collapse of the gold-from-sea-water industry, and they had weighed upon and terribly depressed him. Instinctively he went to Clement for encouragement: and he got it generously.

"Just the same, John," he said, "I got a warnin'. Three times in my life I got warnin's, an' every time the warnin' was good an' clear: an' every time things come out just like the warnin' said. Now I got another warnin', John. It says 'Look out!' An' I got twenty-one dollars an' ninety-six cents tied up in that there booth; an' I'm obliged for thirty-three dollars an' six cents more on top o' that. It'll be an awful welt if it don't pay, John. It's all I got in the world. An' I feel sorter rheumaticky too. It's a mean shame to feel rheumaticky two days before the Fourth, ain't it? Jest the same," said the major with a tremendous grimace, "I don't hardly believe any o' them old Miss Nancys over to the Home'd thought up a scheme like that—now would they?"

"Not in a century!" Clement assured him. "You'll come through all right, Major. You'll make a killing."

"Hope so; hope so. Sorter wabbly though. 'Nlisted yet?"

"No," said Clement, and frowned. "I'm thinking about it though—that is—the second Officers' Training Camp."

The major beamed upon him and smacked his knee.

"That's fine! Your pa'd like that! So'd your grampa! You wa'n't meant to be a private, John. An officer—my! Have you —— Ahem!" He coughed delicately behind his hand.

"Get out of here!" said Clement, reddening. "No! Get out!"

"Don't want me to—to put on that uniform o' mine, hey?"

"No, thanks." Clement went over to him and smiled far down into the old man's eyes. "Look here, Major," he said, "it's time to change tactics. As a soldier you get the meaning of that, of course. Well, now, you've done your best to get me into this war. You've done all you can, and you've reached your limit. Don't misunderstand me; you've done all you possibly can. You can't do any more, and you can be satisfied that you haven't done anybody any harm. But don't spoil things. Don't go any farther, Major. Don't talk—not that you would; but you might. And don't plague me. I've got plenty of troubles of my own."

"Well," said the major cautiously, "I do sort o' like to be on the safe side. That's all."

On the evening of July third Clement called, for the first time in a fortnight, at the most impressive house on Maple Avenue and received a somewhat ceremonious welcome from Chérie; an unbiased onlooker might even have declared, without perjury, that he stooped to kiss her and that she avoided him. In any event, they went together to a hedged inclosure of the lawn; and there, under thick yellow stars, they sat in armchairs of hickory, and looked much at each other, and grew distressfully restive and self-conscious.

She had never seemed so dear to him, never so infinitely desirable, as when she held herself in this attitude of vague aloofness. She was too spontaneous and too alive to be truly ethereal, even under the conditions of a July night; but as she sat in meditation, a white cameo against the colorless bulk of hedge, she awed Clement and gave him illusions to disturb his poise.

He had known her since childhood, and yet he never felt that he knew her definitely; her personality was too elusive to be catalogued exactly. She was naturalness itself. To-night she was a seer of visions, overcome by philosophy; two weeks ago she had been a tempest of illogic; and the day before that, a playmate in a thousand. She was undergoing a transformation into maturity of mood, and Clement loved her for the very uncertainty of her progress.

She looked toward him and half smiled; and Clement caught his breath.

"Two pennies for your thoughts," he offered. "You look as though they're worth at least twice the regular rate, Chérie."

She shook her head, and the smile lost some of its extent but none of its charm.

"You'd make a bad bargain, I'm afraid," she told him.

"Won't you let me judge of that?"

Chérie dropped her eyes to her lap and plucked, as though in irritation, at the topmost fold of her gown.

"It isn't particularly safe to tease me to-night. I'm nervous."

"I'm not teasing you," he denied. "I'm asking for information. You're thinking about the same old problem, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am!" she flashed, turning swiftly. "John, did you send Major Butts round here this afternoon to talk to me?"

Clement's jaw fell and expletives crashed in his brain.

Incredulity, rage, his consciousness of the major's sincerity and his recognition of his own position combined to paralyze his tongue; so that momentarily he stammered and gave a very bad impression of his innocence.

"No!" he exploded. "You don't think for a second I —— Why, it's nonsense! You know me better than that! Did he

(Continued on Page 79)

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Send him a ***box*** today—don't wait for him to write and ask. And always pack a box in with the good things you send.

Four Flavors

PEP-O-MINT WINT-O-GREEN
LIC-O-RICE CL-O-VE

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY
New York

(Continued from Page 76)

actually come here to—to —— Why, Chérie ——"

"You didn't?"

"Of course I didn't! Chérie dear ——"

"Honestly? Because —— Oh, I know you wouldn't have—it's ridiculous! But he—well, he certainly came," said Chérie. She smiled fitfully in reminiscence. "All dressed up, with his badges and everything. And so formal! And he marched up the walk like a ramrod and saluted; and then he spoke to me. It was just as though he'd memorized it. And it didn't seem to me to be a normal thing to do. . . . It was awfully funny —— No, it wasn't exactly that; but —— Well, anyway, it was all about the eagle screaming, and the flag, and the President, and Father Abraham, and you — -"

"Me!" said Clement, aghast.

"Oh, lots about you! And a good deal about me. That was the whole plan apparently."

"The cracked old lunatic!" said Clement, forcibly but almost inaudibly.

"Are you sure you didn't—give him to understand anything? Not the least little thing?

"I mean, so that he jumped at conclusions? Because it was perfectly evident you'd been talking to him sometime."

Clement stirred uncomfortably.

"On the contrary."

Chérie was willing to pass over the cryptic rejoinder.

"He said some splendid things about you—everyone does, of course; but from a man like the major! And—and this was what made me think you might have been careless: He said you'd talked with him about one of those training camps ——"

At the new note in her voice Clement leaned quickly forward; and his hand went out to hers and closed tightly over it.

"Oh, Chérie!" he said, distracted. "Chérie dear, can't you believe it isn't just selfishness on my part? Can't you believe there really is such a thing as an ideal ——"

Her face was very close to his and he saw the terror in her eyes.

"You mustn't go!" she whispered. "You can't!"

Not daring to remain longer, Clement got promptly to his feet and took a rapid step or two away from her. Curious motives were harassing him; he was in deadly earnest, and simultaneously he recoiled from the taint of drama. He was resolute, and yet he feared he might succumb to the influence that was so sweet to him in all contingencies but this. In profound agitation he walked to the boundary of hedge, wheeled about, and came back to halt squarely before Chérie.

"Two weeks ago," he said, subdued, "we agreed to stay away from each other until to-night, so we could each get a perspective, didn't we? And I don't know about you, but I've spent most of the time thinking hard."

"So have I," said Chérie, and rose to stand by him.

"I wish I could explain it as I mean it—it's almost impossible; it sounds so grandiloquent. But ——"

"I know!" said Chérie with a trace of bitterness. "It's the glory and glamour of war, and the romance and the renown ——"

"Small chance!" And Clement's laugh wasn't pleasant. "You're not very complimentary, Chérie. It's simply one of the things that ought to be done. And"—unconsciously he paraphrased a statement of the major's—"I'd certainly hate to have my grandchildren find out I'd loafed in Sunset, and criticized the Administration, and let a couple of certified checks stand for my—well, patriotism! Everyone has to make tremendous sacrifices, dear; ours may be each other. You don't want me to feel like a coward, do you?"

On this occasion it was her hand that sought for his.

"They'll call you when they need you, won't they?"

"They're calling me now."

Chérie's hand pressed his in a convulsive little spasm of dread.

"You don't mean literally?"

"They're calling me from the other side," said Clement, and there was a tiny shake in his voice; and he was ashamed of it. "They've been calling for nearly a year. I'm not anxious to go and get shot; I can't see any glamour in it. But it's got a grip on me; I know I ought to go. I can't say why—it's one of those realities that just is. And I've thought hard for every single day and every hour of these two weeks, Chérie."

"And if you care for me—as you've said you do ——"

"And I do!" said Clement, bending down.

"You'd—leave me—like that ——"

He gestured strongly with his free hand.

"What else can I do? Am I going to be a man, or only a hypocrite? I've had military training myself; I can be useful. I've said for a year and a half we ought to be in this war. I've been in favor of conscription. I believe in sending an army abroad. Am I going to profess beliefs like those and hide behind you in Sunset?"

She made a queer little sound in her throat and suddenly she was crying against his shoulder.

His arms were round her and incoherencies flooded to his lips. He kissed her, and she gave back his kiss with a desperation that should have warned him.

"It isn't true—is it?"

"What, dear?"

"Your—t-training camp?"

Clement held her more closely and brought the words out as gently as he could:

"Dear little girl, I'm afraid I'll enroll to-night."

"To-night!" she gasped, and he felt her body grow rigid.

"By letter—the examinations are in Cleveland."

Chérie tore herself from him.

"You'd leave me! After all you've said! After all I've promised! When it isn't necessary—it isn't ——"

"I hoped you'd marry me before I went," said Clement.

For answer she gave him one look of unutterable pathos; and, before he could speak a syllable or restrain her, she was flying over the lawn to the big house. In another moment she had disappeared; and Clement, who in matters of sex was no more intelligent than the majority of his kind, breathed deep and set his teeth, and went out to the sidewalk and down the mysterious shadows of Maple Avenue.

Indifferent to direction, he strode at top speed for more than a quarter of an hour. At length he brought up sharply before a ghostly little building, shimmering in the starlight, and, gathering his senses, he perceived that he had reached the outskirts of the town and the major's commissary booth at the entrance to the Fairgrounds. As he mechanically inspected the frail structure, redolent with the odor of spicy pine, a querulous voice came to him out of the dusk:

"Who's that out there?"

And Clement answered curtly:

"John Clement. Why, is that you, Major?"

The veteran emerged slowly from the booth and stretched himself with care.

"Hello, John! I been workin'. Prep'ration's half the battle. Peanuts under the counter. Lemings in the flour sack. Sugar in the buckit. Bananies on a string. Ever' thin's ready but the sangwiches an' the ice cream. Oho! Tuckered out I be."

"No wonder!" said Clement; and altruism gave him a temporary respite from his sorrow. "Where're the boys you hired to help you?"

"Only for to-morry," said the major, yawning. "Goin' my way?"

"Part of it. Come on!"

"Then don't leg it so fast, John."

"Oh, I'm sorry." He slackened his pace. "Aren't you taking a chance to leave all that stuff out overnight?"

"Oh, I guess not."

"Seems so to me, Major."

"It's all I got in the world, John; but she's safe's a church! Folks don't steal in Sunset."

"I was thinking of rain," said Clement, glancing at the partly overcast sky.

They trudged a furlong or two in silence.

"I was up to the Congressman's to-day, John."

"So I heard."

"Mad, be ye? Now look-a-here, John ——"

Clement's wrath boiled over, and as quickly cooled. For no reason at all he was subtly sensitive to the fact that beside him tramped a man who, despite his humility, was a patriot; who was a philanthrope and a dreamer despite his poverty; who had fought for the Union and scorned her charity; whose sole purpose in his meddlesome and farcical procedure had been to send another volunteer to swell the count from Sunset. It was tragi-comedy, and Clement was acutely impressionable to-night.

"Major," he said sadly, "you're an old fool!"

"You said that once before."

"I'm confirming it."

"You—you're mad 'cause I went up there ——"

"Hush!" said Clement. "Let's not talk about that any more. Forget it. Keep on forgetting it! You go home and go to bed."

The old man wagged his head solemnly from side to side.

"John, I still git my warnin'—same's I told ye about. Can't be my eatin' stand—not likely. It's—I'm worried. I been thinkin' lately—maybe I done wrong to go up there to Lockwood's—maybe I done wrong. You ain't had no quarrel, have ye?"

"Sh-h!" said Clement. "Go get some sleep, Major. You need it."

"Ain't you goin' the wrong way yourself?"

"Oh, no," said Clement. "I'm just going down to the office for a while." And he waved his hand in parting.

The building was dark and deserted, but Clement had keys and matches. He reached his desk, unearthed sundry documents from a drawer, and wrote busily for twenty minutes. The task completed, he hesitated, glanced at his watch, and finally, moved by an impulse that proved irresistible, he switched off the lights, ran downstairs, paused only for an instant at the nearest corner, and hurried along Main Street to the residence district. The night wind had grown suggestively moist and the leaves of the maples were rustling steadily.

It was moderately late for the Sunset conventions, but the big house among the maples was reassuringly illuminated. Clement rang the bell and cooled his heels in the vestibule. His heart was pounding furiously and his palms were clammy; but there was no sign of yielding on his face, no token of indecision. There was a short delay, a whisper of skirts, and out to him came Chérie, faintly smiling in surprise; but as she saw his expression she stopped short and her eyes widened, and her breath fluttered in the newest emotion he had caused her.

"You'd better know now," said Clement thickly. "I've mailed my application."

Her eyes were fixed on his as she advanced slowly, unsteadily, along the hallway.

"You have!" she managed to say.

"You'd better know now," said Clement. "It's all over—it's in the mail."

There was a great choking sob from Chérie Lockwood and a rush and a cry of indefinable purport. And she was clinging to him with all her might, and holding her wet cheeks to his, and giving up her lips to him, adoring, protesting, vowing, calling the heavens to witness how it was love that had made her selfish; how it was love that would make her brave.

Half a mile away the major tossed in his sleep and shivered. A cool wind fanned his cheek; he smiled in beatitude; then, all at once, he started up in chill terror. Was he dreaming? Was it the regimental drums he heard sounding in the darkness of the night?

The major's brain leaped to perceptions; frenziedly he crawled to the floor and stumbled to the open window, his whole consciousness centered on the unstable temple of his hopes, there at the entrance to the Fairgrounds. Under its leaky planking rested his offering on the shrine of independence; and while the tin roof below his window reverberated with the solid, ceaseless tattoo of the little drums, the major leaned far out and held his trembling hands upward to the sky. It was raining!

The Fourth of July in Sunset was a sodden day of damp regrets. There was no parade, no race and no baseball game; and, for the major, there was no surcease from the agonies of rheumatic fever. Clement, who hadn't recovered from his rapture until after midnight, had then intuitively made for the Fairgrounds and, to his lasting self-condemnation, had found the major toiling feebly to salvage his stock in trade.

But the major had arrived too late to save his capital, and Clement had arrived too late to save the major from the effects of a thorough drenching. The human organism, with seventy-five years of depreciation charged off, couldn't stand the overload.

Under the circumstances public interest concentrated on the veteran; but when he was sufficiently recovered from his fever to

(Concluded on Page 81)

Sure—

"I'll have 'em ready for you at 4.30—put 'em on while you wait if you like. Yes, sir, I know the kind you want. Everyone says the same. It's always

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There is true economy in serving Ralston these days—one cup makes enough for six. Get a package today and give the whole family a treat. At your grocery, in checkerboard packages.

PURINA BRANZOS. The natural food laxative, with all the virtues of the bran coat, plus the nutritive value of the wheat. Makes delicious muffins, porridge, bread, etc. In checkerboard packages at your grocery.

Sample Packages. Ralston Wheat Food—Purina Branzos—Purina Whole Wheat Flour—each sufficient for one meal. Select any two and send 10c for mailing. For all three send 15c. (East of Rockies.) Recipe Folders Free.

Ralston Purina Company, 876 Gratiot Street, St. Louis, Mo.

(Concluded from Page 79

see Chérie and Clement, who went together, they discovered that his dogmas hadn't all been soluble in rain water. As they entered his room he was explaining to the doctor that a floating island, contributed by the Ladies' Aid Society, was a gratuitous insult.

"I ain't no charity patient—not yet!" said the major, glowering. "An' I ain't agoin' to eat no lather-an'-glue puddin', neither—not for nobody!"

They told him what had happened to them, and the major grinned weakly and was content.

"Furthermore," said Clement, clearing his throat, "I'm going to need a caretaker to look after my office while I'm away; and —"

"John," said the major, "don't you try none o' your sharp tricks on me! I'm bankrupted. I ——"

"We're going to take care of you just as soon as you're strong enough to be up," began Chérie; but the major interrupted her.

"When that time comes," he said, "I'm goin' back to the colors, Cherry. In with Grand Army men, where I belong. I'm done for now. I ——"

"The Soldiers' Home?" Clement shook his head. "Not while I can prevent it, Major! A man who wouldn't take a pension? I guess not! You've a lot of money coming to you; and I won't have you lying round with those superannuated —"

The major rose on his pillow and motioned ferociously:

"Don't you say one word ag'in the G. A. R.! No, sir! The Home's where I'm agoin'; an' I'm goin' to stay!"

"After all you've said ——"

"Hold be!" roared the major. "I ain't never been bankrupted before, have I? I'm tired an' I'm sick; an' I ain't agoin' to be beholden to nobody! No, sir! Pension's charity, an' the Home's military! You hush up your noise, John Clement! Ain't you got no respect for the United States Army? I'm agoin' in with the rest of my comrades—where I belong!"

They could do nothing with him; so, in the end, he had his will. By the time he was discharged from convalescence the formalities had been accomplished, and his registration at the Home was only a matter of detail. But, before he reported to headquarters, he had a mission to undertake and an engagement to keep; for the day of his release was the day on which a dozen men from Sunset were to embark for the second Officers' Training Camp, and fifty volunteers were to entrain for Cleveland and cantonments.

His mission took him very meticulously to the Sunset florist's, where the proprietor was stolidly nursing a fern back to life.

"Jim," said the major, "I ain't only got seventy-five cents. How much flowers for a lady c'n I buy for that much?"

"Well now, Major," said the florist kindly. "What flowers do you want?"

"I dunno. What's nice for ladies?" His eye fell upon a sample floral piece displayed in the window, a green relic of the distant Fourth. It had wreaths and crossed swords and a miniature howitzer on it, and the legend In Memoriam. "What's that mean, Jimmy?"

The florist scowled, began to explain, glanced at the major, and held his peace.

"It means 'In Memory,' Major. But you'd rather have ——"

"I'd kind o' like that one—it says somethin' sensible; an' it's got swords an' a gun on it. How much 's it cost?"

The florist's depreciation couldn't endure against the major's weak delight. He saw that argument would be futile and education useless. He also knew that the major accepted no donations; his only course was to be accommodating and cut ninety per cent off the value.

"The regular price—well, it's sort o' shopworn—say, fifty cents, Major."

"I'll take it with me," said the major cheerfully.

Half an hour later he sat in the tonneau of the Lockwood touring car, and beside him sat Chérie, with the grotesque tribute at her feet. Her exclamation at sight of it had repaid him amply for the great expense; he couldn't remotely suspect that she would have borne it in her arms the full length of Main Street rather than disappoint him.

"Don't You Git Mad—But They's One Plain Downright Liar in This Room, an' He Ain't Me"

He had never been prouder, never happier; he was about to review the contingent Sunset was giving to its country, and after that he was to be taken to the Home by motor—an event unprecedented in the annals of the town. There was nothing left for him to ask for.

"Cherry," he said absently, "some o' them fellers are goin' to say I'm licked. Know what I'm goin' to say? It took us four year to lick the Johnny Rebs—it took the hull world seventy-five year to lick me! Ain't that somethin'?"

Her mouth quivered and she caught his hand.

"Here they come, Major! Want to stand up?"

"Well!" he said with gentle contempt for her ignorance of things martial.

He hoisted himself erect and waited. A thousand voices applauded him; but his face was impassive. Then, far down Main Street came the local fife-and-drum corps, and the major's eyes suddenly ran over with tears. He looked at Chérie and instinctively put his arm round her. The corps was nearer, nearer; and the crowds on the sidewalk broke into steady, hysterical cheering.

Then came the volunteers—Clement had loathed the publicity, but small-city sentiment was strong and Clement was a man of understanding. As they came abreast the major straightened and, indifferent to the scorch of pain in his racked old arm, snapped his hand to the visor of his cap in salute.

"Oh, Major!" breathed Chérie Lockwood beside him. "There—there he is! Oh, Major! He's there!"

The major's body relaxed limply and he drooped back on the leather cushions. The car stole forward toward the station, where Chérie would have her personal farewell.

"My God!" said the major, with his chin resting on his breast. He sighed; and suddenly his grip on Chérie's fingers hurt her. "My God, Cherry," he said in a whisper that she barely heard, "how'd you feel if he wa'n't!"

Pothooks

THE Dutch oven is one of the most admirable inventions ever given to humanity by the genius of inspired man. It is the cooking utensil par excellence of grandma, and has made countless thousands happy in camp, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Coast. The main objection to a Dutch oven is that it weighs something like a ton. There now is a Dutch oven made of two sheet-iron sections of pressed steel without any joints, the two halves nesting. The bottom half has a perforated shelf to keep things from burning. The contrivance is used just like any other Dutch oven. I presume it might work, but would be willing to make a bet that anything cooked in it would be far more apt to burn than if the work were done in the old-fashioned cast-iron utensil so dear to the heart in the scenes of our childhood. This Dutch oven weighs only two and a half pounds. With care it might be a very useful thing in camp. I think I shall have to have one.

Grandma, when she used her Dutch oven in the fireplace, used to have a set of pothooks, so that she could lift it round. Also, she could lift the brass preserving kettle from one side of the fire to the other, or pick up anything else. Yet perhaps you do not know what grandma's pothooks were. I must confess that I never saw a set myself until last fall, down in the Cumberlands of Kentucky, where I picked up a wagonload of early American household furniture, including three sets of these genuine old pothooks—now growing very rare.

The pothook of ancient times was simply a couple of pieces of steel rod bowed out a little bit and joined with a riveted hinge in the middle. Each leg had a hook bent up at the bottom. The legs could be opened or shut, and of course it is easy to understand how these hooks, going under the ears of a Dutch oven or the handle of a kettle, would enable anyone to lift the vessel off without any danger of burning the hands. It is doubtful whether the average man to-day has ever seen a real set of these old-time pothooks—all of mine and all my other Cumberland Mountain furniture have gone into a museum for preservation for later Americans.

But now comes some wise camp outfitter and advertises nothing less than pothooks or hangers! These hangers are simply pieces of bent heavy wire, with a hook at the lower end and a wide curve at the top. They are not hinged in the middle as grandma's old pothooks were, and yet it is easy to see how even one of these single-piece hooks could be used to lift things off the fire. Or if one wanted to suspend a pot from a tripod or a cross pole, gypsy fashion, a chain could be pieced out of these separated hooks, suspending the kettle at any desired height. Of course you have seen the old chains and cranes in the old-time fireplace in the more primitive portions of our country. There is no doubt that this sportsman's outfitter took his idea from such fireplace furniture. The idea is quite worth keeping in mind. Since I have given the museum my pothooks I presume I shall have to buy some new ones.

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excel on all these important points: Superior grades of leather throughout; dependable shoemaking; correct style; perfect fitting qualities—based upon the famous Brown Shaping Lasts, that gradually change with each succeeding size and correctly shape the growing foot, at heel, toe, ball and arch.

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W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of every pair of shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years' experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

BOYS' SHOES
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FLAVIUS BEST, PINXIT

(Continued from Page 22)

At this moment they were standing before Postetter's masterpiece, and every now and then the little man peered at it with his partially afflicted gaze.

"Looks pretty fine—eh, what, old man?"

"Great!" replied Flavius with real sincerity. As a matter of fact Postetter had underrated himself. His work was no more pink and tepid than the other portraits that lined the walls.

"Well, of course," he mused, "I'm only a pastry cook. I just turn 'em out pink and pretty—the way they think they ought to look! But the hands—you'll admit I'm some diplomat there!"

It was the truth. The fingers of his sitter just oozed away from extreme aristocratic sensibilities.

"Of course," continued he, "the duchess' hands are not slender and tapering like that. They're pure spatulate—exactly the kind that made old Noodles go out and strike oil. But it's just the way Beadle says—you've got to make them all look like ladies and gentlemen; and I tell you there's no better way to do that than by giving them a real refined pair of hands. Heavens, you just ought to see what I'm doing to Mrs. Cutly Bray's uncured hams!"

His long upper lip with its little gnawed mustache fairly twinkled with mischief. Then quite suddenly he put his arm through that of Flavius. "Come on and see old Darnley's spasm. You haven't yet, have you? They've got it hung out in that far room."

Darnley's portrait of Madame Poldanzky had been painted too late for the Spring Salon, and Flavius had never seen it. Neither, for that matter, had he seen Madame Poldanzky herself since that day in Paris when she had refused to look at him. It was, therefore, with a beating heart that he looked up to the far wall to meet the eyes—long and narrow and purring—that had first greeted him at the Duchess de Gambeaux's reception. Darnley had painted her, he noted with a start, in the wrap of chiffon and ermine that covered her creamy shoulders that night at the Bal Bullier. Again he seemed to catch the faint gardenia of her perfume. Steadfastly he gazed, and each moment the scent of that gardenia grew more insistent, more actual. A sudden thought plunged through his whole body, and wheeling abruptly about he found the real Madame Poldanzky not two paces from his elbow.

She stood there alone amid the crowd, and he could see that she had been watching him as he stared at her portrait. Now she did not, as on that other occasion, refuse to meet his eyes. He almost wished that she had. For her own were not grave nor accusing nor pitiless. If only they had been! He could have borne any of them so much better than the utter blankness of her look—the sense that she was deliberately keeping out of them every warm and living thought.

For a moment he stood rooted to the spot. Then with a quick, furious step he advanced to her side. She allowed him to come, but when he put out his hand she turned deliberately and walked away. The blood left the young man's face, and utterly paralyzed he stood for an instant with his arm still outstretched.

It was only the gaze of a girl near by—a girl who had evidently watched his rebuff with the most intense interest—that recalled him to his senses. The girl was tall and blond and frostily pretty, and she wore sables and orchids that never for a moment could make her look regal. She was merely supercilious.

"Say," whispered Postetter when Flavius had returned to him, "do you know who that is over there?"

Drearily Flavius shook his head.

"Why, that's Sophia von Steed! She came out last year and it took seventy-five thousand to break the shell—ball, six brass bands, pearl necklaces—all that sort of thing! Say, wasn't it the luckiest thing she saw you just now?"

"Luckiest!" echoed Flavius savagely.

"Sure! Coming after that other, it is the last touch."

"What other?" asked Flavius, turning on him sharply.

With a puzzled, inquiring expression the little man peered into the other's face. The utter blankness there discomfited him entirely.

"Why, why ——" he stammered. Then recovering himself he hurried on. "It will be the climax to your portrait of Poldanzky, you know. She'll be making a romantic figure out of you—probably inventing all sorts of fictions about Poldanzky's getting jealous of you. Oh, I bet you get her," he rattled on. "And if you do it'll be the greatest kind of a follow-up. It's the follow-up that counts, too, old man! Heaps and heaps of people get one good commission and then don't have the sense to go on. Look at poor little Geraldine Connor, for instance! They tell me that last year Beadle fixed her up to do the mayor's wife. But she didn't understand the social end of the game, poor kid—always dresses so that you know just where the safety pins come underneath, and won't make up to the wealthy. Consequently she hasn't got a single order since. It's a shame, for that girl certainly can paint like a streak."

"Well, I'm not worried about my follow-up," said Flavius; and his eye fell upon Ethel just entering the doorway with Hiram Drawlick. She was wearing the staple geranium-colored gown, and beneath a hat of the same shade her hair, glistening like the gold threads on a Christmas tree, was coming down a little over the flushed cheeks.

"I get you!" said Postetter as his eyes followed those of Flavius.

Before The Private View, Ethel had selected as their headquarters one of those reformed stables on East Nineteenth Street, where a stucco front with green trimmings leads through a damp little court to the abode proper. In this choice of an address, so far removed from the portrait-shopping district about Fifty-Seventh Street where both Postetter and Darnley were now installed, she displayed all her accustomed knowledge of human nature.

"Everybody likes to come to some little out-of-the-way place," said she, "instead of to one where you find the eggshells of the last picnickers."

Before this sequestered dale of art there drew up one day soon after the show at the Academy a suave gray limousine, from which descended a girl whom Flavius recognized at once as Miss Sophia von Steed, the seventy-five-thousand-dollar débutante.

"I have come," said she at once upon her entry from the damp little court, "to see about having you do me. Could you paint me at once? You know," she explained, "this is the off season now."

"Off season?" repeated Flavius.

"Yes; things don't really commence to happen until the last of December. Then everything's such a rush that it's almost impossible to find time for a sitting. I did try it last year—that new French artist did me—but I could only arrange for one pose. He finished it from photographs and it was really very unsatisfactory."

"Naturally," commented Flavius dryly.

"Now as to your price ——"

"Three thousand dollars," replied he firmly. Ethel had insisted upon this sum—unusually high for a beginner—and he saw at once that she was justified.

"Ah!" said Miss Sophia von Steed. "I just knew you were a better painter than Mr. Postetter. Mrs. Cutly Bray wanted me to have him, but he only charges fifteen hundred dollars. Besides, he's unmarried and I should always have had to bring our social secretary along to chaperon me. And anyway, poor mamma would have been in such hot water all the time for fear I was going to fall in love with him."

Flavius had never met a débutante, and he was consequently unprepared for the new natural manner, that say-anything-that-comes-into-your-head-first type of conversation to which so many ardent young souls dedicate their talents. He could think of no reply. His smile, however, became just a shade more indented.

"You have an awfully nice mouth," she remarked critically. "Such cute little corners to it! I just know you're going to do a stunning thing of me."

After this correlation of thought, Miss von Steed departed. On the following Monday she appeared for her first sitting.

"I have decided to have you do me in a riding suit," she said, and throwing off her coat she stood revealed in black coat, riding breeches and glossy boots

(Continued on Page 85)

moves into the Middle West

Sprague, Warner & Company, of Chicago, one of the leading wholesale grocers of the United States, are introducing RYZON in the Middle West.

This giant commercial institution distributes highest grade foods. Their standing is established. Consumers of their brands of food products run into the hundreds of thousands. Their initial supply of RYZON was ten carloads—just a "starter."

The mighty force of this influential house, the confidence of its executives, the enthusiasm of its salesmen, the reputation of its many years of service; and their unprecedented daily sales of RYZON—all are another convincing endorsement of "The Perfect Baking Powder."

Just as RYZON has met with universal approval in the East, so RYZON is being welcomed and adopted by the grocery merchants and housewives of the Middle West.

Back of every can of RYZON is the accumulated experience and scientific exactness of a great American Institution. Everywhere that RYZON has been put to the test—in the finest hotels, in select clubs, in private homes—it has set a new high, pure food standard.

RYZON has the unqualified endorsement of practically all the pure food authorities and domestic science experts. It is steadily, surely, permanently establishing itself in the kitchens of America, and in the hearts of all who love good baking.

In spite of the advancing prices of other foods, RYZON, "The Perfect Baking Powder," continues at the original price—35c per pound.

Behind the Fingers that Fly are the Eyes that See

How completely all factory production is dependent upon good lighting is coming to be seen. When machines have been perfected until they seem all but human they still require men and women to run them.

How futile, then, it is to go on refining our mechanical processes, and forget to build a sound basis for the *human effort* that makes the mechanical process effective!

Behind the fingers that run the machines are the eyes that direct the fingers. Good light and good sight are inseparable. With poor light, you have slow, halting, inaccurate work. When you better the light you speed production, cut down spoilage and reduce the accident hazard.

Whatever your plan may be to improve your working conditions, good lighting must precede it, good lighting should be the basis of it.

And the first requirement of good lighting is *enough light!*

National MAZDA C Lamp

By the older methods adequate lighting was relatively expensive. It was worth all it cost even then. The invention of the NATIONAL MAZDA B Lamp multiplied your light by three without increasing your current cost. The newer NATIONAL MAZDA C (the lamp with the coiled wire filament in a gas-filled bulb) nearly *doubles again* the amount of light you can get from a given amount of current.

With the help of this lamp—more than *five times* as efficient—your shop becomes independent of natural light. You extend your working hours at will beyond the setting of the sun. Dark days are no longer off days, with production limping along at half its pace. Continuous operation becomes possible—24 hours a day if necessary—and every move by every operator becomes swifter, surer, more skillful!

But even the best of tools must be properly selected and properly installed for the work they are to do. We shall gladly refer you to our local agent who will help you get good illumination at low cost; or we'll enlist for you the aid of our Engineering Department. National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., 35 Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

(Continued from Page 82)

Just at this point Ethel entered the room and Flavius introduced her. Miss von Steed's tone changed completely. She gave a cold little nod and her "Pleased to meet you" hardly lit before it glanced off to bored silence. It is the fashionable method of treating the mere wife of genius, and Ethel was prompt to recognize it. After a few words with Flavius she left the room.

The young man started in enthusiastically on his work, and after he had been painting for ten minutes or more Miss von Steed gave a gratified sigh.

"It's worth three thousand to see you paint," she said. "Now that Monsieur What's-his-Name—he was so quiet about it you might have thought he was setting the mousetrap."

Best's brilliant manner proved, in fact, to be one of the great assets of his career. He soon found that the one test of adequate performance imposed by his sitters was that a painter should behave like a man stung by six bees and fighting off the remainder of the hive. In time, therefore, he developed this accomplishment. He charged, recoiled, described great swooping curves of the brush, fluttered his wrist and convinced the most skeptical that he was painting.

"I may not give 'em a product, but I certainly make good on the performance," he remarked cynically to Postetter some years after. "No money is ever returned at the window."

That day when Miss von Steed was gone Flavius said to Ethel: "Why in the dickens didn't you hang round? That girl told me she wanted me to paint her because I was a married man."

"Oh," answered Ethel cheerily, "I'm like the life preserver. Women like to know that I'm on board, but they don't want to see me when they're having tea on deck. Save me for the old ladies with ear trumpets and the fretful young men."

"Well," growled Flavius, "I'll probably have to flirt with her before I'm through. Little fool, it's plain that's what she expects!"

The second time that Miss von Steed came Flavius made such rapid progress that he told her he would be able to finish the next day. It was a confession of skill that he never repeated.

"Why," pouted the débutante, "it seems to me that's an awfully short time. I've hardly got to know you at all. I was sure you would be at least two weeks. I always heard at school that it took Leonardo da Vinci years and years to paint his Mona Lisa."

Flavius stared at the girl, and in that moment his whole future public was revealed to him. What was the feeling that influenced him now? Was it rage at this public as at a natural enemy, a determination to beat it by any means—cajolery, flattery or trickery—or was it long contact with Ethel's mind that had eaten down beneath the membranes of that strict young sense of right? He had no time to ask himself this before he found himself replying:

"And you're sure it wouldn't bore you—if I were to take as much time as I should like to take?"

The deliberately personal voice, the direct, deprecating gaze, the tremendous concern over her answer—all were extremely well done.

"Bored?" asked Miss Sophia von Steed softly, meeting the handsome hazel eyes. And with a flicker of scorn Flavius saw her snuggle down into the personal interest, the cozy you-and-me that is the one congenial element of most of her class.

At their following meeting Flavius finished the portrait. To Miss von Steed, however, he admitted no such thing. To Miss von Steed he said tenderly that it would take at least six more sittings to capture that subtle message of her face. Right then and there, in fact, the painter patented the system that was to satisfy both the reckless subjects who wished to flirt with him and the cautious ones who liked to feel that they were getting their money's worth. This system was extremely simple. At the end of the third or fourth sitting he finished the portrait, and for the next four or five sittings he just pretended to be painting. And as he made it a rule never to allow his victim to see an uncompleted portrait no flaws were ever detected in the service.

Just now this afternoon the débutante asked for a look. At this he put up his hand in protest. The look of the horrified artist betrayed into some half-voiced realization of his vision—how in after years he did perfect this! Even to-day it was average acting.

"No, no!" he cried in a shocked voice. "Not now! I'm afraid I made a terrible mistake to allow you to see it in the first place. Really, you know, I think that is the reason why I succeeded so well with Poldanzky. I never permitted him to look at his portrait until it was finished."

The slick reference to Poldanzky—to Poldanzky, who could not have been forced into looking at his portrait under any consideration—was one that even Ethel herself could not have bettered. It succeeded instantly.

"Poldanzky ——" She caught at the word with a famished air. "Ah, do tell me about him! I've just been dying to know!"

He told her the stories of the Persian cat and the goldfish and the black covers and the gloves. She listened breathlessly, and at the end she leaned forward.

"And Madame Poldanzky?" she breathed. "Do tell me about her! Were you really such great friends?"

Flavius flushed to the roots of his hair. The girl had seen madame snub him that day at the Academy, and yet she asked this! And her "really"—what did that little confirmatory touch mean? Had Ethel told anybody—Postetter, for instance? Had stories reached people—Madame Poldanzky too? An old terror that somehow Ethel was mixed up in madame's changed attitude waked again to life. For a moment he could not speak.

"Surely you can tell me, Painter Man!" The playful form of address, the assured tone of intimacy, made him writhe. In revenge he fixed her with his tenderest look.

"Ah, yes," he murmured softly; "thank heavens, there is a you to tell! It was all about the Persian cat I have told you about. One day I addressed it as Fifine and its real name was Margot. Poldanzky flew into a rage and ordered me out of the house; and madame would never forgive me either. Strange, isn't it? But that's the way with these geniuses. The slightest thing will upset them."

"You don't mean to say your quarrel with Madame Poldanzky was about a cat!" almost screamed Miss von Steed. At that moment something went out of her eyes—a luminous belief in his romantic specifications. It was no longer any fun to flirt with him.

At later sittings she even petitioned Ethel to come in and read to her. Then Flavius realized that he had been hired definitely because of a supposititious affair with Madame Poldanzky and discharged as definitely because Poldanzky had not got jealous of him. Into this advantageous, this humiliating seat of romance Ethel had undoubtedly pushed him. Of that he was now convinced. Yet he said nothing of this to her. He told himself that his reticence was merely dignity. It was not dignity, however. It was cowardice—the dreadful fear of being sure. And never once in all these days did the true scope and thoroughness of Ethel's campaign occur to him.

After a few afternoons of phantom brushwork Flavius showed Miss von Steed her likeness. It was not a masterpiece, this portrait, but it had Flavius' gift of propelling narrative. In Miss von Steed, with her frosty coloring, her restless blue gaze, her brittle vivacity—in this girl so sure of her surroundings and not of herself—he had written the story of her class. And the whole lighting of the picture—the play of wintry sunshine and fireplace blaze upon the black-clad figure—was excellent.

The customer, however, surveyed it with a pout.

"But, Mr. Best," she complained, "just see what you have done to my suit!"

"What's the matter with the suit?" he asked uneasily, feeling for the first time just how thoroughly he was in the power of that recognized enemy, the public.

"Why, you've made it look as though it only cost five dollars a yard, and it cost twenty!"

A few days later he received a check from Miss von Steed, but it was accompanied by a note saying that the portrait was so thoroughly unsatisfactory that he need not send it home.

"Oh dear, Flavius, why didn't you shine her up?" wailed Ethel. "That's all these people want—to look expensive. Now I suppose she will tell everybody what a

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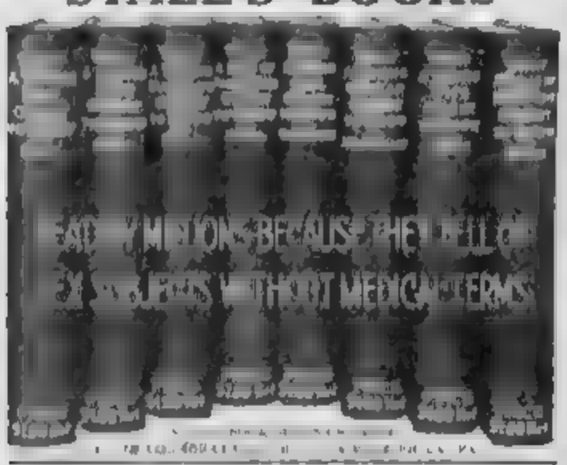

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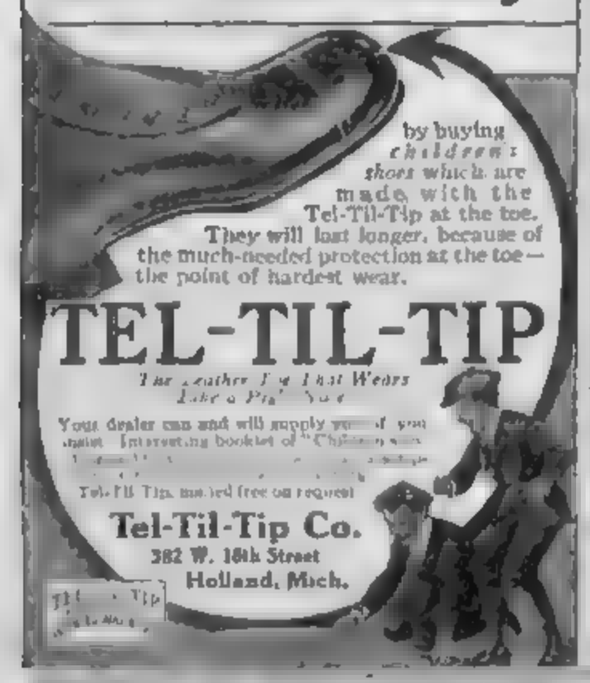

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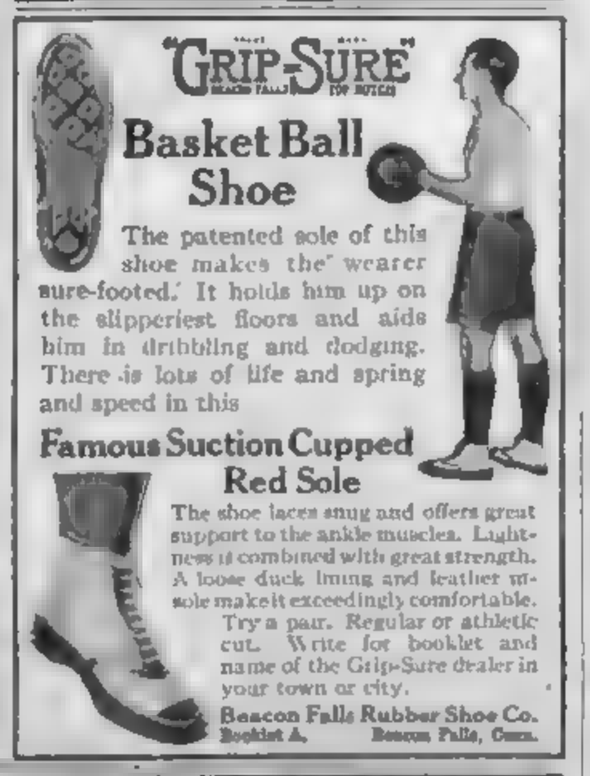

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rotten painter you are and we'll never get another débutante as long as we live."

Her prediction was partially fulfilled. Miss von Steed did circulate reports of Mr. Best's unsatisfactory work, and for a time Ethel experienced the first setback in her management. During this period of depression Postetter dropped in on them.

"Well," announced he with radiant dislocation of the monocle, "I'm engaged. No money, but she knows everybody in New York."

"Congratulations! It is hard to get on in painting without a social pull, isn't it?" was Ethel's lyric response to the lover's passionate outburst.

"Hard? You've simply got to have it. Look at Bess Hibbens—what would she have been if her ancestors had not all been patroons of the manor! Why, that woman simply gobbles up the five-thousand-dollar commissions. She can actually make more than her husband can lose in his stock farm! Anyway," he added pensively, "it's a good thing to be married."

"Is it?" asked Ethel. "Sometimes, you know, I wonder if it is. I often feel as though I had wronged poor Flavius by marrying him. He would have been much more romantic without it."

"Don't you believe it!" answered the little man promptly. "If you're single the débutantes don't come because they're afraid, and the married ones won't come because they're not afraid. Oh, no, I can notice the difference even being engaged. And say, what do you suppose is my latest drive on the débutantes?" Seraphic eyes and scrubby mustache were both caught up in a look of beaming mischief. "Why, I give teas and then paint for them. Yes, by Jove, I paint for them! What do you think of that!" And his small voice rose to a scream of merriment.

"I've just got the Maratti colors, and Hilda—that's my fiancée—sets 'em in musical scales. They all think it's too cute. And when they see me going after a canvas like an angry nursemaid after her charge they all croon: 'Wouldn't it be just wonderful to have a gift like that?' Aha, Miss Ethel, don't you wish you had thought of that first?"

When he had gone Ethel turned disconsolately to her husband. "I had thought of that stunt," she said; "but the only trouble was that we didn't know enough débutantes to paint for. Now I've got to try something else to advertise you. Old Whistler had the right system. We've got to insult someone."

"That's easy," retorted Flavius. "Whom'll we get to paint?"

The victim appeared in the shape of Mr. Silas T. Briggs, a gentleman who had come out of the far West with twenty million dollars and a family that was doing everything in its power to lighten the possession. When Mr. Briggs appeared at the door of the studio that December morning he looked distrustfully about him.

"Say," he questioned, "you're the Flavius J. Best that paints, aren't you?"

Flavius nodded.

Mr. Briggs scratched his head in bewilderment. "Then where are they all," he blurted out suddenly—"the perfumery stewers and the antler's horns and the tiger-skin rugs and the old chairs that have feet with fallen arches? You're not in mourning for the canary, are you?"

Flavius followed his gaze round the studio with its neutral walls, its black rug, its ebon furniture—until his eyes rested at last on that orphan vase of pomegranate red on the mantel. He understood his visitor's doubts. As a rule the portrait painter tries to make his studio as sumptuous and expensive as he does his sitters' clothes. That his own departed from this tradition was due entirely to Ethel's favorite wall motto: "Give them something different."

"Oh," explained he with a smile, "this is the late Viennese style of furnishing."

"It's furnishing that I'm after now," replied Mr. Briggs. "Do you give wholesale rates, Mr. Best?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, you see it's this way—we've got a panel in our dining room that it'll take the whole family to fill. Do you give any rebates on families?"

"No, sir," said Flavius firmly. "It's harder to do a group than any number of single portraits. I charge three thousand dollars for each likeness."

"That'll make fifteen thousand for the five of us, then? And no half-fares for children, I guess? My youngest is only eleven. No? Well, I guess I can stand it. Can we come to-morrow? All right, then; at two."

When the portrait painter attacks a single figure he is always nervous. When he attempts to do a whole family he is generally prostrated. In the case of the Briggses Flavius had no trepidation. Here, thought he grimly, as he started work, was his chance to insult someone. All he had to do was to set them down just as they were—this poor American family that, having got on, had nothing left to do but to get in.

And coldly, critically, with something of the objectiveness of Velasquez, he accomplished this.

By the time he was finished you knew that Briggs Senior carried a pocket comb under that sleek broadcloth coat. You were sure that Mrs. Briggs was an attentive student of the Social Register. You had no doubt that Briggs Junior, in his senior year at Yale, would marry a chorus girl. You could feel the débutante daughter's struggle to persuade her father not to take up his soup from the lee side of the spoon. You could feel even more keenly the eleven-year-old daughter's contempt of parents who could not speak a word of French. To-day this portrait of the Briggses is reckoned as Flavius Best's masterpiece.

Needless to say, the subjects themselves did not like it.

"I'll not pay you a cent for it—not a cent!" stormed Silas T. when he first saw the portrait.

"Very well, Mr. Briggs," retorted Flavius coolly; "I shall be compelled to sue you. This was a definite order."

Flavius did sue the millionaire, and in the end he won his suit. In the meantime nothing—not even his portrait of Poldanzky—gave such a boost to his reputation. Newspapers ran stories of the contest, and one Sunday magazine-section asked for a full-page interview. This latter with its monster headlines, "Flavius Josephus Best Says There Should be School for American Sitters. Famous Young Painter Whose Portrait of Poldanzky Won Medal at the Academy Thinks American Women Don't Want Likenesses—Only Pink Pastry," brought immediate returns. Several days after its publication there appeared in the same paper an open letter of appreciation.

"Look!" cried Ethel excitedly, glancing over the morning news. "Just see what Mrs. Haredale Skewer has to say about the sincerity of Mr. Best's attitude toward art!"

Flavius took the page from her hand.

"Who is Mrs. Haredale Skewer?" asked Flavius.

"Never heard of Mrs. Haredale Skewer," cried Ethel—"the woman who gives the big dinners with Metropolitan singers? Why, she's Mrs. Theodore Cutler Skibbens' one rival in watching over the irregular breathing of modern art. If only we could get her to take us up!"

"Well," said Flavius, "why not? Why don't I just sit down and write her that I should like to paint her portrait free of charge?"

Ethel knit her brows. "Hm-m," she said after a moment's thought. "That would look too anxious. Oh, if only Madame Poldanzky hadn't shaken us! She is a great friend of Mrs. Skewer's."

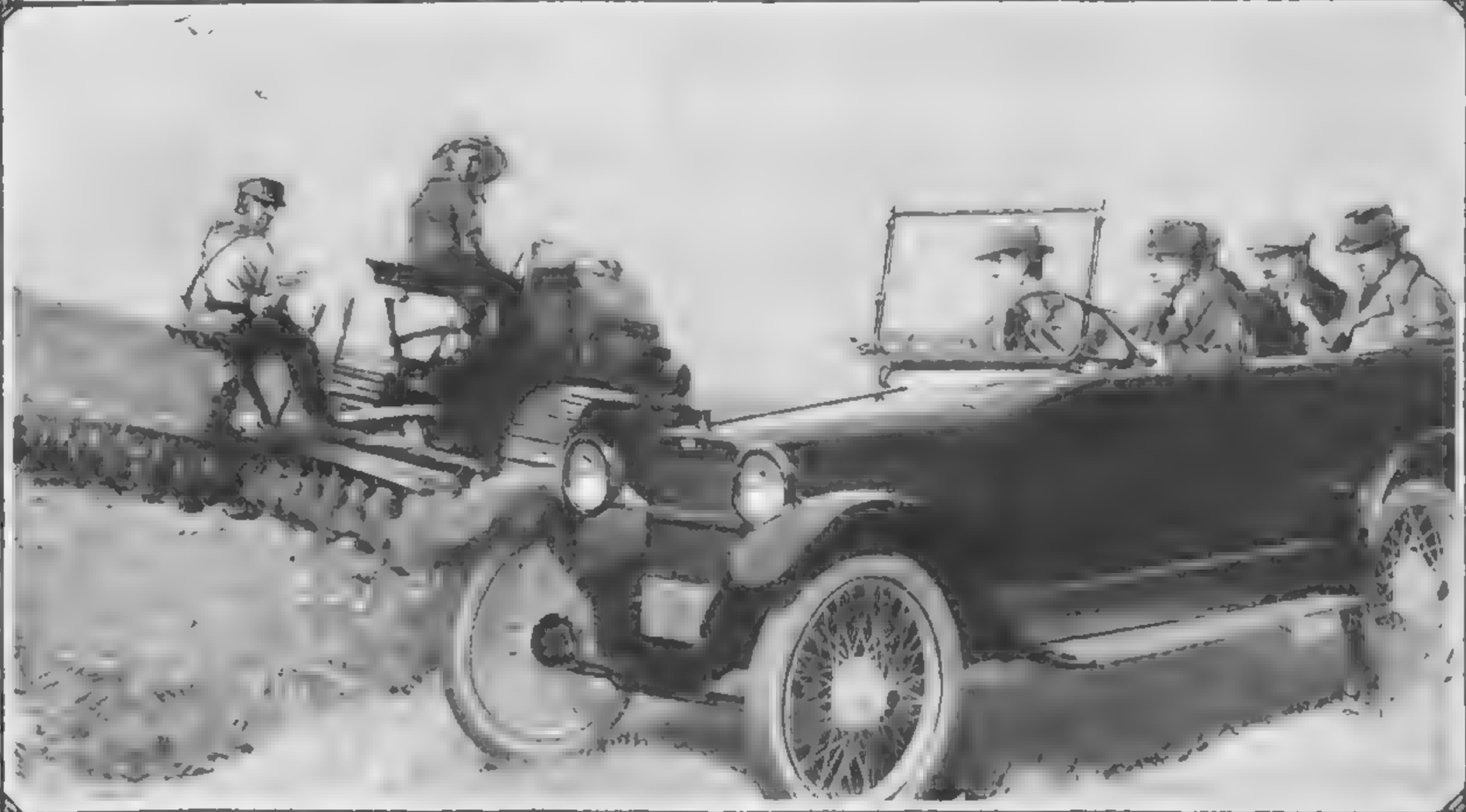
Flavius paced up and down the dining room. "Say," he cried, stopping suddenly in front of Ethel, "I've got it! You know old Waugh, the dealer, has been wanting me to exhibit in his galleries. Now why don't I get up a show of 'Truthful American Portraits' or 'Rejected Portraits' perhaps? That's the idea, 'Rejected Portraits'! Can't you just see how big that would go with the newspapers? Then I could write to Mrs. Skewer and ask her to be chief patroness. She'd be flattered to death, I know. We should get in with her that way and then after that everything would be easy. We'd hang on to her until she introduced us to every portrait investor in New York!"

At this moment there was rather a disagreeable expression about the crisp, clean-cut corners of Flavius' mouth. And no longer did his eyes look as they did a year ago. No portrait of to-day would have recorded that the eyes saw something so much better to do than mouth and chin accepted.

Ethel clapped her hands. "Great!" she cried. "Oh, Rembrandt, you're getting so sensible. You never in this world would have thought of that a year ago."

(Continued on Page 89)

A Big Touring Car for Five People



SAXON "SIX"

40 Costly Cars and Saxon "Six"

See How They Compare Feature for Feature

Here we have taken 40 fine-quality cars built in America. They range in cost from $1,175 to $6,300 for the chassis alone.

Let us together compare these costly cars to Saxon "Six"—checking off feature after feature.

First the motor. Saxon "Six" has a Continental motor. So have 12 of these 40 cars, costing from $1,175 to $2,200. Saxon "Six" costs $935.

Then the axles. Saxon "Six" has Timken axles. So have 13 of these 40 cars, costing from $1,250 to $5,000.

Now the bearings. Saxon "Six" has Timken bearings. So have 11 of these 40 cars, costing from $1,295 to $5,000.

And the carburetor. Saxon "Six" has a Stromberg carburetor. So have 9 of these 40 cars, costing from $1,175 to $5,000.

Next the ignition. Saxon "Six" has Remy ignition. So have 9 of these 40 cars, costing from $1,175 to $5,000.

Then the radiator. Saxon "Six" has a Fedders radiator. So have 16 of these 40 cars, costing from $1,175 to $6,300.

Now the gear. Saxon "Six" has a spiral bevel gear. So have 18 of these 40 cars, costing from $1,175 to $6,300 for the chassis alone.

And the axle type. Saxon "Six" has a semi-floating axle. So have 11 of these 40 cars, costing from $1,200 to $4,800.

Next the storage battery. Saxon "Six" has the "Exide" battery. So have 9 of these 40 cars, costing from $1,175 to $4,800.

Last, the starting and lighting system. Saxon "Six" has a Wagner. So have 12 of these 40 cars, costing from $1,175 to $2,695.

We find, you see, that the ten most important features of Saxon "Six" are also features of these 40 costly cars.

Or, look at it this way: Saxon "Six" sells for $935.

This price is the lowest level that shrewd and careful purchasing, that strict economy, that highly developed manufacturing efficiency and volume output can bring it to.

These 40 other cars cost from $240 to $5,000 more than Saxon "Six," yet we find them duplicating Saxon "Six" features in 10 important points.

That proves—from one angle—the high quality of Saxon "Six."

From another angle it proves that for $250 to $300 more you cannot buy a better car than Saxon "Six." So why pay more than the Saxon "Six" price?

You don't get more in car value, or in beauty, or in performance; and your car will cost you more in upkeep than Saxon "Six."

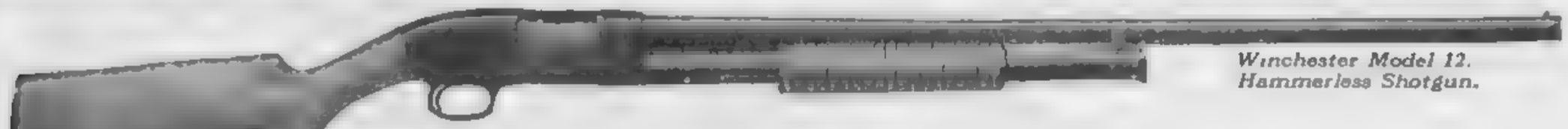
So in every way you figure this matter Saxon "Six" at $935 is a better buy than any car at from $250 to $300 more in price.

Saxon "Six," $935; Saxon "Six" Chummy Roadster, $935; Saxon "Six" Sedan, $1395; "Four" Roadster, $395 (including electric equipment). Canadian prices, Saxon "Six," $1260; Saxon "Six" Chummy Roadster, $1260, Saxon "Six" Sedan, $1840; "Four" Roadster, $540.

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION · DETROIT

(218)

Buy Your Saxon "Six" Now While Present Low Price Still Stands



Winchester Model 12.
Hammerless Shotgun.

Why more duck hunters choose this model than any other

If there's ever a place where you need a gun that's a hundred per cent reliable, it's when you're down in the damp salt marshes after duck.

Whatever gun you may start with, if you keep on long enough, you will come around to the Winchester Model 12 Repeater. It is the favorite in the long run with old duck shooters.

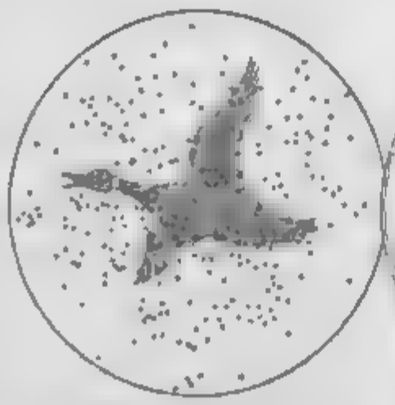
In the damp salt air of the seashore and swamps this gun never "gums." Under the most severe conditions it is a sure-fire, sure-to-work Repeater. It will not jam, catch, or fail to extract the empty shell. It "feels" right, "comes up" right, and *is* right. It will work smoothly in whatever position it is held.

At the distance at which you get most chances at ducks, this gun shoots an effective uniform pattern of great game-getting penetration.

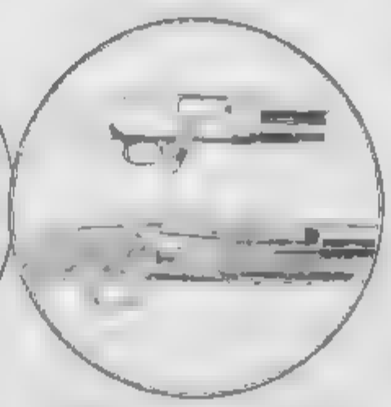
The pattern that brings down the game

The remarkable game-getting pattern of the Winchester Model 12 (or the Model 97 for those who prefer a hammer gun) shooting its own standard ammunition, is the result of infinite care taken in boring the barrel.

The right amount of choke for different loads has been worked out after exhaustive experiment. Result: a pattern that spreads out evenly—neither too scattered nor too bunched—and lands with lots of steam behind it.



Even spread, maximum penetration. Winchester shot pattern brings down the game.



Quick feeder, sure ejector. Throws empty shell to the side, out of your way.

The barrel *is* the gun

Men who know guns realize that the accuracy and durability of a gun lie in the barrel. On the quality of the barrel depends the quality of the gun. There is absolutely no difference in the standard of quality of the barrel on the highest and lowest priced Winchester guns. With Winchester the barrel *is* the gun and the single standard of quality has been attained only by the most unremitting attention to the boring, finishing and testing of the barrel.

The Winchester barrel

The barrel of the Winchester Model 12 has been bored to micrometer measurements for the pattern it is meant to make. The degree of choke exactly offsets the tendency of the shot to spread. Until its pattern proves up to Winchester standard, the gun cannot leave the factory. The Nickel Steel construction preserves the original accuracy forever. The Bennett Process, used exclusively by Winchester, gives the Winchester barrel a distinctive blue finish that, with proper care, will last a lifetime.

For those who prefer a hammer-action gun, we have made the Model 97. It is built on exactly the same lines as the Model 12, but with hammer action.

What (W) means

This mark on the barrel means *Viewed and Proved Winchester.* This stamp stands for Winchester's guarantee of quality, with fifty years of the best gun-making reputation behind it.

Every gun that bears the name "Winchester" and that is marked with the Winchester Viewed and Proved stamp has been fired many times for accuracy and smooth action, and with excess loads for strength.

At every stage of Winchester manufacture, machine production is supplemented by human craftsmanship. It is a *test and adjustment process.*

It is this care in manufacturing that has produced in the Models 12 and Model 97 guns of unsurpassed game-getting qualities that have won the name of "The Perfect Repeaters" among duck hunters.

Write for details of Winchester shotguns, rifles and ammunition

The Winchester catalog is an encyclopedia on shotguns, rifles and ammunition. Every hunter should have one. It gives detailed specifications of the Model 12 and Model 97, and describes at length the principles on which every one of the world-famous Winchester shotguns and rifles is built. Write today. We will mail you a copy free, postpaid

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DEPT. 162 NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Winchester Model 97 Hammer Shotgun

Take down Repeating Shotgun. Made in 12 gauge, weight about 7¾ lbs.; in 16 gauge, weight about 7½ lbs. The favorite with shooters who prefer a slide forearm repeating gun with a hammer.

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

Continued from Page 86

The consciousness that he was thus taking the lead in the political game at which he used to rage never once came to surprise Flavius. He was too much absorbed by his thoughts of Mrs. Haredale Skewer and the exhibition of "Rejected Portraits." He looked over at his wife in her misty blue chiffon negligee, and something—a something almost as poignant as the first quickening of young love, a sense that this lovely blond woman was inevitably bound up with all the joyous tenseness and strife and triumph of life—pierced below the long levels of tolerant, dependent association. Very suddenly he went over and took her in his arms.

"You've been a brick, Ethel!" he said tenderly. "What should I ever have been without your help?"

She turned and peered, half-mischievously, half-triumphantly, into his face.

"I wonder," said she slowly, "whether you know exactly how much I have done for you."

An instinct of what was coming clouded his face, but he said nothing.

"If it hadn't been for me, you know, you would never have got Sophia von Steed or the Briggses."

He knew surely now what was coming, and though he still kept his arms about her every muscle hardened against her.

"They wouldn't have been interested in you one bit if it hadn't been that I circulated a rumor about you and Madame Poldanzky. That was the thing that got them." Half-mischievously, half-proudly, but all-confident of his response, she was looking into his face.

"I knew you had," said Flavius lifelessly, still with hard arms about her.

She stared at him in wonder. "You knew!" she repeated almost in a whisper. "Who—who showed it to you?"

In one hideous, staggering second he realized all. This, then, had been the meaning of Postetter's stumbling reference that day at the Academy, of Sophia von Steed's thwarted interest, of Madame Poldanzky's refusal to speak to him!

"Where did you see it?" he heard Ethel asking him. "Was it that cat, Sophia von Steed?"

His arms had fallen rigidly to his sides, but hers were still about his neck. Like some beautiful, lurid, strangling flower she clung to him. For one moment he stood inert. Then with a terrific gesture he threw her from him.

"Get it for me!" he shouted hoarsely.

Without a word she went into the next room, and when she returned she thrust into his hand a magazine clipping. One glance and he knew that his worst fears had been realized. Here in this magazine devoted to items about the fashionable had been set down the whole story of Madame Poldanzky as he had told it to Ethel that night in Paris. He was not referred to by name, but because of this omission the paragraph managed to be more explicit. Through it all ran the obvious touch of Dudley, the newspaper man.

He crumpled up the paper in his fist and stood there staring at her.

"Don't—don't look at me like that!" cried Ethel in a frightened voice. "I thought you said you knew."

"Knew!" He caught up the word fiercely. "I supposed that you might have talked a little, have thrown out a few hints—but that you could ever have done this—that you could ever have set down in print—that you could have given that newspaper beast in Paris ——"

"But, Flavius," pleaded his wife, "I thought you would understand. I did it for your good. And it did help. It got you Sophia von Steed—and it won't hurt Madame Poldanzky one bit. Oh, I never dreamed you would take it like this! I thought you had got so much more sensible about such things. Please, Flavius, don't look like that."

In this moment Ethel was more appealing than she had ever been in her life. She could see no wrong in what she had done. To her there was nothing monstrous in exploiting her husband's feeling for another woman. She was not sorry for it in the least. But in that cry, "I never dreamed you would take it like this," there was a little child's heartbreaking sense of wronged assumptions. His manner had given her to understand that he would not be angry. She had somehow been betrayed into telling this thing. Bewildered, appalled, stricken, she looked after him as he strode to the door.

"Where are you going?" she asked quiveringly.

"I'm going to her," he replied, and a moment afterward she heard his footsteps upon the little paved court outside.

Flavius had made up his mind to see Madame Poldanzky. He would see her if he had to stand outside her apartment all that day. There was nothing that he would not suffer, no period that he would not wait for one look into those saving dark eyes. When, therefore, the official in the lobby of the Park Avenue apartment house announced that Madame Poldanzky would receive him he experienced that sense of sudden weakness which comes after the easy attainment of that for which we have been prepared to struggle. When the maid led him to the drawing-room of the Poldanzky apartment he was trembling from head to foot.

As he sat there before the open fire he was almost suffocating with the thought that now—in another moment—he should see her. Yet even through the stringed rapture of his waiting there came back Ethel's cry: "Oh, I never dreamed you would take it like this! I thought you had got so much more sensible about such things." She had told him about the magazine paragraph because she thought he had changed so much that he would not mind!

That was the real misery that had haunted him every step of the way from Ethel to Madame Poldanzky. And it was true, he told himself—hideously true. He had changed patently enough to justify her belief. His apt response to Sophia von Steed, the deliberate insult of the Briggs family, his present vulgar determination to get in with Mrs. Haredale Skewer—ah, how supple he had become in pleasing, browbeating, baiting! Before the great crushing wave of self-awareness he buried his face in his hands.

It was thus that Madame Poldanzky found him. So softly had she entered that he did not even hear her, and she was there quite near him when he lifted his haggard young face to hers. In an instant he was standing before her, was holding her hands close against his heart.

"Oh, madame," he cried, "I had to come! I have just this moment heard. Oh, believe me, I never knew until this day."

Her lips quivered a little and the hands in his grew icy cold. Then gradually as she looked into his face he saw something coming back to the long brown eyes.

"Ah, my dear, how ill you look!"

It was the old tone—like a quick compassionate gesture—and at the sound tears came to the young man's eyes.

"How could you think it of me," he cried brokenly; "that I had anything to do with that?"

She drew away from him very gently and looked into his eyes. "But I never did think it," she said at last.

Hurt, bewildered, appalled, he searched her face. "Then why—why—I do not understand."

"Listen, my friend, and I will speak with you. Over here we will talk." With that she led him to a sofa in the corner. "Now"—with a proud little gesture—"will you please tell me why you told her?"

"I don't know. I thought it was the square thing—I never once dreamed of her telling. It seemed only decent, you know."

She shook her head. "No, no, my friend; it was not that. It was because of your own comfort that you told her."

"My own comfort—never!"

"Ah, but it was. I know, you see. You are one of those who like everything swept so, so clean between you and another. It afflicts you not to be open—just as an untidy passageway would afflict you. And to this luxury of sincerity you sacrificed me—another woman!" Her eyes flashed a little as she looked out beyond him. Then as she came back to his face her mood changed swiftly. "But no, I will not scold you. I have punished you enough and oh, my dear, myself too!"

The last words lifted him to the high, sweet peaks of certain joy. Too solemn for any touch, he could only look and look and look. Again, just as on that day in Paris, he was home in her eyes, and all the petty scheming—the Sophia von Steeds and Briggses and Mrs. Haredale Skewers—through which he had come were left far, far behind.

"Eyes, eyes, eyes," he whispered hungrily. "I want you all the time. Don't leave me again. Come away with me—stay away with me always. Ah, madame!"

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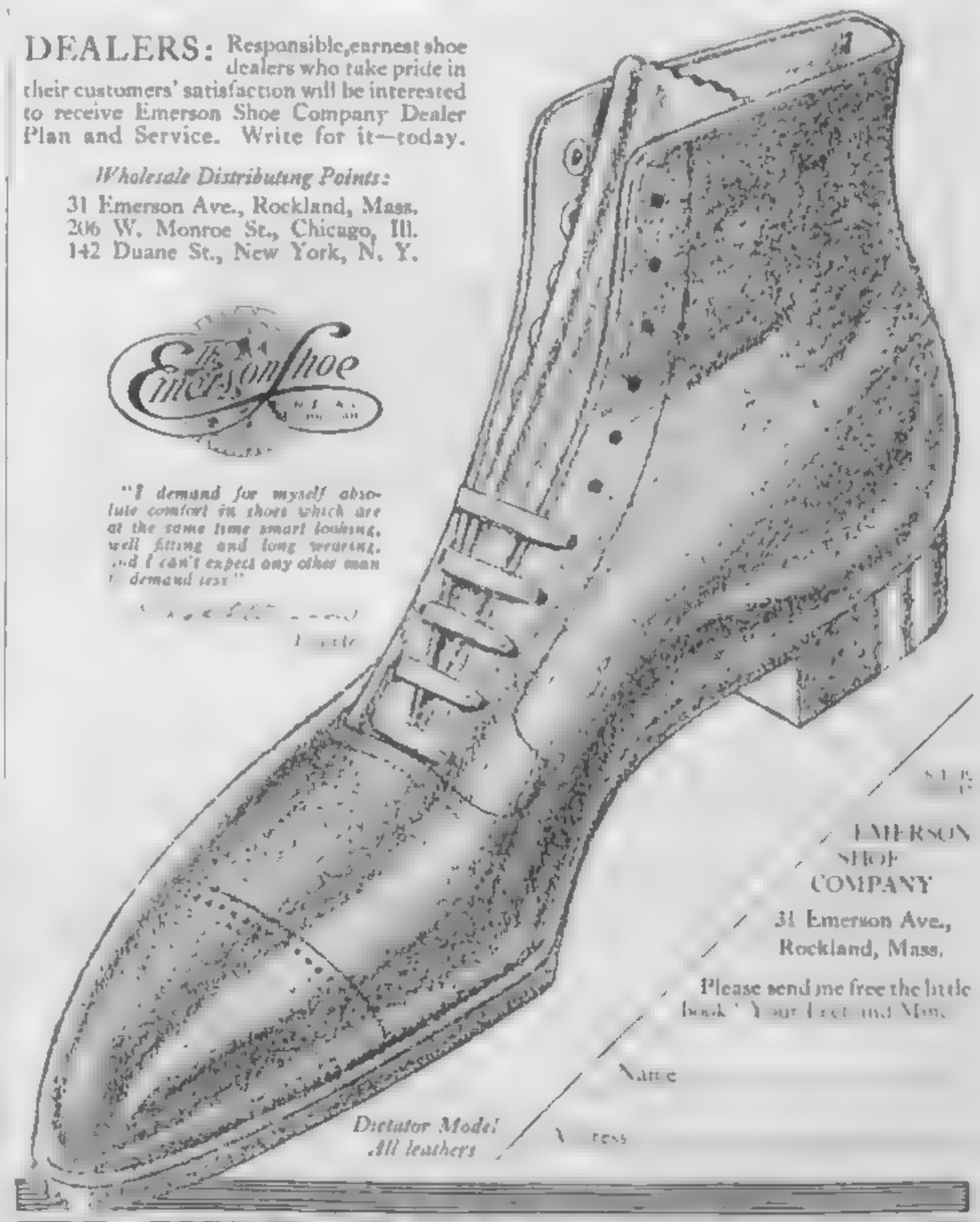

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THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

Send for Superior's Official Union Suit Guide for 1917–18. The Superior Underwear Co., Piqua, Ohio

The eyes that he besought were giving him the last bit of herself, and with a cry he caught her in his arms. Like a tired child Madame Poldanzky drooped her head to his shoulder.

"How good it is to rest," she murmured.

A deep silence followed, a silence broken by the ring of the telephone in the adjoining hall. Madame sprang back and listened.

"It is Mrs. Haredale Skewer," she whispered. "I had an engagement with her this morning. What shall I do?"

Quick as a flash a light came to Flavius' face—a light struck from altars other than Madame Poldanzky and the home he had found in her eyes. Involuntarily his lips moved.

"Let her come——" he commenced eagerly, and then before the searing recognition of his own meanness he dropped his eyes to the ground.

But though he did not look up, he could feel in that instant before the maid came madame's gaze changing from wonder to incredulity, from incredulity to scornful despair.

As the maid entered madame did not even wait for her announcement.

"Tell her no—no—a thousand times no!" she cried fiercely; and rising from the sofa she went to the other end of the room.

Even yet he could not make himself meet her eyes. Miserably, abjectly, he waited there for that moment when she should speak.

"So?" she said harshly at last. "So? You wanted Mrs. Skewer to come—even now—at this moment when you and I——" She broke off and he could feel her gathering herself together for her question. "Do you know Mrs. Haredale Skewer?" she asked.

"No," he whispered.

"But you want to know her! Ah, yes, you want to know her. You thought you might paint her, that she could be of use to you. That was your first thought when you heard her name. Of me you did not think. It is the first dread of the real lover—that someone shall interrupt—even for the smallest moment. And you wanted her to come!" Throwing back her head, she gave a long, bitter little laugh. The laugh ended in something else and Madame Poldanzky's sobs shook the solemn stillness of the room.

For one moment he waited. Then in another moment he was at her side, was on his knees before her.

"Forgive me, forgive!" he cried. "I am a beast. I'm not worthy to kneel before you. Oh, forgive me!"

She did not speak, she made no movement toward him. And as he knelt there with her cry in his ears an old memory crept back to him. It was of that day when he had first told Ethel that he loved her. Then it had been he who had forgotten every worldly thing. Ethel it was who had reminded him of his business appointment.

Gradually her sobs died down and she took her hands from her face. As he stumbled to his feet and met her eyes he never quite forgot the look of blessing sweetness that she gave him.

"There!" she cried almost gayly. "It is all over. And in my heart I do not blame you. How could I—ah, how could I? For see, my poor friend, each of us is what our marriage makes us. It is a strange thing, marriage, like a second disposition. You fall in love with someone. She may be good. She may be evil. That is a matter of destiny—just as much as our first dispositions, whether we be born good or evil. But that which she is she makes of you. Just now you could not help your thought of Mrs. Haredale Skewer. How could you? It is the thought which your wife has accustomed you to think. Like the acid through the cloth—bit by bit, day by day—she has eaten into the very mind of you. Ah, yes, my friend, I am what the philosophers call a determinist, and you could not go with me and leave her behind you any more than"—she paused for an instant—"than I could leave Poldanzky."

With hands clasped over the dividing, solemn flood of her words, they looked into each other's eyes. It was a faint, incongruous sound that finally broke the spell.

"Ah," cried madame; "it is America, the new Persian cat. She scratches to get in."

She went to the door and picked up her stately charge, and when Flavius met her eyes for the last time it was over the cat's white fur.

"See!" she said with the gay smile that had in it so much of sadness. "It is a symbol, my friend—a symbol just like Mrs. Haredale Skewer."

"And to think," he said reverently, "that she thought you were the vampire."

Flavius never met Madame Poldanzky again. But in a few days he did meet Mrs. Skewer.

"Oh, Mr. Best," she said, calling at his studio one morning, "I have just seen Madame Poldanzky and she has begged me to come to you. Of course, ever since I read what you said in the paper I have wanted to know you, and have thought of getting you to do me. But there was Mr. Darnley—I had almost promised Mrs. Skibbens I would get him! Madame Poldanzky though—lovely creature, isn't she?—says there is no comparison between your work and his. She just made me come to you."

Flavius bowed his head. "That is like her," he said gravely.

And so it was that Madame Poldanzky established for the second time the fortunes of the Bests. For in Mrs. Haredale Skewer was provided that one social luminary so necessary to the career of the fashionable portrait painter. Mrs. Skewer was chief patroness at the Exhibition of Rejected Portraits that created such a sensation in the March of that year. After that she took the Bests diligently under her wing. She entertained them at her smartest dinners. She carried them off to dreary house parties on the Hudson. And when her daughter Hildegarde was married to Viscount Deerpark the newspapers recorded the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Flavius J. Best were among the few at the wedding breakfast.

As the result of this intensive acquaintance with the fashionable world, orders began to roll in upon Flavius. To have one's portrait done by him became almost as much of a social obligation as the first big dinner in January. He was the fancy of the hour, and before two years had gone by he was charging five thousand dollars for each likeness. His annual income is now much nearer one hundred thousand than the sum that had so dazzled him on the lips of Mr. Bruce McIntyre, the Dulcimer Plow salesman.

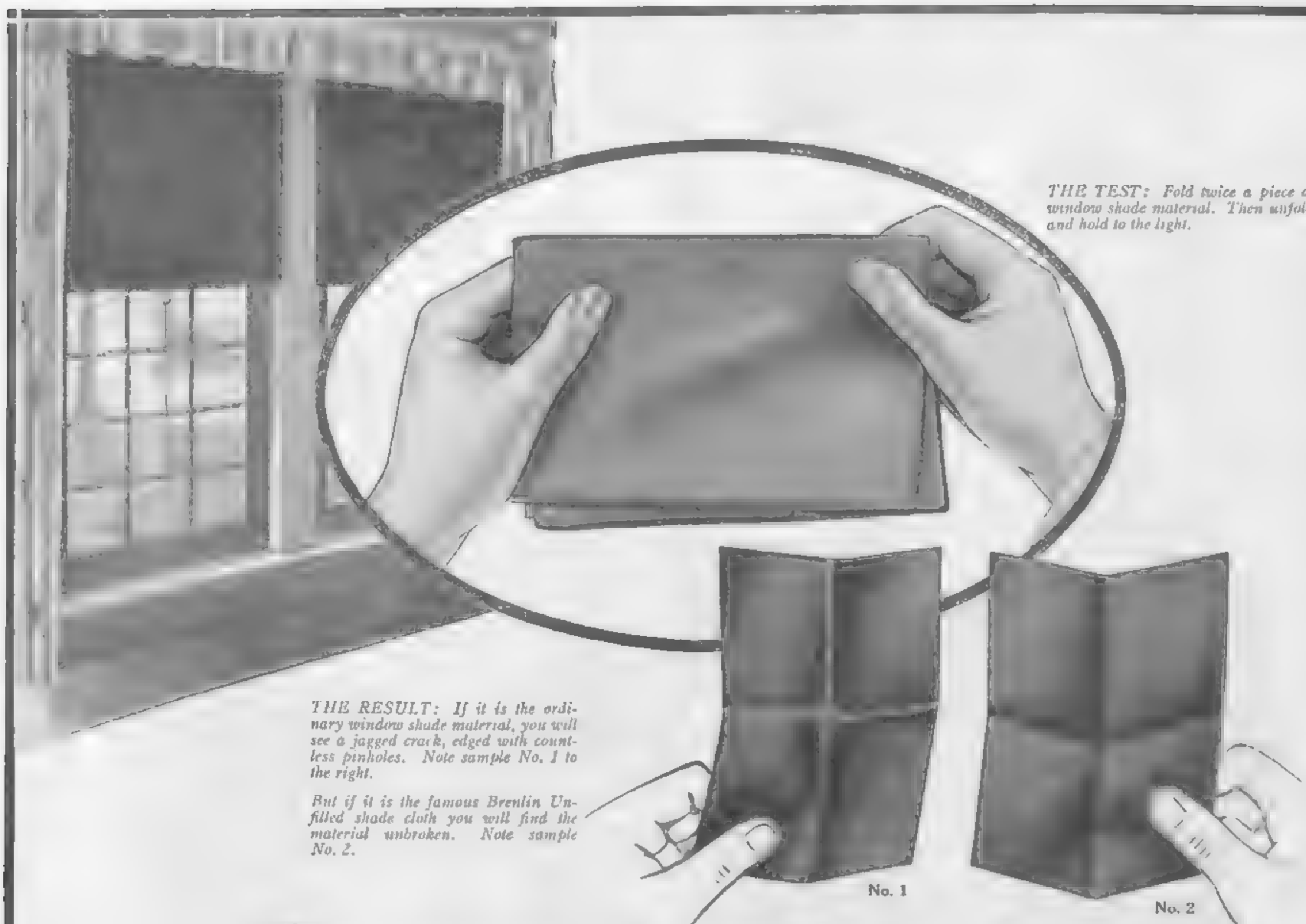
At every prominent exhibition you will see those lucrative works of Flavius Josephus Best. Some are copied after the Spanish manner. Some have borrowed the leafy Gainsborough background. Some have juggled Sargent's strokes with somebody else's composition. All are brilliant, shiny, insincere. All are done solely to please his sitters.

Meanwhile he and Ethel—she is still clad in geranium—are seen at nearly every smart occasion. Sometimes he rebels at this constant going about, and then she says: "Come on, Rembrandt; we can't afford not to be seen. Do you want to lose this season's crop of buds? Remember, every painter has his vogue. You'll go out of fashion soon enough, and then we'll have to pick up what we can in the smaller cities. Make hay in New York while the sun shines."

Always, too, he accepts her advice, for as years go by he is more and more one with her. Yet even now he is not quite insensible to those finer forces of work and life that he has missed. And sometimes in Mrs. Haredale Skewer's box at the opera—at the fringe of it secured after a twelve-course dinner—when some dogged dowager addresses him on sincerity in art, or at a house party when a pretty débutante, impressed by the legend of his romance with Madame Poldanzky, looks hopefully into his handsome hazel eyes, there comes back to him the quatrain that he read the night that he fell in love with Ethel:

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue,
I gat my death from twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een of bonny blue.

(THE END)



THE TEST: Fold twice a piece of window shade material. Then unfold and hold to the light.

THE RESULT: If it is the ordinary window shade material, you will see a jagged crack, edged with countless pinholes. Note sample No. 1 to the right.

But if it is the famous Brenlin Unfilled shade cloth you will find the material unbroken. Note sample No. 2.

No. 1

No. 2

Choose by this test— get window shades that wear

If you have been accepting cracks and pinholes in window shades as a matter of course, study the test pictured above.

Note that the ordinary shade cloth (No. 1), after being tightly folded, *does* show cracks and pinholes. But note that after the same test *Brenlin* Unfilled shade material (No. 2) remains unbroken!

The explanation of this difference is simple. The ordinary shade material is made of a coarse muslin cloth "filled" with chalk and clay. The strains and stress of daily usage cause this "filling" to loosen and fall out, leaving in the shade, as in the test piece shown here, a "mess" of cracks and pinholes. Brenlin is made of an entirely different material—a fine, closely woven cloth that contains not a particle of chalk, clay or any other filling.

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MARRYING MONEY

(Continued from Page 15)

comes of old automobile tires, chemically treated; and the coffee is made of ground up peanut shells, blended—it's always blended, you know—with toasted theater-ticket stubs. Yet it will all serve to make you appreciate your little paradise when you get it, won't it?"

But when Howard, excited by so much abnegation, suggested that he should drop his club, she demurred with a little wife-air he found enchanting.

"No; we must try and let you keep your club," she said. "You would need it badly if all this came to—to nothing, you know; and besides, a club is valuable to a man in lots of ways."

"There is nothing you haven't thought of!" he exclaimed with a dawning perception of the comradeship to come.

She looked up at him tenderly.

"It's a woman's part to help a man succeed," she said. "That's her only justification for spoiling his jolly bachelor life, I suppose, and tangling him all up in pink ribbon. Yes, to help him succeed with every atom of her heart and brain and soul and understanding."

This was the beginning of Howard's new life which, sad to confess, ran none too smoothly at first and exposed him to numberless chagrins. His friends were of one mind: that he was about to commit suicide; and felt it their "bounden duty"—that formula of social oppression—to dissuade him with all their might. Imperious great ladies took him roundly to task and threatened him with their crushing displeasure; Victor prefaced unending protests with "I can't see why the hell, old man ——" while Monty's more subdued "I know it's none of my business, but ——" was as maddening and continuous. The world that loves a lover seemed very poorly represented in these gilded circles.

But, sustained by a curious obstinacy and determination new in his character or else rediscovered, Howard persevered, not without a kind of strange exhilaration. There was the zest of adventure in all he did—even when it occurred to him to learn Russian as a possible means of speedy advancement. Except for a few underlings, his house was sublimely ignorant of the tongue in which most of its immense business was transacted. Accordingly he took up the study with a threadbare exile, and learned from him much more of Russia and its conditions and possibilities than merely the rudiments of its exasperating language.

He began to take hold in the office and to attract both the enmity and good will that center on a clever man with the desire to rise. At thirty-three this genial idler, who had always been the last to come and the first to go, and who for years had held his position more by his charming personal qualities than by either merit or assiduity, now toiled in a fever of application and began to study the business of Eldridge, Gurney, Stack & Company with a keen and invading eye.

After six months had elapsed Jeanie and he were married unobtrusively and went to housekeeping in a corner apartment on Third Avenue. Its only drawback was the sensation of elevated trains dashing right through it; but the agent said everyone soon got used to that and named tenants who had been in the building for twenty years. It was certainly most commodious and sunny, and had been delightfully furnished by Victor and Monty—or rather by their money and Jeanie's taste—their combined wedding present taking this very practical shape. The two good fellows were most woebegone and almost fraternized in their common dismay. The champagne choked them and their congratulations were forced and hollow. It is hard to be gay at the suicide of one's best friend.

"The poor jackass!" said Victor as he walked away arm in arm with Widgeon.

"Just thrown away!" assented Monty, with a gesture of helplessness.

"Well, he's a goner now," said Victor. "The waters have closed over him—gillilup, gillilup!"

But the things one doesn't hear do not hurt. Like many another couple, they shut the world out and love in, and were blissfully happy in their unfashionable domain. The L soon learned not to dash right through it, but lessened to a pleasant rumble, and even added a note of picturesqueness to snowy winter nights. Where there is love and laughter and happiness the best in life has been attained, and to the beaming gods Third Avenue is quite as good as Fifth.

Meantime at the office Howard's keen and invading eye became keener and more invading than ever. He soon perceived that business success, in the larger sense, lay in two things: In the understanding of credits and in the friendship of the banks—which seemed to him extraordinarily capricious in their preferences and dislikes. He got himself transferred to the credit department and strove by every means that came his way to cultivate the acquaintance of bankers. Even to be known by name and sight is a tremendous advantage with these spirited stallions of commerce, to whom a stranger is a thing abhorrent. They like best to be stroked by a familiar hand and are quick to believe its owner a paragon of financial force and integrity. So Howard stroked and stroked, and said "Good horsey!" And he acquired at least toleration, if nothing more.

His knowledge of Russian was helping him immensely; and, through his association with a little knot of refugees, it constantly improved. He made himself familiar with Russian literature, Russian personalities, Russian modes of thought, and grew in intimate understanding of these brilliant, impulsive and altogether likable people. When the house was occasionally burdened with visitors bearing letters of introduction, it was soon he who was told off to meet and entertain them.

In less than a year he was drawing two hundred a month; it gradually rose to two hundred and fifty—three hundred. In three years, when Mr. Stack died and the business was reorganized, he was promoted head of the credit department, at six thousand dollars a year, thus passing the greatest dead line in business, when one's salary is computed yearly instead of monthly. A year later he was sent abroad to look into the troubles of the Riga branch, and craftily included Petrograd, Moscow, Nijni Novgorod and Odessa in his sphere of operations. He made friends everywhere; won golden opinions; brought back some exceedingly valuable contracts he had secured unaided.

He returned from this trip with very high ambitions indeed—ambitions that made his new salary of ten thousand dollars seem positively small. He had a soaring mind, domestic happiness, a child to plan and dream for; and when such a man, with superabundant vitality and energy, centers himself on anything, you may expect to hear the bull's-eye whang.

At the end of their fiscal year, when the balance sheet was formally made up and the two partners sat in state, like two queen bees in a very agitated hive, to discuss policies, allot bonuses, and praise or lecture the various little bees who had done well or otherwise, Howard sent in word requesting the privilege of an interview. The partners must have had some inkling of what was to come, for they greeted Howard coldly; and Mr. Eldridge, who constituted himself spokesman, said "Mr. Stowe, I understand you wish to see us," without asking Howard to sit down.

Eldridge was one of those tall thin old fellows, not unlike the Uncle Sam of the cartoons, with a hook nose and steely blue eyes that could pierce like gimlets. Mr. Gurney was portly and more commonplace-looking, with a very misleading air of being a jolly old soul. So he was—out of business; but at his desk he was abrupt, masterful, and often a good deal of a bully. The two partners turned a none too friendly gaze on Howard as he remarked:

"Gentlemen, the present balance sheet is the biggest in the history of the house."

Mr. Eldridge nodded. Mr. Gurney rammed his hands into his pockets with a stony expression.

"Our only strong competitors are Gruber, Steinbeck & Company," resumed Howard. "Ling and Van Borne hardly bother us; Klopsch is next to negligible; but our business is growing so lucrative that others will soon cut in. In fact I have determined—unless we can come to some satisfactory arrangement—to cut in myself!"

A tense silence followed the dropping of this bombshell.

"And in a big way," continued Howard. "I have the offer of three-quarters of a million dollars; I have behind me one of the strongest banks in New York; I have Russian affiliations that will go far to insure success. I think I have already shown you that I possess initiative, ability and a thorough understanding of foreign conditions. Though I say it in no opprobrious sense, I may add that I am a young man; and I think this firm needs a young man in it."

At this point Mr. Eldridge interrupted him. The old man's voice was as rasping as a file and vibrated with outraged feeling.

"You mean," he burst out, "that you have undermined us here in our own business; that you have played the trusted employee while secretly plotting against us; that you have given us imitation loyalty when we were paying through the nose for the genuine and believed in you implicitly. My God, sir, I hardly know how to characterize such baseness and deceit: such unashamed treachery, cunning and—and—infamy!"

Howard stood unabashed under this torrent of insult. He had expected it and was nerved to meet it.

"You are mistaken, sir," he protested. "My contention is that I have largely contributed to make this business what it is, and that it is due very much to me that the present balance sheet is sixty per cent above last year's—and that last year's was forty-eight per cent above the previous one. I should regret exceedingly to enter into competition with this splendid old house. What I seek—what I claim as an act of justice and right—is a junior partnership."

Mr. Eldridge brought his fist down resoundingly on the table.

"You can't blackmail us like that!" he cried.

"Hold on! Hold on!" exclaimed Mr. Gurney, breathing hard and reddening at the gills. "Not so fast, Eldridge. Nothing is gained by using expressions like that. Let us talk this matter over calmly."

Eldridge glared and subsided. Mr. Gurney went on.

"You are a valuable man, Stowe," he said. "We admit it frankly, and would go to considerable lengths to keep you, if only you wouldn't ask for the earth. Speak for more salary and we'll consider it."

"I feel I am entitled to a partnership, Mr. Gurney."

"What do you call a partnership?"

"Twenty per cent of the net profits and my name in the firm."

"And how much capital are you prepared to put in?"

"Not a cent," answered Howard. "If I borrowed money to put in here I might as well borrow it to start for myself. But as a set-off to my putting in no capital I am asking for twenty per cent instead of a third interest."

A pause ensued. Mr. Gurney reflected, seeking inspiration in the ceiling. Howard stood motionless, feeling like a gambler who has laid his cards on the table and is waiting for the others to show theirs. Mr. Eldridge, with No! stamped all over him, tilted back in his chair with an air of cast-iron finality. It was Mr. Gurney who first broke the silence.

"If you will kindly return in half an hour, Stowe, we shall let you learn our decision," he said.

That half hour was a trying interval to live through. It was a good deal like being in the death house, watching the minutes tick away before execution. The extra five that Howard allowed were the most excruciating of all.

"Well, gentlemen?" he said as he stood before them again, trying to read their decision in their unreadable faces.

Mr. Eldridge, he thought, looked as adamant as ever. Mr. Gurney appeared ominously composed. The latter rose and held out his hand.

"We accept your offer," he said. "We are very pleased to welcome you into the firm and feel that you have earned it by your splendid efforts."

Mr. Eldridge rose and shook hands likewise.

"I beg you to forget the remarks I made in the heat of the moment," he observed. "I regret them and withdraw them unreservedly."

"Thank you, sir," said Howard, pressing the wrinkled old hand again. "It is pleasant to begin the new association in perfect accord and understanding."

"The articles will be drawn up tomorrow," put in Mr. Gurney; "and as soon

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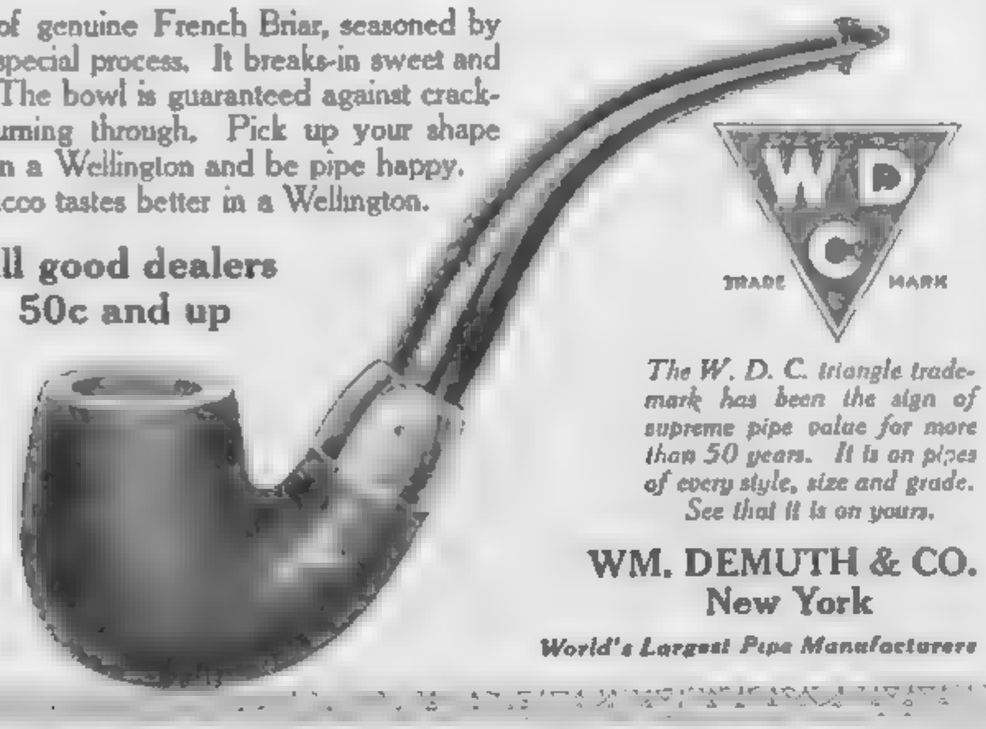

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as they are signed we shall issue announcements in the press that the firm's name is now Eldridge, Gurney, Stowe & Co., similarly informing our correspondents in a nicely engraved letter."

Howard smiled to himself at the "nicely engraved" letter. Mr. Gurney's pet fad was stationery and engraving. He would scarcely have minded the end of the world were it appropriately announced beforehand in faultless copperplate and personally addressed to each victim.

Then, after some desultory conversation in which none of them were at their ease, though all were anxiously cordial, Howard availed himself of a partner's privilege to leave when he liked and started for home to tell the great news.

As he left the Subway entrance at Columbus Circle it came over him that the announcement would be more glorious if accompanied by an appropriate gift. Here he had been, in imagination, buying all sorts of things Jeanie and he had longed for and dipping both hands metaphorically in the effulgent thousands of his new income, though he had not even a box of candy to show for it.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon, full of freshness and appeal, and the proximity of the great automobile houses put a sudden, thrilling idea into his mind. The salesman was almost hurt at the ease of the transaction. He pleaded to go up the Abbey Hill "on high"; to run to Huntington and back without changing gears; to do some of his most exigent tests while spellbinding the "prospect" with his silver tongue. But the prospect merely said in a breathless, hurrying way: "I'll take this one at sixty-two hundred dollars if you can run it out at once and give me the services of a chauffeur for a week."

Then he went inside a booth, rang up his bank and arranged for the honoring of his check. It is a ridiculously easy world for the rich. It was hardly three-quarters of an hour after leaving the Subway when Howard drew up in front of his apartment house, the owner of one of the most luxurious cars he had ever seen.

As luck would have it, he stopped at the very moment when Jeanie was returning home also, looking a little tired from a toilsome walk in the park with her diminutive daughter, who could make a mile seem the longest mile in the world and who could crowd more adventure into one city block than most white-woolly mites in an entire infancy.

"Jump in!" cried Howard, parrying the astonished questions as to how he had come home so early. "It is one of my friend's cars and he has lent it to me for the afternoon. Jump in!"

Jeanie snuggled herself in the cushions with a sigh of contentment. Even the woolly mite subsided into a sort of quiet. Howard gave the order for Larchmont, the name occurring to him at random. It mattered little where they went on that wonderful day so long as the motor hummed and the soft spring air blew against their faces.

"What a lovely, lovely car!" exclaimed Jeanie. "And how truly heavenly to get it on a day like this! Surely it is a ——" And she named one of the aristocrats of motordom.

"Yes," answered Howard; "and it is so new that it has hardly been used at all."

Jeanie caught sight of the tissue paper still enveloping one of the silver-plated door handles.

"Howard, look!" she said, amazed. "It is so new that it has never been used at all."

Her eyes opened very wide and she felt the contagion of her husband's suppressed excitement.

"It's ours!" he exclaimed, unable to hold back his secret any longer. "I was made a partner to-day. The conquering hero had to come home in state!"

Jeanie's hand sought his in a speechlessness of emotion. Even when Howard explained the whole process of his rise and described his slow, silent, persistent siege of the junior partnership—and how for two years he had been working with that one end in view—she couldn't utter a word, for the tears would well to her eyes and her voice stifle in her throat. Howard laid it to her impending motherhood; but it was due to feelings even deeper and more profound. She knew better than he what he had sacrificed to marry her. His success was her justification.

"If it's a boy," he said, "the first thing I am going to teach him is the truth of commonplaces—the terrible, pitiless, unassailable truth of commonplaces. My whole success has been just like a copy book—I played to the old rules, married the girl I loved on next to nothing, and went into the fight like a string of wildcats. Where should I be to-day if I hadn't?"

Jeanie murmured, with suffusing eyes, that he had succeeded because he was a b-b-beautiful k-king; and that the only real c-c-commonplace thing about him was his ascribing it to anything else.

The beautiful king said nothing; but his hand tightened on hers. The climax in his life was too big for words. The motor hummed and hummed, and seemed to repeat, in the refrain of a myriad tiny voices:

"Eldridge, Gurney, Stowe & Co.! Eldridge, Gurney, Stowe & Co.! Eldridge, Gurney, Stowe & Co.!"

LITTLE POISON IVY

(Continued from Page 7)

MacNeath sent his usual tee shot straight down the course, a long, well-placed ball; and Ambrose stepped forward in the midst of a silence that was almost painful.

"Mighty pretty," said he with a careless nod at his opponent. "Hope I do as well."

"Ye can," muttered old Dunn'l, "if ye'll keep your fool mouth shut an' your eye on the ball!"

As Ambrose stooped to arrange his tee he caught a glimpse of the gallery—a long, triple row of spectators, keenly interested in his next move—expectant, anxious, apprehensive. Something of the mental attitude of the audience communicated itself to the youngster, and he paused for an instant, crouched on one knee. When he rose all the nonchalant ease was gone from his manner, all the cocksureness out of his eyes. He looked again at MacNeath's ball, a white speck far down the fairway. MacQuarrie groaned and shook his head.

"Never mind that one!" he whispered to himself savagely. "Play the one on the tee!"

Ambrose fidgeted as he took his stance, shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and his first practice swing was short and jerky. He seemed to realize this, for he tried again before he stepped forward to the ball. It was no use; the result was the same. He had suddenly stiffened in every muscle and joint—gone tense with the nervous strain. He did manage to remember about the back swing—it was slow enough to suit anybody; but at the top of it he faltered, hesitating just long enough to destroy the rhythm that produces a perfect shot. He realized this, too, and tried to make up for it by lunging desperately at the ball; but as the club-face went through he jerked up his head and turned it sharply to the left. The inevitable penalty for this triple error was a wretchedly topped ball, which skipped along the ground until it reached the bunker.

"Well, by the sweet and suffering ——"

This was as far as Ambrose got before he remembered that he had a gallery. He scuttled off the tee, very much abashed; and MacNeath followed, covering the ground with long, even strides. There was just the thin edge of a smile on the veteran's lean, bronzed face.

Moved by a common impulse, the spectators turned their backs and began to drift across the lawn to the Number Ten tee. They had seen quite enough. Old Doc Pinkinson voiced the general sentiment:

"No use following a bad match when you can see a good one, folks. Gilmore and Jordan are just driving off at Ten. I knew that redhead was a fizzer—a false alarm."

"Can't understand why they let him play at all!" scolded Daddy Bradshaw. "Might just as well put me in there against MacNeath! Fools!"

MacQuarrie obstinately refused to quit his pupil.

"He boggled his swing," growled Dunn'l; "he fair jumped at the ball, an' he looked up before he hit it. He'll do better wi'out a gallery. Come along, sir!"

I followed as far as the first bunker. Though his ball was half buried in the sand, Ambrose attempted to skim it over the

(Continued on Page 97)

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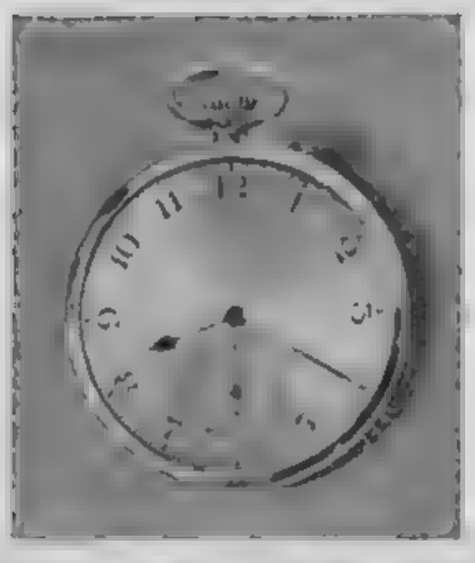

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ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, U.S.A.

Designers and Producers

(Continued from Page 94)

bunker with a mashie, an idiotic thing to do, and an all but impossible shot. He got exactly what his lunacy deserved—a much worse lie than before, close against the bank—and this exhibition of poor judgment cost him half his audience.

"What, not going already?" asked Ambrose after he had played four and picked up his ball. "Stick round a while. This is going to be good."

I said I wanted to see how the other matches were coming on.

"Everybody seems to feel the same way," said the redhead, looking at the retreating gallery. "All because I slopped that drive! I'll have that audience back again—see if I don't! And I'll bet you I won't look up on another shot all day!"

"If ye do," grumbled MacQuarrie, "I'll never play wi' ye again as long as ye live!"

"That's a promise!" cried Ambrose. "One down, eh? Where do we go from here?"

IV

OUR team veterans did not lack sympathetic encouragement on the last nine holes, and all four matches tightened up to such an extent that we wavered between hope and fear until Crane's final putt on the seventeenth green dropped us into the depths of despair.

Gilmore, setting the pace with Jordan, gave us early encouragement by maintaining a safe lead throughout and winning his match, 3 to 2. First blood was ours, but the period of rejoicing was a short one; for the deliberate Lounsberry, approaching and putting with heartbreaking accuracy, disposed of Bishop on the seventeenth green.

"One apiece," said Doc Pinkinson. "Now what's Elder doing?"

The Elder-Smathers match came to Number Seventeen all square; but our man ended the suspense by dropping a beautiful mashie pitch dead to the pin from a distance of one hundred yards. Smathers' third shot also reached the green; but his long putt went wide and Elder tapped the ball into the cup, adding a second victory to our credit.

"It's looking better every minute!" chirped the irrepressible Doc Pinkinson. "Now if Moreman can lick his man we're all hunky-dory. If he loses—good-a-by, cup! No use figuring on that red-headed snipe of a kid. MacNeath has sent him to the cleaner's by now, sure!"

The gallery waited at the seventeenth green, watching in anxious silence as Crane and Moreman played their pitch shots over the guarding bunker. Both were well on in threes; but the Bellevue caddie impudently held his forefinger in the air as a sign that his man was one up. Moreman made a good try, but his fourth shot stopped a few inches from the cup; and Crane, after studying the roll of the green for a full minute, dropped a forty-foot putt for a four—and dropped our spirits with it.

"That settles it!" wheezed Daddy Bradshaw. "No need to bother about that other match. . . . Oh, if Anderson was so set on breaking his leg, why didn't he wait till to-morrow?"

"Then he could have busted 'em both," remarked the unfeeling Pinkinson, "and nobody would have said a word. Might's well pay those bets, I reckon. We got as much chance as that snowball they're always talking about. If it didn't melt, somebody would eat it."

He turned and looked back along the course. Two figures appeared on the sky line, proceeding in the direction of the sixteenth tee. The first one was tall, and moved with long, even strides; the second was short, and even at the distance it seemed to strut and swagger.

"Hello!" ejaculated Pinkinson. "Ain't that MacNeath and the kid, going to Sixteen? It is, by golly! D'you reckon they're playing out the bye holes just for fun—or what?"

"It can't be anything else," said Bradshaw. "The boy couldn't have carried him that far."

Somebody plucked at my sleeve. It was a small dirty-faced caddie, very much out of breath.

"Mister Phipps says—if you want to see—some reg'lar golf—you'd better catch the finish—of his match. He says—bring all the gang with you."

"The finish of his match!" I cried. "Isn't it over? You don't mean that they're still playing?"

"Still playin' is right!" panted the caddie. "They was all square—when I left 'em."

All square! Like a flash the news ran through the gallery. The various groups, already drifting disconsolately in the direction of the clubhouse, halted and began buzzing with excitement and incredulity. All square? Nonsense! It couldn't be true. A green kid like that holding MacNeath to an even game for fifteen holes? Rot! But, in spite of the doubts so openly expressed, there was a brisk and general movement backward along the course, with the sixteenth putting green as an objective point.

It was a much augmented gallery that lined the side hill above the contestants. All the other team members were there, our men surprised and skeptical, and the Bellevue players nervous and apprehensive. There was also a troop of idle caddies, who had received the word by some mysterious wireless of their own devising.

"MacNeath is down in four," whispered one of the youngsters; "and Reddy has got to sink this one."

Ambrose's ball was four feet from the cup. He walked up to it, took one look at the line, one at the hole, and made the shot without an instant's hesitation—a clean, firm tap that gave the ball no chance to waver, but sent it squarely into the middle of the cup. MacQuarrie himself could not have shown more confidence. MacNeath's caddie replaced the flag in the hole, dropped both hands to his hips, and moved them back and forth in a level, sweeping gesture. His sign language answered the question uppermost in every mind. Still all square! A patter of applause gave thanks for the information and Ambrose looked up at us with a quizzical grin. I caught his eye, and the rascal winked at me.

He was first on the seventeenth tee, and this time there was no sign of nervous tension. After a single powerful practice swing he stepped forward to his ball, pressed the sole of his club lightly behind it, and got off a tremendous tee shot. I noticed that his lips moved; and he did not raise his head until the ball was well down the course.

"He's countin' three before he looks up!" whispered a voice in my ear; and there was MacQuarrie, the butt of a dead cigar between his teeth, and his eyes alive with all the emotions a Scot may feel but can never express in words.

"Then he's really been playing good golf?" I asked.

"Aye! Grand golf! They both have. It's a dingdong match, an' just a question which one will crack fir-rst."

MacNeath's drive held out no hope that he was about to crack under the strain of an even match. He executed the tee shot with the machinelike precision of the veteran golfer—stance, swing and follow-through standardized by years of experience.

Our seventeenth hole is a long one, par 5, and the approach to the putting green is guarded by a high cross bunker, paralleled on the far side by a wide and treacherous sand trap, put there to encourage clean mashie pitches. The average player cannot reach the bunker on his second, much less carry the sand trap on the other side of it; but the long drivers sometimes string two tremendous wooden-club shots together and reach the edge of the green. More frequently they get into trouble and pay the penalty for attempting too much.

The two balls were close together; but Ambrose's shot was the longer one by a matter of feet, and it was up to MacNeath to play first. Would he gamble and go for the green, or would he play short and make sure of a five? The veteran estimated the distance, looked carefully at his lie, and then pulled an iron from his bag. Instantly I knew what was passing in his mind—sensed his golfing strategy: MacNeath intended to place his second shot short of the bunker, in the hope that Ambrose would be tempted into risking the long, dangerous wooden-club shot across to the green.

"Aha!" whispered MacQuarrie. "The old fox! He'll not take a chance himself, but he wants the lad to take one. '"Will ye walk into my parlor?" says the spider to the fly.' Aye; that's just it—will he, now?"

Ambrose gave us no time for suspense. MacNeath's ball had hardly stopped rolling before his decision was made—and a sound one at that! He whipped his mid-iron from the bag.

"'Fraid I'll have to fool you, old chap," said he airily. "You wanted me to go for the green—eh, what? Well, I hate to disappoint you; but I can't gamble in an even game—not when the kitty is a sand trap. . . . Ride, you little round rascal; ride!"

The last remark was addressed to the ball just before the blade of the mid-iron flicked

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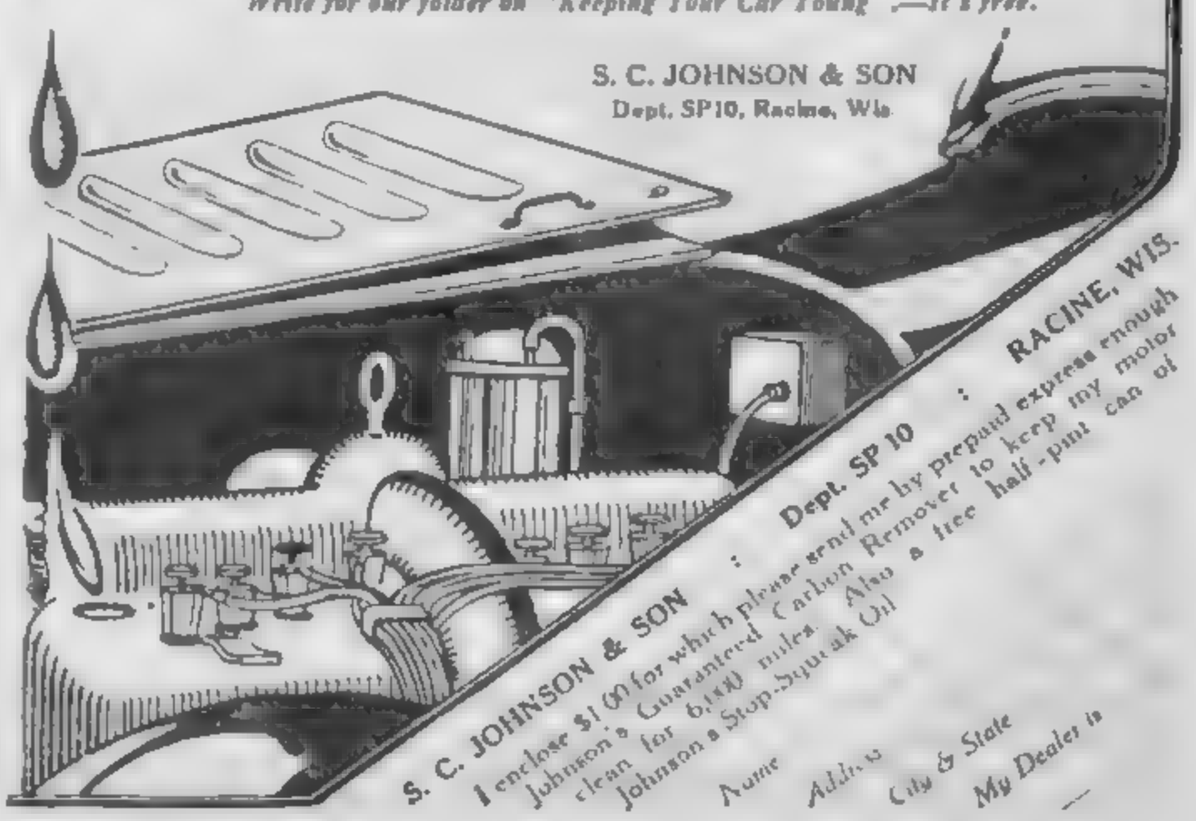

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it from the grass. Again there were two white specks in the distance, lying side by side. If MacNeath was disappointed he did not show it, but tramped on down the course, silent as usual and absorbed in the game. Both took fives on the hole, missing long putts; and the battle was still all square.

Our home hole is a par 4—a blind drive and an iron pitch to the green; and the vital shot is the one from the tee. It must go absolutely straight and high enough to carry the top of the hill, one hundred and forty yards away. To the right is an abrupt downward slope, ending in a deep ravine. To the left, and out of sight from the tee, is a wide sand trap, with the father of all bunkers at its far edge. The only safe ball is the one that sails over the direction post.

Ambrose drove; and a smothered gasp went up from the gallery. The ball had the speed of a bullet, as well as a perfect line; and, at first, I thought it would rise enough to skim the crest of the hill. Instead of that, it seemed to duck in flight, caught the hard face of the incline, and kicked abruptly to the left. It was that crooked bound which broke all our hearts; for we knew that, barring a miracle, our man was in the sand trap.

"Hard luck!" said MacNeath; and I think he really meant to be sympathetic.

Ambrose looked at him as a bulldog might look at a mastiff.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that!" he answered, rather stiffly. "I like to play my second shot from over there."

"You're welcome!" said MacNeath; and completed our discomfiture by poling out a tremendous shot, which carried well over the direction post and went sailing on up the plateau toward the clubhouse.

No man ever hit a longer ball at a more opportune time. As we toiled up the hill I tried to say something hopeful.

"He may have stopped short of the trap."

"Not a hope!" said MacQuarrie, chewing at his cigar. "He'll be in—up to his neck."

Sure enough, when we reached the summit there was the caddie, a mournful statue on the edge of the sand trap. The crowd halted at a proper distance and Ambrose and MacNeath went forward alone. MacQuarrie and I swung off to the left, for we wanted to see how deep the ball was in and what sort of a lie it had found.

"Six feet in from the edge," muttered Dunn'l, "an' twenty feet away from the bunker. Lyin' up on top of the sand too. An iron wi' a little loft to it, a clean shot, a good thir-rd, an' he might get a four yet. It's just possible."

"But not probable," said I. "What on earth is he waiting for?"

Ambrose had taken a seat on the edge of the trap; and as he looked from the ball to the bunker looming in front of it, he rolled a cigarette.

"You don't mind if I study this situation a bit?" said he to MacNeath.

"Take your time," said the veteran.

"Because I wouldn't want to use the wrong club here," continued Ambrose.

The caddie said something to him at this point; but Phipps shook his red head impatiently and continued to puff at his cigarette. He caught a glimpse of me and beckoned.

"How do the home boys stand on this cup thing?" he asked.

"All even—two matches to two."

"That," said Ambrose after a thoughtful pause, "seems to put it up to me."

At last he rose, tossed away the cigarette end and, reaching for his bag, drew out a wooden club. Again the caddie said something; but Ambrose waved him away. There was not a sound from his audience, but a hundred heads wagged dolefully in unison. A wooden club—out of a trap? Suicide! Sheer suicide! An iron might give him a fighting chance to halve the hole; but my last lingering hope died when I saw that club in the boy's hand. The infernal young lunatic! I believe I said something of the sort to MacQuarrie.

"Sh-h!" he whispered. "Yon's a baffy. I made it for him."

"What's a baffy?"

"Well, it's just a kind of an exaggerated bulldog spoon—ye might almost call it a wooden mashie, wi' a curvin' sole on it. It's great for distance. The lie is good, the wind's behind him, an' if he can only hit it clean—clean! —— Oh, ye little red devil, keep your head down—keep your head down an' hit it clean!"

I shall never forget the picture spread out along the edge of that green plateau—the red-headed stocky youngster in the sand trap taking his stance and whipping the clubhead back and forth; MacNeath coolly leaning on his driver and smiling over a match already won; the two caddies in the background, one sneeringly triumphant, the other furiously angry; the rim of spectators, motionless, hopeless.

Everybody was watching Ambrose, and I think Old MacQuarrie was the only onlooker who was not absolutely certain that the choice of a wrong club was throwing away our last slender chance.

When the tension was almost unbearable the redhead turned and grinned at MacNeath.

"I suppose you'd shoot this with an iron," said he; "but the baffy is a great club—if you've got the nerve to use it."

Ambrose settled his feet firmly in the sand, craned his neck for a final look at the flag, two hundred yards away, dropped his chin on his chest, waggled the clubhead over the ball, and then swung with every ounce of strength in his sturdy body. I heard a sharp click, saw a tiny feather of sand spurt into the air, and against the blue sky I caught a glimpse of a soaring white speck, which went higher and higher until I lost it altogether. The next thing I knew, the spectators were cheering, yelling, screaming; and someone was hammering me violently between the shoulder blades. It was the unemotional Dunn'l MacQuarrie, gone completely daft with excitement.

"Oh, man!" he cried. "He picked it up as clean as a whistle, an' he's on the green—on the green!"

"Told you that was a sweet little club!" said Ambrose as he climbed out of the trap. "Takes nerve to use one though. On the green, eh? Well, I guess that'll hold you for a while."

His prediction soon had a solid backing of fact. MacNeath, the iron man, the dependable Number One, the match player without nerves, was not proof against a miracle. Ambrose's phenomenal recovery had shaken the veteran to the soles of his shoes.

MacNeath's second shot was an easy pitch to the green, but he lingered too long over it; the blade of his mashie caught the turf at least three inches behind the ball and shot it off at an angle into the thick, long grass that guards the eighteenth green. He was forced to use a heavy niblick on his third; but the ball rolled thirty feet beyond the pin. He tried hard for the long putt, but missed, and picked up when Ambrose laid his third shot on the lip of the cup.

By the most fortunate fluke ever seen on a golf course our little red Ishmael had won for us the permanent possession of the Edward B. Wimpus Trophy.

MacNeath was game. He picked up his ball with the left hand and offered his right to Ambrose. "Well done!" said he.

"Thanks!" responded Ambrose. "Guess I kind of jarred you with that baffy shot. It's certainly a dandy club in a pinch. Better let MacQuarrie make you one."

MacNeath swallowed hard and nearly managed a smile.

"It wasn't the club," said he. "It was just burglar's luck. You couldn't do it again in a thousand years!"

"Maybe not," replied the victor; "but when you get back to Bellevue you tell all the dear chappies there that I got away with it once—got away with it the one time when it counted!"

At this point the gallery closed in and overwhelmed young Mr. Phipps. Inside of a minute he heard more pleasant things about himself than had come to his ears in a lifetime. He did not dispute a single statement that was made; nor did he discount one by so much as the deprecating lift of an eyebrow. For once in his life he agreed with everybody. In the stag celebration that followed—with the Edward B. Wimpus Cup in the middle of the big round table he was easily induced to favor us with a few brief remarks. He informed us that tin cups were nothing in his young life, club spirit was nothing, but that gameness was everything—and the cheering was led by the Dingbats!

Now you know why we feel that we owe Ambrose something; and, if I am any judge, that debt will be paid with heavy interest. Dunn'l MacQuarrie is also a winner. He has booked so many orders for baffies that he is now endeavoring to secure the services of a first-class club maker.

As Ambrose often tells us, the baffy is a sweet little club to have in the bag—provided, of course, you have the nerve to use it.

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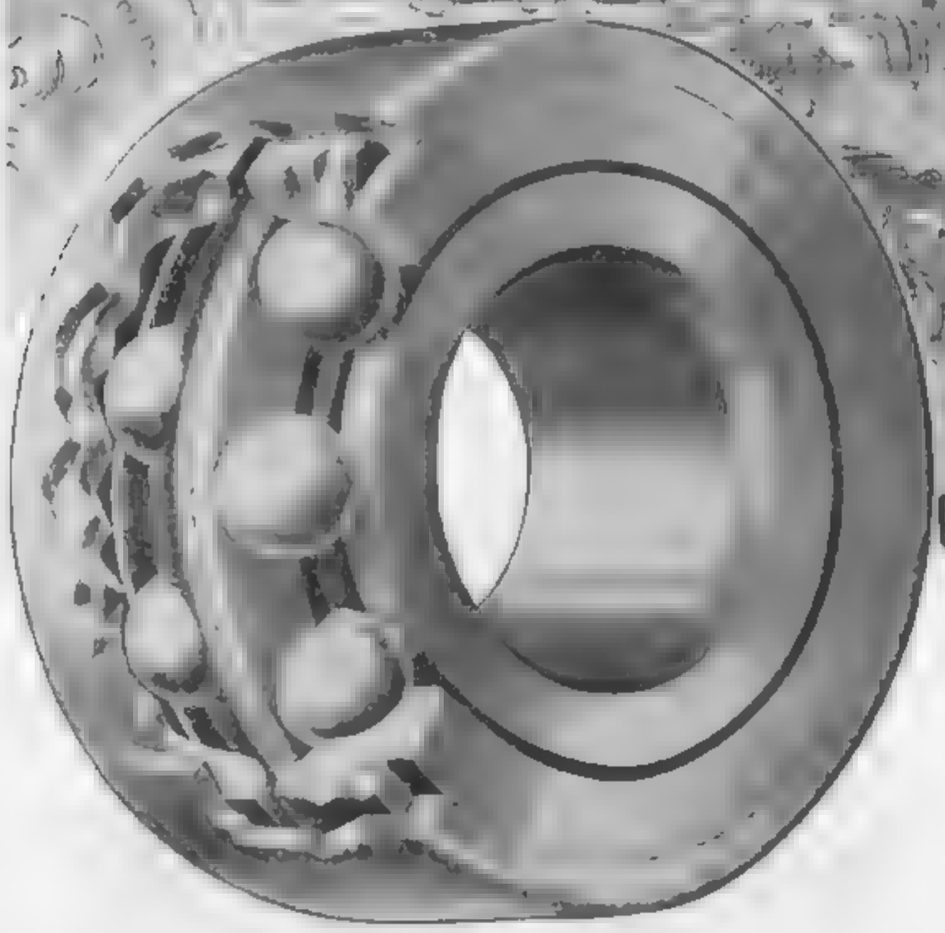

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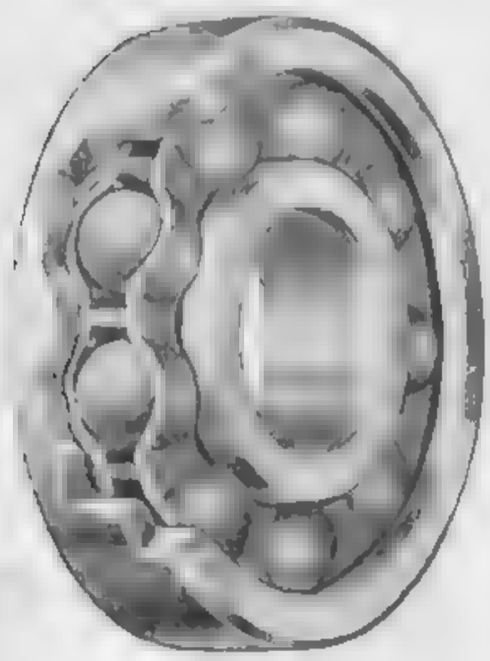

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THE GUNBEARER

(Continued from Page 17)

been with the *safari* of that king; it was an easy *safari*, but he had heard that Kingozi was to make a journey: he preferred to go with Kingozi.

He finished, to meet a disconcerting stare. Kingozi seemed more aloof, more uncompromising, more terrible than ever. And yet in the depths of his eyes was kindly interest too.

"Pay attention, Simba," he said: "You have told me you want to be a gunbearer. That is so?"

"Yes, *bwana*," cried Simba, his heart leaping. He saw himself promoted in recognition of his devotion.

"And I have told you there are many things a gunbearer must learn. One of them is that he must never leave his white man."

"No, *bwana*," agreed Simba cheerfully.

"You have left your white man!" accused Kingozi sharply.

But Simba's logic was still undisturbed.

"He is not my white man. You are my white man," he said.

However, Kingozi soon crushed that notion. He delivered the obvious elementary homily on loyalty to an undertaking. Simba understood at last.

"And now," commanded Kingozi in conclusion, "you must go back to that *safari* at once—the way you came. You must go to the headman and you must eat *kiboko*. If you do not do this thing, then never must you come to me again."

"But, *bwana*, when this *safari* returns, then you will be away on your journey!" wailed Simba.

"That is true," said Kingozi

"It will be a long journey?" ventured Simba hopefully.

"Very long," replied Kingozi uncompromisingly.

The hope died. Simba stood silent for some moments. Then he stooped and picked up his bundle.

"*Qua heri, bwana*," he said dispiritedly.

Without further words he turned away. Kingozi called Cazi Moto to his side.

"Follow that young man and see what he does," he commanded.

Cazi Moto returned within the half hour.

"Well?" asked Kingozi.

"He went first to the bazaar," reported Cazi Moto. "He had money. There he bought meal, dried meat and tobacco."

"And then?"

"Then he took the road to N'Gong—to the country of the Masai."

III

SIMBA had another devil of a trip back. It is no light task to make one's way alone and unarmed through a dry country full of hostile men and dangerous beasts. Especially is this true when the heart burns with hurt resentment. You have seen a dog commanded to return home by a master bound for places where dogs are undesired? He goes; but he wonders why. Simba went; but wondered why. And he was so hurt and angry that he was not very far from caring whether he got caught or not. Still, he was not so far gone as to omit precautions.

He made five days of his journey; then had the good luck to fall in with government runners. They were safe. At first they refused to have anything to do with Simba; but when they found that he, too, was headed for the encampment of the king they grudgingly allowed him to join them—provided he kept up. And then they set a stiff pace just to test that. Simba kept up. Not for nothing had he served his apprenticeship as Trelawney's guard among the Sukas. When Trelawney had sent a message he had expected speed.

Arrived at the encampment, Simba reported to his mess and was promptly taken in charge by the headman of his division. The crime was heinous; so in due time he appeared before one of the white men. The latter, exceedingly wearied in spirit by the constant small annoyances incidental to such an unwieldy outfit, listened just long enough to understand the charge, recognized it as one of the temporary desertions so common among *safari* men, made no attempt to probe farther, ordered twenty-five *kiboko*, and passed on to the next trouble.

Simba had never before taken punishment. He had seen it, however, and knew what was expected of him. He underwent the flogging without making a sound; and when it was finished he sprang to his feet with a grin and a yell. Thereby he gained the respect of the attentive bystanders and of the *askari* who had laid on; for twenty-five is no light punishment. Sore in body and spirit, Simba returned to his mess and resumed his duties.

The savor had gone out of this expedition. Simba hated every man of the lot, from His Royal Highness down to the cook's *toto*. He looked with bitter and sneering satisfaction on the rather blundering sportsmanship. He gained no comfort from the easy life, the abundant food, the hilarious association with the picked men of his profession. Among the rank and file, of course, there was no intimation of how long the expedition was to last, or whither its itinerary would lead.

Simba counted the days grudgingly; resented each mile of progress forward; rejoiced mightily when, as happened several times, the route bent back on an apparent return. And each time the ensuing disappointment rendered him more fiercely sullen. He was not a popular companion. Indeed, there is no saying that he might not have become a quarrelsome, even a dangerous companion, had not His Highness through aid, tacitly ignored, of a hatful of cartridges expended by his white hunters—at last decided he was satisfied. The *safari* turned back.

The return to Nairobi seemed interminable; but at last it was accomplished. Simba's first act after receiving his rupees was to inquire after Kingozi. He learned that the Fighter of Elephants, at the head of thirty men only, had three weeks previously started northwest. Nobody knew where he was bound or when he would return.

Then and there Simba came to a resolve. He took his rupees, including those left over from his former expedition, and called upon Ali, the Somali.

"Here," he said to Ali, "are forty-nine rupees and sixteen *pesi*. If I keep them they will not last long; I shall play the game with holes, or I shall spend them in the bazaar. Do you keep them for me; and each week, when I come to you, do you give me fifty *pesi* only. In that manner I may live on my rupees for a long time."

Ali's thin, expressive face was bent on him in amused comprehension.

"That shall be done," he agreed, taking the money. "Soon I shall have another *safari* for you."

"I shall not go on another *safari* until Bwana Kingozi returns," stated Simba, with decision, "for thus once again will I miss going with his *safari*."

Ali laughed aloud.

"Nevertheless," he said deliberately, "after three days' repose you will come here and I will give you one load of trade goods. This you, and another man who knows the way, will carry to the camp of a *bwana* who is seven days' march away."

"I shall not do this," said Simba sullenly.

"You will do it," insisted Ali with calm. "Otherwise you may return to your *shensis;* for never will you go on *safari* again—neither that of Bwana Kingozi nor of anyone else."

Simba chewed the cud of this bitterly.

"This is only to carry the load to the white man?" he asked at length. "Then I may return immediately?"

"If you care to do so you may return at once," Ali assured him.

Simba heaved a deep sigh.

"*I sawa!*" he assented.

Ali's face wrinkled into a smile

"That is well; there is much *bakshcesh*," he said. "The *bwana* has arranged it."

Two days later Simba started out with the load of trade goods and the other man. The latter proved to be a silent, uncommunicative creature. He not only refused to indicate the route or the destination, but he declined to talk at all. He might be dumb.

After fifty friendly attempts Simba became disgusted; and he himself relapsed into unbroken silence. It was all of a piece with the same disheartening business. The world was somber with annoyance and bad luck. He made his marches doggedly, his camps resentfully. As to the country, he paid attention in view of his return journey alone—which he resolved should be very promptly undertaken. They took turns carrying the load.

Because of his frame of mind Simba was not inclined to permit much lingering on

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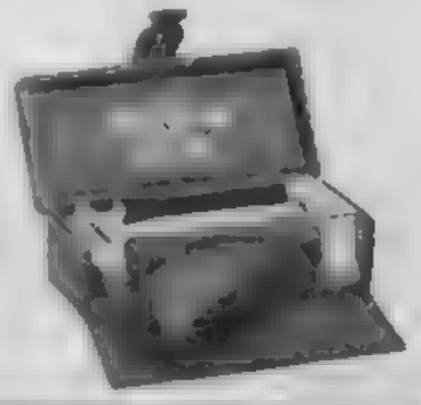

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the road. He wanted to get this over as soon as possible; and he made up his mind that, once back in the bazaars, Ali should have very little to say as to his future movements. Ordinarily unsupervised natives on such an errand as this take their own good time to it. Through a peaceable country they proceed just as slowly as they dare, making sociable visits on the way, stopping with friends. But this dour pair traveled at express rate.

As a consequence the afternoon of the fifth day found them surmounting a long low ridge, from which was visible the meandering line of green that marked out a watercourse through a thorny and arid land. Simba's companion stopped and pointed to irregularly placed dots of white.

"*Campi ya bwana*," he announced.

They descended the rocky slope, crossed the bottom land, and so came to the tents.

It happened to be Simba's turn to carry the load. With the idea of getting the whole thing over at once, he made his way directly to the green double tent of the white man. Its owner was seated in front, beneath the fly. Simba could make out his legs. He carried the load round to the entrance, eased it to the ground—and looked up sullenly to meet Kingozi's amused eyes.

"*Bwana!*" gasped Simba.

"*Jambo*, Simba!" greeted Kingozi. "So you have come. That means you have faithfully performed your *cazi* with the great *bwana*; for I commanded Ali that only if you returned to that *safari*, and did your duty well, were you to be sent on to me."

Simba's dazed eyes turned. He saw his late traveling companion grinning at his elbow. He saw his old envy, Cazi Moto, in the background, likewise grinning. He looked down at the load he had carried.

"Open it," commanded Kingozi.

Simba, still dazed, fumblingly undid the cords. On top of a number of packages lay a complete khaki uniform, a new hat, a leather belt, a shiny new knife, a sharpening stone in a sheath, blue spiral putties, a felt-covered water bottle, and a magnificent genuine three-rupee blanket. Kingozi was speaking:

"Ali told you that you could return after bringing in this load. Do you wish to do so? Or do you wish to join my *safari?*"

"Let me stay with you, *bwana*."

"Very well," said Kingozi, a very kindly smile illuminating his ordinarily grave countenance. "In that case take these things lying before you. They are yours."

"Mine, *bwana?*" repeated Simba wonderingly.

"Yours," said Kingozi. He reached back his hand and Cazi Moto laid in it the light rifle of everyday shooting. Kingozi, in turn, held it out to Simba. "Clean this carefully," he said casually. "It has been shot to-day. The cleaning things are in your tent."

Simba took the weapon reverently. Even yet he did not understand.

"I have made Cazi Moto the headman of all my affairs," said Kingozi, seeing this. "Hereafter you shall be my gunbearer."

Late that evening the deep silence that Kingozi's command of *Kalelel* had imposed upon the camp was broken by a high wavering falsetto of joyous song. It was suddenly hushed by Kingozi's stern summons. Cazi Moto glided to the tent.

"Who dared disobey my order?" demanded Kingozi.

"It was Simba—who said he forgot," replied Cazi Moto. "Shall he be punished?"

"What do you think, Cazi Moto?" asked Kingozi.

"I think he is very young and his heart is happy," replied old Cazi Moto.

"I think so too," said Kingozi with a sigh.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Stewart Edward White. The seventh and last will appear in an early issue.

IRVIN S. COBB, BY HIMSELF

(Concluded from Page 27)

almost exactly one hundred years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence in your own city, thus making it possible for future generations to celebrate both centennials simultaneously in 1976. He is a member of an old, or Southern, family, his family being fully as old as any Southern family known. It extends back without a break to the Garden of Eden.

Mr. Cobb grew up in Paducah very pleasantly. One of his parents wished him to be a lawyer. The other rather thought he would make a good doctor. Undoubtedly our hero would have succeeded at either of these professions, or both; but acting on his own initiative he, at the age of sixteen, reached a compromise by going to work in a newspaper office. The office thus honored was the office of the Paducah News. I violate no confidence in stating that at the outset of his career Mr. Cobb had an ambition to be an illustrator. For some time he illustrated his own writings. Later along, however, he decided to give up illustrating in order to devote himself entirely to writing. Mr. Cobb's motive in taking this course may only be construed as one of pure unselfishness.

He might have gone on illustrating, but in that event his output of writing would have been cut down. It is a recognized fact that you can pick up an illustrator almost anywhere!

This young man worked for a number of years on papers in Paducah, in Louisville, in Paducah again, and in New York. It was twelve years ago that he moved from Paducah to New York.

It was easier for him to move then than it is now, because at that time he only weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds, fully dressed and wearing the revolver which was a necessary part of the wardrobe of every active Kentucky newspaper man who believed in going about properly dressed in public.

At the end of six years in New York he wrote his first art-and-art fiction story. Up until that time he had written a good deal of fiction, but always with headlines over it. This story was purchased by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is a fact worthy of comment that the same keen intelligence, the same ability to discern true literary merit wheresoever found which led THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to buy Mr. Cobb's first story has continued to manifest itself ever since with the result that pretty much everything Mr. Cobb has written since that time six years ago has been printed in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Congratulations, Ed.!

Unlike many of our literary men, Mr. Cobb has never been much of a hand for marrying. He has had one wife and one child, and still has them. He spends his summers in the country and his winters mainly in New York. His favorite sport at this time is trying to reform an abandoned farm in Westchester County, New York. His chief regret in life is that he was not named for his father, in which event he would have had the best American name for an American writer that any American writer ever had. His father's name was Josh Cobb.

In conclusion, dear Ed., I beg to remain, meanwhile trusting on behalf of Mr. Cobb for a continuance of past favors,

Yours truly,

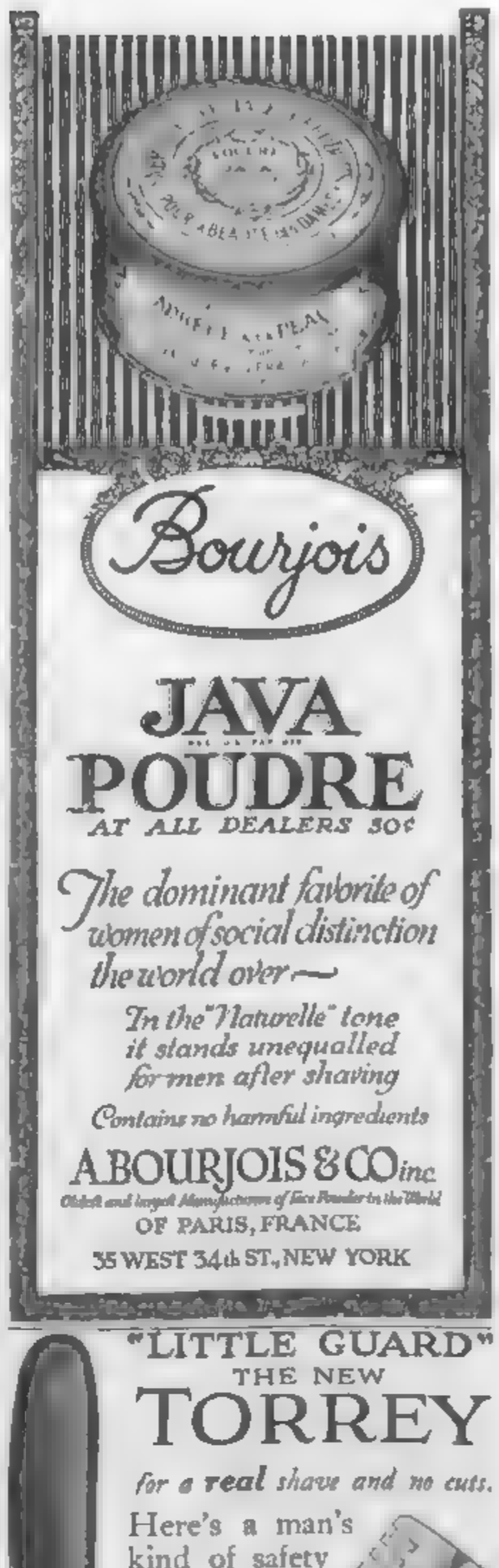
IRVIN S. COBB.

LADY BORDEN, HERSELF

(Concluded from Page 27)

to Parliament. For many years, as wife of the leader of His Majesty's loyal opposition in the House of Commons, her social duties claimed much time; but these never withheld her from active participation in benevolent national work. As one of the governors of the Victorian Order of Nurses she has fostered and forwarded the extension of district nursing throughout Canada. The general election of 1911 brought the Conservatives into office and power, with Mr. Borden as Prime Minister.

When the great war came it brought many changes of duties. It altered some of the currents of service. The Red Cross Society holds the first place in the multitude of new forms of work. As president of the Women's Committee at Ottawa, forenoons find her at headquarters. As honorary president of the Women's Canadian Club she cheers and encourages its members, who devote their energies chiefly, but not solely, to providing "soldiers' comforts" for the men in the training camps and the trenches and to raising money for the Prisoners of War Fund of the Red Cross Society.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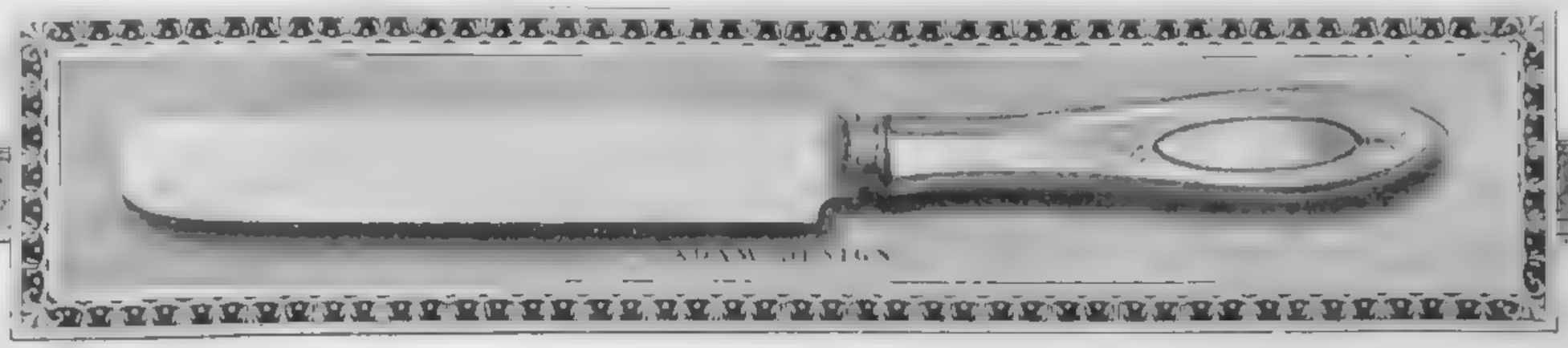

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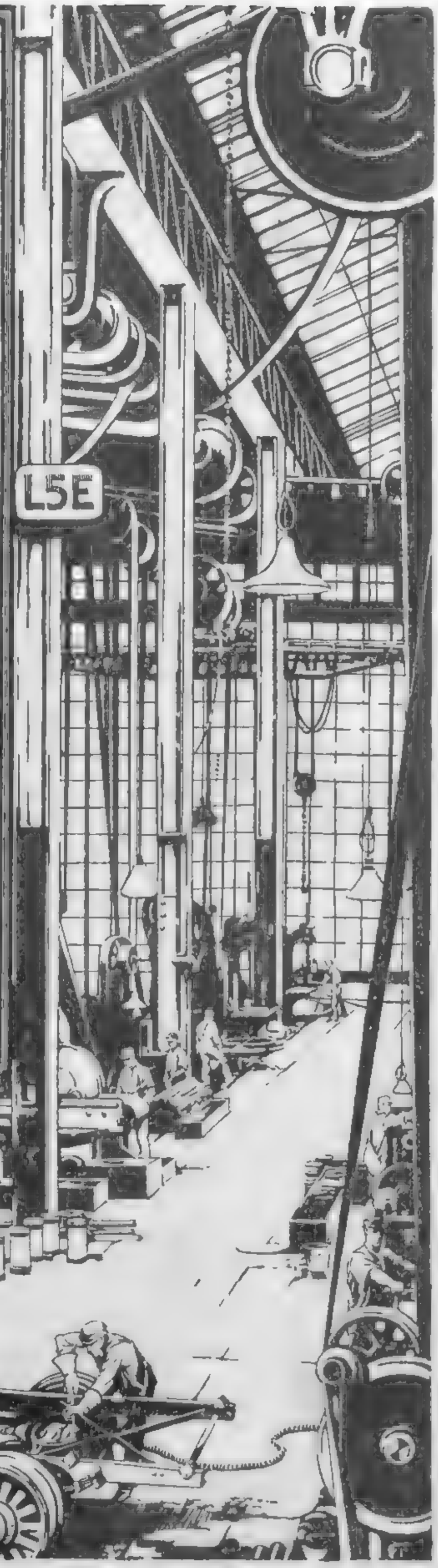

THE WORLD AND THOMAS KELLY

(Continued from Page 25)

"Well, here's that hundred!" he remarked jocosely. "Are you sure that's all you want?"

The sight and crackle of the bills, with the words that accompanied their offer, strangled Tom's change of heart in the very moment of its birth—choked it like a hod of ashes poured over a tender, hapless sprout. Instantly he hardened. Withdrawing his hand almost roughly from Allyn's he stepped back, scowling.

"Curse your money!" he cried fiercely. "I won't touch a cent of the damned stuff!"

But in the next instant he realized that he must.

XXIII

IT WOULD be fruitless to dwell in detail upon Tom's visit to Mrs. Jones. The summer life in the various mansions along the Ocean Walk and Rhode Island Avenue differs but little, and his days were passed in the same round of frivolous activities as before, save that he found that his new hostess regarded herself as having, in exchange for her hospitality, the first claim upon his time. At the Scotts' he had been free to come and go exactly as he chose, with no questions asked; but at Mrs. Jones' he was expected to lunch and dine with his hostess whenever she remained at home, and to spend many hours, when he would have preferred to be on the water or at the Casino, in entertaining her at whist and piquet.

Soon he found himself assisting as a matter of course in arranging the guests at her constant dinner and luncheon parties, and acting as an unsalaried major-domo of her establishment. Just how this had come about he was unable to explain. He had at first felt flattered at the confidence reposed in him, but when this extended to his being held personally responsible for the happiness of all the more unattractive female guests he was inclined to rebel. Yet had he rebelled he would have had no place to go. Mrs. Jones was more than kind; but she also expected him to be more than kind—even if he was less than kin. He could at any moment have cast himself upon the Selbys and been received with open arms, but this would have embarrassed him. If he was going to live on Pa Selby for the rest of his life he didn't want to begin just yet. He'd take his off time first. Besides it would have complicated his affair with Lulie. So he stayed on, occupying a position in the house rather like that of an eldest son who has just returned home after a prolonged absence. Parradym, when they met, eyed him with sinister humor. It was plain that the aged sycophant regarded him as already having descended to a lower level.

Whether it was due to Parradym's attitude or to the increasing exactions of his hostess, Tom's visit at Mrs. Jones' rapidly began to pall upon him. He had now enjoyed her hospitality for nearly a month; the social season was slightly on the wane, and as her engagements decreased in number the old lady availed herself more and more of Tom's society. Before the end of the first week in September he found that she expected him to spend most of his time with her. She had become, as she frequently told him, increasingly fond of him. But, as often happens, her fondness carried with it an informality of treatment which, while at times verging on the sentimental, was at others peremptorily exacting and almost contemptuous. There were many occasions when she could not have been more gracious or even tender, but this did not preclude her from ordering him about like a servant when she felt so disposed. All together, Tom felt that he had earned his passage during the month he had stayed with her, and he might have departed sooner than he did had he not discovered that a show of meekness only led to greater indignities, and that a display of indignation upon the whole rather pleased her.

Thus their relations presently came to resemble those of a mismatched couple who indulged in frequent quarrels invariably followed by periods of reconciliation. During these Mrs. Jones was accustomed to assert that she was a lonely old woman, that nobody loved her, that she looked upon Tom almost as a son, and that if he ever left her it would break her heart. As often, however, she would charge him with selfishness and neglect, and upbraid him for leaving her alone to amuse herself. Tom's self-respect suffered severely during this humiliating period, but as he wished to remain in Newport until his cruise with the Selbys he had no choice but to stay where he was. He soon discovered, however, that Allyn's opinion of his hostess was sounder than the one which he had himself originally expressed. It might well be that the old girl was not a human vampire, but he was now frank to admit that there was something unwholesome about her—just what he could not define. For one thing, she had a way of making him come and sit down upon a stool at her side and patting his cheek with her bony old hand. On these occasions she frequently gave him what she called "good advice" as to his policy and conduct of life. It may have been that she had an unselfish affection for this young man, as she had had for other young men before him; or it may have been and probably was the fact that her interest in him was too complex for analysis. Whatever its precise character, it was unfortunate that at this point in Tom's nascent career an older woman not only should have flattered him with her attention but should have sought, sincerely or otherwise, to persuade him that life was a game of chance played on a crooked wheel.

"Come here, Tommy!" she ordered one evening. All the guests had gone, and his aged hostess was sitting before her own picture, smoking a cigarette before going to her room. Berkman, the artist, had been there that day touching up the portrait.

"Come here and let me talk to you."

Tom obediently took his place by her side, and she laid her hand affectionately on his.

"Don't let that fool Berkman give you any of his queer ideas, Tommy! He's a perfect magpie! None of the things he says are his own. And he shouts so! That's why I got rid of him. Do you suppose I'd ever have accepted my portrait in an unfinished condition if I could have stood him a moment longer? Never! I suppose he talked you deaf, dumb and blind?"

Tom laughed uneasily.

"He certainly likes to talk," he parried.

"Talk! That's all he can do. What does an ugly little brat like that know about life? He can daub paint on a canvas—yes! But all his life long he'll get nothing that he doesn't have to fight for!"

"Perhaps you mean that he doesn't have to pay for," hazarded Tom.

"Put it your own way," she retorted sharply. "Which do you value most—what you buy for dirty money or what is given freely? Is a woman's love you can buy with gold worth having? The world is full of two kinds of people, Tom—those who have charm and those who have not. It belongs to the first. They are the overlords of life, and the others pay tribute to them like peasants. They ask for what they want and they get it. Berkman is a peasant." She looked keenly at Tom. "But you're one of the others, Tom!" she said. "You can have what you want for the asking. And it's something to be proud of—not ashamed of! Youth! It's the gift of the gods!"

She clenched her teeth and gripped the arm of the chair with her unoccupied hand.

"What wouldn't I give to be young!" she groaned suddenly, so that he was startled. "Don't mind me, Tommy! I'm just a foolish old woman who sees life slipping away from her before she's ready to go, and wants a few hundred years more of it. Take all you can get, Tom. Women like you, and women run the game. Don't make any mistake about that. Anything you want a woman can get for you. And don't be afraid to ask her, either. She'll be more than ready to give it to you. For you've got the greatest thing in all the world—youth, immortal youth!"

Tom was acutely embarrassed and at the same time hugely flattered. But he realized the tragic note in what his hostess was saying. Not knowing what to reply, he lit a cigarette in a self-conscious manner and blew smoke rings, waiting until she should resume.

"You wonder why I say these things to you? It's only because I'm fond of you—really devoted to you—and I want to see you make a success. Don't go off and marry the first foolish little chit that makes eyes at you. Don't get tied up with some married woman or any woman that hasn't any future or position. Wait! You've plenty of time. Heavens, you're only twenty! Have your fling—see the world—sow your wild oats if you want to—only

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Raynster is the password that opens the gates to a life free from weather-worry. Rain or shine—you're prepared! Whether drizzle or downpour, just slip into your Raynster; button it up and be off.

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Sexual Knowledge
ILLUSTRATED
By Winfield Scott Hall, M.D., Ph.D.
Complete $1.00 Postpaid
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ask me about it first! But don't be in a hurry! Then when the right girl comes along—why, take her! And any girl would have you—believe me! I'm a wise old woman and I know!"

"Thanks!" laughed Tom. "You're highly flattering, and I intend to follow your advice. But wouldn't I be buying the lady, just the same as any other?"

Mrs. Jones smiled a wrinkled smile and shook her finger at him indulgently.

"You clever child! Well, perhaps you would. But at any rate you would be getting a better bargain."

XXIV

THE announcement of Tom's contemplated cruise upon the Pauline brought a renewed outburst from Mrs. Jones. It was, she asserted, an absurd waste of his time and a dangerous interruption in his so far highly successful career. Mrs. Jones had, or claimed to have, plans for Tom—what they were she did not disclose—which would be vitally disarranged by his abrupt departure at this time. Moreover, to go sailing off alone with a young girl on a yacht, even if her father and mother were along, would in a sense compromise him. He would be regarded as having had the bloom rubbed off, so to speak.

Moreover, she expected shortly to return to her spring-and-autumn place on Long Island, and she wanted him to assist her in the onerous task of transferring her household thither.

Tom, suspecting that this was the plan to which she referred, resolutely declined to be diverted, explaining that he was under a binding obligation to make the trip, and that, anyhow, he had no interest in the girl. Wise old Mrs. Jones, however, merely laughed at him. He was going, she protested, for no other purpose than to marry the first million dollars' worth of pickle jars who proposed to him. The whole thing was nothing but a plan, on the part of the Selbys, to get him where he would be helpless and then bind him hand and foot. These yachting trips were inevitably the débâcle in promising young lives.

At last, perceiving him to be inexorable, she yielded rather more gracefully than might have been expected and, having extorted a promise from him to join her in the country immediately upon his return, bade him a sinister farewell.

Lulie presented greater difficulty. Ever since her husband's sudden disappearance from Beausejour she had evinced an interest in Tom, which, though delightful at times, was at others extremely disconcerting. Coincidently there seemed to be something mysterious going on in her private affairs—just what, he was unable to surmise. She was as alluring as ever—more alluring now that she was no longer merely a vision—but there was less frivolity in her attitude toward him. This worried Tom, rather.

It was quite true that he had kissed her in the moonlight and had told her that he loved her—as he had others. But he had no idea of committing himself to a wedding march, ever so problematical, with her or of leading her to believe that he had. Simply because you took a married woman in your arms and swore you adored her was no reason—certainly not!—for thinking that you were prepared to face the ignominy of a divorce court and a future without alimony. Somehow Lulie had in some indefinable way managed to create an atmosphere of finality about their relations that somewhat frightened him. Why, dozens of men must have done the same thing to her before without getting into any such muddle. He almost wished that he could confide in old Mother Jones, but he instinctively realized that if he did it would be good-by to Lulie! The old dragon would eat her alive! On the other hand, it looked as if Lulie might eat him alive!

But then, poor Tom was almost ready to be eaten alive. One day he would be thirsty for her presence, and the very next he would be gasping at the dilemma in which the service upon him of a legal document naming him as a corespondent would place him. Was he willing to have Lulie and her three millions at such a price? Any suggestion that he proposed to go sailing off all over the Maine coast with Pauline Selby would have brought about a crisis which he had no courage to face. He wasn't ready to marry Lulie, in spite of his passion for her. In fine, he shrewdly suspected that the fact that he could not possibly marry her had been one of the elements in her original attraction for him. One didn't marry Cleopatra—or Mrs. Potiphar. So he carefully concealed his traitorous intention, trusting to chance to make it possible for him to find a plausible excuse for his desertion at the appropriate time. As luck would have it, Lulie received a sudden summons by telegraph from New York—from her lawyer, she explained with dark suggestiveness—the day before the departure of the Pauline, and he saw her enter the Pullman car at the junction and bade her farewell through the open window, feeling like a schoolboy who kisses his mother good-by just before playing hooky.

The elder Selbys greeted Tom effusively. There was that in their manner which indicated that his appearance on board the yacht was tantamount to putting the final seals on a prenuptial agreement. Pauline herself displayed a new and unwonted—in fact, almost maidenly—shyness and reserve. Also, to Tom's astonishment he discovered a totally unexpected passenger in the person of Parradym.

The cruise started auspiciously after a dinner eaten while the yacht was still at her moorings in Newport Harbor; for the captain had wisely decided to make his first essay of the broad rollers of the Atlantic while the family were safely in their berths, and to get as many as possible of the four hundred sea miles to Mount Desert behind the Pauline's propeller before it should be necessary for them to get up again.

Tom had received another letter from his mother just before his departure, but he had thrust it in his pocket in the vague apprehension that it might contain something which would interfere with his embarkation. Once the Pauline had weighed anchor and it was no longer possible for him to return, he opened it in the privacy of his stateroom. As he expected, his mother had returned to Boston and longed to see him again. She had read, she said, of his defeat in the tournament, but she appreciated the fact that he was probably too much disappointed by the result to write to her about it. There was nothing now, however, to keep him longer in Newport and she hoped that he would return at once in time to enter the Law School. She was anxious that he should do this and become a lawyer, like his father. Everybody said he was so bright that she was sure he could easily become a great man if he only tried—like Rufus Choate, perhaps. She still continued to "do rather poorly," as she expressed it, but she hoped that the quiet of Newbury Street and Bridget's good old-fashioned cooking would soon make her feel like herself again. The only hint of uneasiness in the letter was contained in the concluding sentences:

"My dear, dear boy," she wrote in a hand more shaky, Tom noticed, than in her preceding letter, "I hope the pleasures of athletics and social life have not taken your mind off higher things or your duty toward Him to whom we owe everything. Oh, my dear son! My constant prayer is that you will bear yourself worthily as a follower of Jesus Christ.

"Your devoted mother,
"CAROLINE M. KELLY."

Tom, who was sitting upon a wicker divan with his feet on the bed when he read the letter, ground the end of the cigar which he was smoking between his teeth. Why did his mother invariably write that kind of tosh? It was embarrassing merely to read it! He made a face, not so much at the sentiments contained in her epistle as at what he regarded as the indelicacy of forever talking and writing about that kind of thing. Anyhow, it was a relief to know that he would not have to ask Selby to turn back to Newport or put in at Boston. His mother was all right. That cough of hers, which had been familiar to him for twenty years, was half if not all due to nervousness. She'd do well enough once she had Bridget to look after her. He crunched the letter into his coat pocket, intending to toss it overboard, and filled his gold cigarette case from a gilded glass box upon the table by the porthole. It was a swell room, all right! The chintz was really bully! He did not know, of course, that Pauline had selected it herself and had had the stateroom expensively decorated for his coming.

He threw on his polo coat, to get which had been the ostensible reason for going to his stateroom, and mounted to the deck, where he found the whole party having coffee and watching the lights of Newport fast dimming behind them.

(Continued on Page 109)

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Eight to ten dollars; reasonably priced, value considered.

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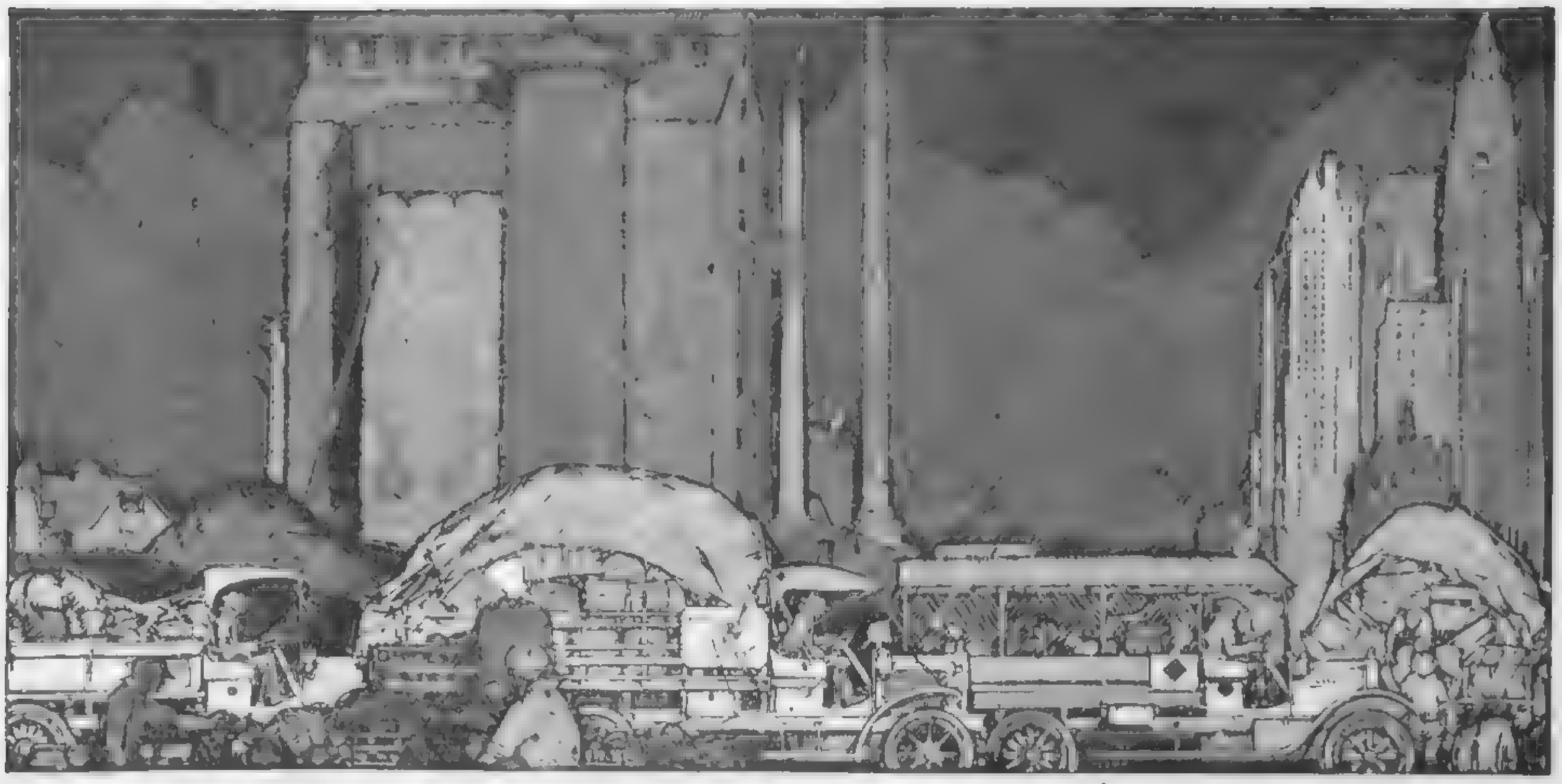

PROTECT *your* BUSINESS *now* *against* LOSS *of* MAN POWER

THE most serious problem confronting business today is shortage of labor. Millions of young men may be called to the colors. Other millions will be needed to produce munitions and material of war. Immigration has stopped. *Many concerns may run short of necessary labor, unless they take steps to protect themselves now.*

Big Business is farsighted. It is installing and utilizing to the utmost every mechanical device which will take the place of horses and men. In delivery service motor trucks do the work.

It is the small business man, manufacturer or merchant who may be caught napping when the "help" crisis comes. If he still employs teams and drivers he may find his business seriously hampered.

The concern which employs two or more vehicles for delivery service may be menacing its future if it does not use trucks.

All business is entering upon a period of war stress and strain. Profits will be lower and volume much higher. The former will be taxed; the latter is always a war-time condition. It is so in England; it will be so in this country. The efficiency, speed, steadiness and economy of mechanical power and transportation must supplement or supplant the human factor.

WHITE TRUCKS

Wherever efficiency, speed, steadiness and economy are most needed, White Trucks are to be found. Their predominant use by Big Business is well known. Where standardized cost records are kept, White Trucks are purchased increasingly. Their long life, low maintenance and steady operation show unmistakably in figures. The harder the work and the heavier the going, the more marked is this showing.

The White Company has had broad experience in truck installation and in the problems of transport, for big operations and for little operations. Our service and counsel are yours for the asking, without cost or obligation on your part. We never urge an installation which does not promise profit to the owner.

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THOSE same unique qualities of convenience and portability, which commend Corona for use at the office or afield, are no less valuable in the quiet comfort of your home.

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AGENCIES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

CORONA

The Personal Writing Machine

(Continued from Page 106)

"Well," nodded Ma Selby. "Here we are at last. We ought to have a real good time for the next two weeks."

"Th' comp'ny's all right, anyhow!" agreed her husband. "Just what I like one or two congenial people, so's not to be lonely, and not enough to have to make any effort."

"That's what I like too," echoed his wife—"not havin' to make an effort! I do get tired at Newport, with all this going out to dinner—not but what I like it too!" she added, for fear that Tom might infer that she was by nature unadapted to the higher life.

"You heard what the cabby said to Captain Granger the other day?" remarked Parradym affably, saving the conversation from plunging into the depths of personal reminiscence. "Granger, you know, is an Englishman, and picked up a cab just to see the town. 'What do all these people do to amuse themselves?' he inquired of the driver. 'Feed off one another, mostly,' said the cabby."

Pa Selby slapped his knee.

"That's a good one! That's just how I feel about it! 'Feed off one another!' Ha! Ha! That's what I always say! What's the use of feeding off one another when you can feed at home?" he inquired.

"Exactly!" answered Parradym, winking imperceptibly at Tom.

The Pauline slipped swiftly down Narragansett Bay and soon a slight lift of the bows foretold their approach to deep water.

"Well, I'm going to turn in!" speedily declared Mrs. Selby, addressing her husband. "You better come, too, papa. You ain't used to the ocean. The young folks can stay up as long as they want to!"

"Good night, everybody!" at once said Mr. Selby obediently. "You may not see us again very soon. But the captain says we ought to be in Bar Harbor to-morrow afternoon. Anyhow, if you don't see what you want, ring for it!"

The two old people with much effort negotiated the upper steps of the slippery companionway and presently disappeared.

"Does anybody want to walk up and down a little?" inquired Pauline innocently.

"Anybody does," answered Parradym with a smile; "but I prefer to sit here and smoke. You two young things can go and amuse yourselves. I won't look."

The yacht was meeting the combers head on, her bow sending upward great showers of moonlit spray. Tom slipped Pauline's hand through his arm and led her to where they could stand in the shelter of the bridge and watch the great undulating waste of the silvered ocean. The girl was, contrary to her usual habit, strangely silent, and Tom, finding it difficult to think of anything appropriate to say, stood there speechless beside her. Pauline did not look at him; indeed she did not seem to be looking anywhere; and he could without difficulty divine that she was deeply moved by something. He realized distinctly that it was "his move." The girl had worked herself up to a supreme emotional crisis—planned the whole thing to give him this opportunity the very first night out, so that they could have the full benefit of the entire voyage as acknowledged lovers. Old Parradym had been brought along to amuse the others—even if he were not a party to the plot—and the almanac consulted in advance as to the weather and the moon.

Yet Tom felt no responding thrill. Not one beat faster did his callous young heart register as Pauline moved a shade closer to him and tightened almost unnoticeably the clasp of her hand upon his arm. But he had to say something! And he did feel something like pity for this fresh young creature who was so obviously eating her heart out for him. After all, she was his friend, his playmate—almost an intimate. It was hard to feel that he was the cause of making her suffer. That she was suffering was obvious. She had tuned herself up to this great moment and her nerves were tense—ready to snap on the one hand or to burst into a joyous ecstatic love song upon the other. And all for him! Why? he asked himself. He had never said anything to her. He had never given her any real encouragement. Compared with his conduct regarding Lulie, he had acted toward her like a human iciele. It was rather nice, though, to have a girl—particularly such a stunner as Pauline—all fussed up over one! Why, hang it, the child was actually heels over head in love with him! She really was a dear! He wanted to put his arm round her and draw her tightly to him and tell her how very, very nice he thought she was; but something warned him not to do it. It was not entirely the recollection of Ma Selby either, although her gestures and figure were vividly present in his mind.

Pauline was at times appallingly like her. These athletic girls were apt to put on weight if they stopped exercising even for a moment. He could never stand a fat Pauline! Moreover, the remarks of old lady Jones had given him something to think about. He had been a fool even to consider Pauline seriously. Imagine having Pa Selby for a father-in-law! There were plenty of good little fish in the sea—goldfish—eager for the fly. It was lucky he'd not gone on with her as he had with Lulie —— If he had, well he'd have had to make good, of course. But he had not, and the situation was all due to Pauline's own impetuous insistence on getting what she wanted when she wanted it. Apparently he was not to be consulted in the matter at all. Pauline had always bought what pleased her and now she proposed to buy him—at least that was the way it looked. No! No! It would take more millions than belonged to the Selbys to make him surrender youth, freedom, Lulie and the possibility of a brilliant marriage—a "great marriage." Some woman had used the term and it had stuck in his mind. If he married at all that was what he would make—a "great marriage." But meanwhile Pauline was waiting for him to speak.

Gently he moved slightly away from her.

"What—er—what a lovely night!" he said awkwardly.

Pauline did not reply. She had lowered her head so that her face was in shadow. He felt the imperceptible pressure of her body against his and that she was trembling. Poor Pauline! After her calm assumption that she could do as she liked it was tough luck for her. He also experienced a certain contrition for having been the cause of what he knew would be a deep humiliation, but with due regard for his own safety it was obvious that he could do nothing to make the situation easier for her. In fact, he told himself, the more of a brute he was the better, for no explanation that he could give in the nature of a confession or expression of regret could help her. Anything he might say would only hurt her pride the more. He must remain in her eyes what he knew himself to be—or at least to have been—in fact, a cad. Involuntarily he uttered a smothered expression of impatience at his predicament. She started and half turned to him. Swiftly disengaging his arm from hers he said gruffly:

"Pretty cold out here, don't you think? Perhaps we'd better go in."

Then it was that the taut strings of Pauline's heart snapped. With a sort of sob she quickly turned and half ran toward the companionway. Tom started to follow her and then stopped. After all it was better to have the whole thing end just that way—to get it over once and for all! He went back to where they had been standing and stood watching the moon for some time. Then he uttered a mild oath and walked to where Parradym was sitting.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The doctor says
"Put your John Hancock to this-Mr. Smoker!"

I hereby adopt the Girard Cigar as my regular smoke, because it will never get on my nerves, never leave me with a shaky hand, a jumpy heart, or a cloudy brain—never interfere in any way with my health or my efficiency.

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Never gets on your nerves

This is the Age of Efficiency—and the Girard is the Efficiency Cigar. It allows you to smoke and be fit. Doctors recommend it in place of heavy cigars. It is *the Business Man's Smoke.*

For your health's sake switch to Girards! Yes, and for your pleasure's sake, too! It's a fragrant, mellow, full-flavored blend of real Havana—just chock full of solace and contentment.

Make the Girard your regular smoke. It is sold by dealers from coast to coast. If your usual dealer doesn't have it he can easily get it for you. Ask him today.

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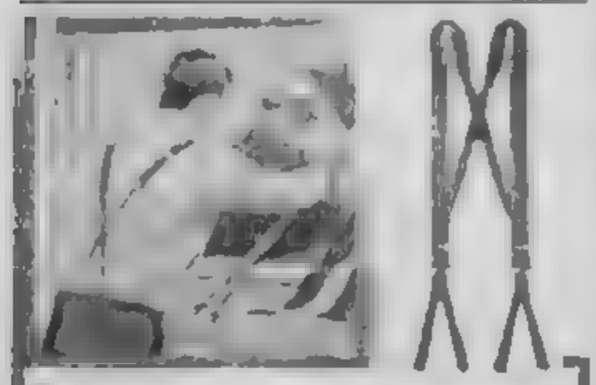

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Avoid substitutes; look for name KADY on buckles. 50 cents and 75 cents at leading dealer

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Sense and Nonsense

A Calm Cape Codder

CAPE COD folks are proverbial for self-possession and for being sparing of language. Perhaps it is due to their native instinct for thrift that they rarely waste a word.

A typical Cape Codder, a fisherman by profession, was out in his dory visiting his lobster pots, when a sailboat containing a group of young people, guests from a near-by summer hotel, overturned. The fisherman was handily near by, and at the first call for help bent to his oars and hurried to the rescue. He rowed up alongside the capsized craft and, addressing its late occupants, who were clinging to the slippery keel, shrieking with every breath, he remarked calmly:

"Mornin', everybody. Hadn't you better git in?"

A Permanent Arrangement

TWO colored men, comparative strangers, were in the same seat of a day coach en route to a penitentiary.

"How long you goin' up for, bo?" inquired the first one by way of making conversation.

"Three years," was the reply.

"What was it you done?"

"Oh, they claimed I took some money. What'd you do?"

"I got mixed up with a fellow who was triflin' with mah wife."

"And how long they sent you up for?"

"From now on!"

He Wanted to Know Too

A POPULAR illustrator in New York, whose specialty is making figures of pretty girls for magazine covers, heard a rap at his studio door. Answering it, he found in the hallway a young person, plainly from the East Side, of an exceedingly commonplace face and figure, who was chewing gum.

"Say, mister," stated the young person out of the southeast corner of her mouth, "d'yer want a model?"

He considered her carefully before answering. Then he said softly:

"Why? Do you know any?"

A Bible Hero

A RAGGED darky emerged from a Georgia swamp and turned to call his hound.

"You, Mo'over!" he yelled. "Come yere to me, suh!"

A visitor from the North had halted his automobile on the road to mend a leaky tire, and caught the sounds of the negro's words.

"What did you call that dog?" he asked.

"I calls him Mo'over," said the darky.

"You mean Rover, don't you?"

"Naw, suh, I don't mean Rover, I means Mo'over."

"Isn't Moreover a funny name for a dog?"

"Naw, suh, hit's a reg'lar dawg name—come outen de Bible."

The tourist shook his head.

"I am fairly well acquainted with the Scriptures," he said. "My father was a preacher. But I never heard of any dog in the Bible being called Moreover."

"W'y, boss," said the darky, "ain't you 'member whar hit say in de Bible dat Lazarus et de crumbs w'ich fell from de rich man's table, an' Mo'over, de dog, licked his sores?"

A Diet for Heroes

DIXON MERRITT, a Tennessee newspaper man, stands sponsor for this one. He claims it is true; but then, as stated, Merritt is a newspaper man.

He says two old Confederates in a little town near Nashville were describing what tough fare they had in the Civil War, and especially in the last days of the same, when the Southern larders were empty and the soldiers foraged on an already stripped and exhausted land. One of the vets told how, for four weeks, just before the Surrender, he lived on parched corn and muskrats, eaten without salt.

His old comrade sat silent for a minute; and then—according to Merritt—he softly inquired,

"Bill, d'ye ever eat any jackass ears smothered in coal tar?"

Entirely Too Changeable

A WELL-KNOWN actor of sedentary habits was prevailed upon to join the squad of members of the Lambs Club that has been drilling on Sundays at Governor's Island.

Gun in hand, he lined up with a dozen more before a drill sergeant.

The sergeant began putting the file through the Manual of Arms.

"Order arms! Port arms! Present arms! Right shoulder arms!" he snapped out as fast as he could utter the commands.

Our hero slowly brought his rifle to the earth.

"Sarge," he said, "I'm sorry if the news distresses you; but right here is where I leave the United States Army flat on its back."

"What's the trouble?" inquired the sergeant.

"I quit!" stated the actor. "You change your mind too blamed often to suit me."

A Rising Market

A NEW YORK broker was advised by his physician to spend a few weeks in the West. For some time the broker had been running a nagging fever, which the doctor thought would disappear under the influence of a dry climate.

The physician, desiring to keep in touch with his patient, suggested that the latter should telegraph him a daily record of his temperature taken morning and evening. To this the broker agreed; and at the end of his first day in the West he sent the following telegram:

"Temperature bully! Opened, 97; closed, 101."

No Accident

IN A SMALL West Texas town, out in the Cap Rock country, interest was centered about the registration booth, and the atmosphere was becoming pretty solemn and funereal when a well-set-up young cowman clicked up to the official in charge and gave a well-known name.

Glibly answering the questions put to him, he was met with the question:

"Ever have any accidents?"

"Accident? Nope."

"Never had an accident in your life?"

"Nope. Rattler bit me once."

"Don't you call that an accident?" continued the questioner, eying the easy-going young fellow severely.

"Hell, no! The damn thing bit me on purpose!"

One of the Family

MARIE DRESSLER, the actress, says that an Irish servant girl, a member of a large family whose members have been scattered all over the habitable globe, was taken on her first visit to see the animals at the Bronx Zoo.

At sight of a giraffe browsing in a paddock her eyes bugged almost out of her head.

"For the love of heaven, what's that?" she asked.

"That," said a sophisticated friend who had accompanied her, reading the information board attached to the bars, "is a giraffe—a native of South Africa."

The greenhorn gave a low moan.

"Holy Saints!" she exclaimed. "Me sister's married to wan of 'em!"

Out of Reach

THERE is a darky in Savannah who has been forever in trouble with his wives. He is now getting a divorce from his third dusky helpmate.

Not long ago his employer, a bachelor, remarked to a friend:

"Why don't I get married and settle down? Well, Walter, I'll tell you: I'm in the market, but I come high. When I can find a nice sweet girl with at least two hundred thousand dollars in her own name I'm going to grab her."

The victim of three matrimonial shipwrecks, who was scrubbing the office floor, straightened up on his knees.

"Mistah Eddie," he said, "scuse me; but it suttinly do look to me lak you is holdin' yo'se'f mighty cheap, for a handsome w'ite genelman, sech ez you is. Two hund'd thousand dollars—huh! Ef ever I gits out of de mess I'm in wid dis here present nigger woman, I's gwine be priceless!"

Patrician "Cravenette" Caps

NOT even the heaviest storm takes the style out of your Patrician Cap. The "Cravenette" finish makes the fabric weatherproof. It won't lose its shape. It doesn't shrink.

The Patrician is made of the finest tweeds, man tailored, and has a swagger cut and drape. For comfort and satisfaction you must get the Patrician. Sold at the best stores. $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00.

If your hatter can't supply you, write to the factory:—

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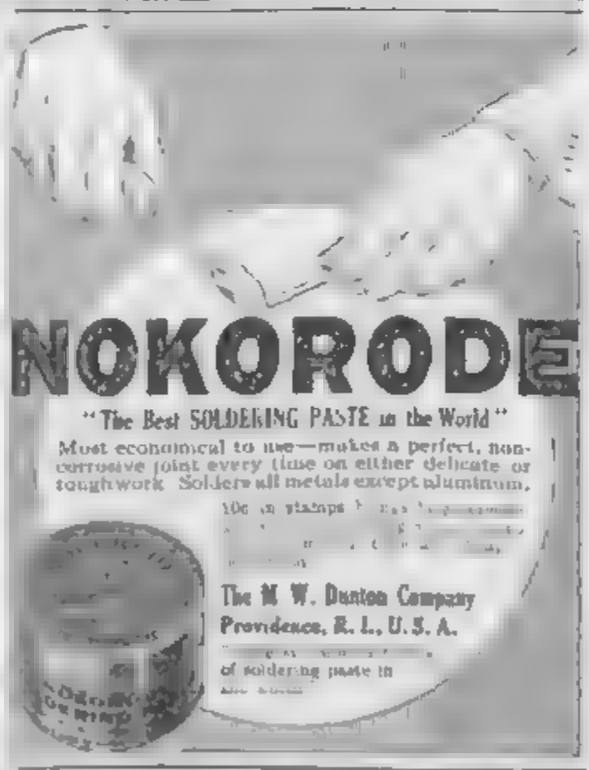
"The Cap That Stays Stylish"


NOKORODE
"The Best SOLDERING PASTE in the World"
Most economical to use—makes a perfect, non-corrosive joint every time on either delicate or tough work. Solders all metals except aluminum.
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$50.00 For Christmas Money

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The shell that hits hardest is the one that shoots swiftest. That's the shell that makes most hits and fewest misses.

Find out yourself what make of shell hits hardest and surest. From forty paces fire a Black Shell at a thick magazine (cover facing you). Reverse the magazine (back facing you) and from the same distance fire any other shell of equal grade and load. Which shell penetrated the most pages and made the better pattern?

That's the shell you want to use in the field or at the traps.

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Ask your dealer for The Black Shells. If he hasn't them, mail $1.25 to our nearest selling agent to pay for a box of twenty-five and they will ship prepaid. Be sure to specify gauge and details of load. This is a trial offer and holds good only in those towns where The Black Shells are not now sold.

General Selling Agents: National Lead Company, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati; John T. Lewis & Bros. Company, Philadelphia, Baltimore; National Lead & Oil Company, Pittsburgh; United Lead Company, New York; Selby Smelting & Lead Company, San Francisco.

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"He Will Want Robbins & Myers Motors"

MOTOR bids are about to go in. The general contractor says: "This man has Robbins & Myers Motors in his present plant, and I am sure he will insist on them for the addition. So place your estimate on a Robbins & Myers basis."

Wherever a Robbins & Myers Motor standard has already been established it is practically useless to suggest a change. Uninterrupted operation must be maintained if maximum profits are to be earned. The manufacturer cannot afford to exchange known motor reliability for motor service he is not sure of.

So, where production cost takes precedence over all else, Robbins & Myers Motors are the natural selection.

This selection is furthered by the knowledge of twenty-one years' successful experience built into every Robbins & Myers Motor, whether it be of 1/40 or 30 horsepower, whether made for a large drill-press for the shop or a vacuum cleaner for the home.

Manufacturers of high grade electrically-driven devices equip their products with Robbins & Myers Motors for this same assurance of reliable performance, and because they know that these motors are fully in keeping with their own high quality standards.

Look for the name Robbins & Myers on the motor of whatever electrical device you may be considering. It is a veritable guarantee of service.

Robbins & Myers service means satisfaction to power users, electrical device manufacturers and dealers.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio
The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors
Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors

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REMARKABLE RE
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THESE BEARINGS
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"HYATT ROLLER" ST
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Times
TT BEARINGS BREAK
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Boston
HYATT ROLLER
Billings
Gazette
is Car Has Worn Out 300
Tires Valued at $8,000
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FAMOUS HYATT ROLLER
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Crowds greet the car in every town. Newspapers tell the story of how this veteran 1909 Buick — the World's Long Distance Car — is piling up still more mileage on its former record — 261,800 miles on its original set of Hyatt Roller Bearings.
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"Hyatt Roller" Will Visit in
St. Louis During Present Week
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WHITE BUICK IS OLD
"WAR HORSE"; HOLDS
RECORD FOR MILEAGE
Goodyear
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TO ST. LOUIS
RECORD
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Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

IS your beard the wiry kind that grows forty ways for Sunday? Is your skin the tender kind that looks upon a razor as its deadly enemy? Then yours is the beard and yours is the skin that has given Williams' Shaving Soap its hold on men's affections for 77 years.

Try Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick and see what its rich, soothing, softening lather will do for you. Ask for it by its full name—*Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick*—then you will get the added advantage of the metal holder that gives you a firm, dry grip for your fingers. Your appreciation of its convenience and economy grows greater as the stick grows less.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

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